THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

DEC. 14, 1918

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MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

MICHELIN

a Christmas suggestion —

Thousands of motorists have read the Michelin Tire Tests that have appeared at frequent intervals this year in The Saturday Evening Post, and being impressed by the logical arguments therein have tested Michelins for themselves and are now enthusiastic Michelin users.

To those who wish to make sensible as well as pleasing gifts to their motoring friends this Christmas — we suggest a Michelin casing or tube. What gift could be more sensible or show more appreciation of the many pleasant rides you have enjoyed together?

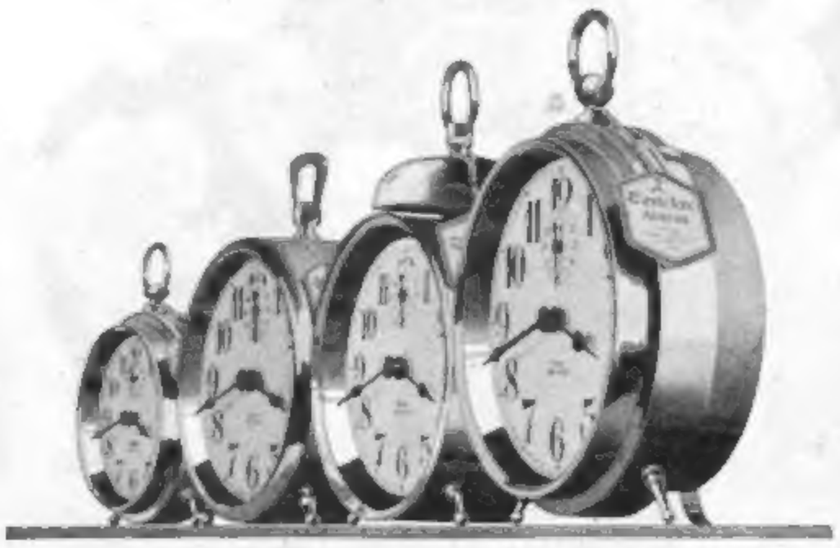
Your friend will be agreeably surprised and pleased with such a present, because he will recognize that he has received from you the best that money could buy; and you will be satisfied in the knowledge that at moderate cost you have given him the utmost in tire satisfaction.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

Canadian Headquarters: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd. 782 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal

Westclox

— the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks



YOU can easily understand why good alarm clocks are harder to get than they used to be. The war has made them scarce.

Uncle Sam had to draw heavily on his metal-power just as upon his man-power. Less steel and brass were available for clock-making.

At the same time, the war has taught folks the value of punctuality. Good alarm clocks are more in demand than ever before.

Westclox alarms are particularly popular. Their good timekeeping makes people want them. The same *Westclox* construction that made Big Ben such a favorite is back of that faithful service.

While this shortage exists it will pay you to take good care of your *Westclox* alarm. Careful treatment will make it last longer.

Western Clock Co. — *makers of Westclox*

Big Ben Baby Ben Pocket Ben America Lookout Ironclad Bingo Sleep-Meter

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

War Cake

A Conservation Delicacy—No Wheat, No Eggs, No Butter, No Milk

THE table at this season must have its dainties. Yet none of us would think for a moment of disregarding the wishes of the Food Administration. This recipe solves the problem.

You use Crisco instead of butter and to real advantage because Crisco more than takes the place of butter in richness, delicacy and uniformity. The best of butters vary in quality but Crisco never does.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco-made cakes also have this advantage—they stay fresh and moist longer. Their texture is unusually fine.

Crisco is creamed edible oil, tasteless, odorless and purely vegetable. It easily blends with war flours and all other ingredients. It is a shortening you can depend upon any time and anywhere.

To use butter in cakes is an unnecessary expense for Crisco gives satisfactory results and it costs only about half as much as butter.

Careful housekeepers like Crisco because it comes to them safe-guarded from impurities in sanitary, air-tight containers. Try it. Packages one pound and upward, net weight.

War Cake

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

1 cupful water
1 cupful brown sugar
½ cupful Crisco
2 cupfuls seeded raisins
¼ teaspoonful grated nutmeg
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ teaspoonful cloves
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful soda
2½ cupfuls barley flour
½ teaspoonful baking powder

(Use accurate **level** measurement)

Boil together for three minutes, the water, brown sugar, Crisco, raisins and spices. Let this mixture become thoroughly cold, then add the flour sifted with the salt, soda and baking powder. Beat these ingredients together thoroughly, and pour into a well Criscoed loaf pan. Bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Have You Seen "War Time Recipes"?

Here's a book by Janet McKenzie Hill that should be in the hands of every American woman. The editor of American Cookery tells how to use all substitute flours successfully and gives over 300 conservation recipes, appetizing foods that will save you money. The book is illustrated in color. If you have a copy yourself, it will make a nice little Christmas greeting to send to some young housekeeper. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. K-12, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

JUST as a combination of nasty weather and engine trouble drove the much-enduring Æneas upon the lisping sands where waited a temperamental Dido, so did the poor teamwork of the Fates beach Miss Hortense Troutt—to change the sex of our simile—against those imposing bluffs that guard the uplands of superior thought. Cross currents and poor navigation instructions had done the work for Miss Hortense.

Back in Rockinock, no doubt, Aunt Hen would have declared that Hortense was getting ideas, and would have prescribed a course of intensive culture in the Baptist church; but it was a far cry from Rockinock to Thirty-second Street, where at this point in our drama Miss Hortense was pouring coffee out of one of those tinny percolators and contemplating an egg which was fresh without being aggressive. In the language of birds she rather favored the chickadee type. Plump, small, black-eyed, she had been one useful little drop in the huge industrial bucket and counted herself lucky until this cussed week, which had culminated in the soul revolution of the night before.

"By Hickory, I'll Do All the Monkeyshines You Ask if You'll Marry Me. I'll Wear a Frock Coat and a Gardenia and ——"

Slaves are never lucky, she concluded this morning while she contemplated the choking sobs of her patent percolator. Slaves are merely subservient, stupidly contented at best; and the stirring scenes of last night at the International Button Molders' rally came vividly back to her aching thoughts. Again she saw the red-draped platform of Harmonica Hall, where Judith Kelp, the insurgent, had led her, protesting; again she saw the imposing, rather well-filled figure of Harriet Pebbles Cull, spokeslady of liberty, as she braced her fingers against the rostrum table and pumped the crystal waters of truth over the fevered heads which had come to receive just such a shower.

Under that baptism Hortense had gasped at first—gasped and awakened. Light had flooded her prison cell; she had struggled to rise and been mocked by her chains—figuratively speaking, of course. As a matter of physical fact she had sat quietly for three hours, eagerly absorbing Mrs. Cull's lecture, and at the door as she passed out a comrade had handed her a sample copy of The Unshackled, Mrs. Cull's weekly paper.

Contagion, doctors tell us, awaits upon conditions. Had conditions been different Hortense, no doubt, would have walked away immune and never have come down with this violent attack of Cull. But here it was, nearly the first of the month again, rent coming due and not a word from Lulu McCabe, her flat mate, who had disappeared weeks ago, to join her husband, she said.

Patrick McCabe, alias Turnbull Bromworthy, of the Lummox Film Corporation, was rehearsing a Western Front movie Somewhere in Jersey; that was his own business—or was it? If it was his passing whim that his faithful wife, whom he had nine times threatened with divorce, should bide with him, was it Hortense Troutt's duty to go on paying that half of the rent which Lulu McCabe had solemnly sworn to assume as her share?

Normally sweet and self-abnegating to excess, Hortense Troutt wasn't like herself this morning. Possibly she was like her *alter ego*, which might have been lurking all these years. The sweep of the steel knife with which she was reclaiming a scorched area on a slice of toast was positively murderous. She hated this apartment with all its movie-actor pictures and everything tied up in Lulu's pink-ribbon effects. The awful place was leased in her name for the monthly rental of forty dollars; half of that hadn't been a great burden, considering her salary. But faced with the problem of going it alone it was as though the whole shoddy apartment house had risen up and come down upon her. Lulu had seemed such a nice, generous, sweet-tempered example of the paying chaperon!

Hortense grunted and sat down at the reconvertible library table at the center of the well-sized living room. She bit her toast, inflicting a savage wound. That bite was directed against all the enemies of society whom Harriet Pebbles Cull had so systematically outlined in last night's lecture. It was poor Saul Shilpik, Jr., upon whom she set her teeth most impatiently. Saul had become a pest and a bore in her business career; more than that she now knew him to be a menace. Hadn't Aunt Hen warned her a year ago, upon her departure for the perils of the great city, to beware the affable attentions of wealthy employers? Affable was the word, referring to Saul, Jr. Not that he could be called either an employer or wealthy, strictly speaking, since the affairs of the Quick Supply Photo Syndicate were firmly held in the plump clutch of Mr. Saul Shilpik, Sr. But the principle was annoyingly the same. His image kept getting in her way this morning, intruding upon her social discontent.

"I'm a slave!" she informed herself, sipping the coffee, which was not much warmer than the tears that were starting to her eyes. As though to seek confirmation of this cheerful discovery she glanced across the long table and saw a copy of The Unshackled neatly displaying its artistically set editorial page upon a pile of frivolous magazines. Hortense rose and snatched the copy to her, her eyes burning upon a solid paragraph, all too plainly entitled: Slaves, Arise!

"Slaves of Industry, sweating serfs of Greed," began the editorial in the restrained style peculiar to The Unshackled, "do you see any way of bettering your condition by lying flat on your faces under the heel of a suave and mocking Capitalism? . . . You, the gigantic Many, grow weak from inaction, while Capital, gaining in pounds, will soon crush you by the very weight of its fat. . . . Do the fruits of the earth belong to the snake who coils or the wolf who devours? . . . Under the so-called protection of a hypocritical Republic you are ground down by a Feudalism which reveals the tyranny of Charlemagne without the glory of his armor. . . ."

Which was all very encouraging. But it was the following statements which gave to Hortense Troutt a series of wild surmises:

"In the new state which our program includes—which is our program, in fact—there will be no such thing as inequality of service. When all are sharing alike in the work and its rewards what need of Slave Drivers? None. The Slave Driver is as obsolete as the stegosaur, if we but knew it. Work should be and shall be a fair and happy partnership. If we must have business—and that is a questionable blessing to all emancipated minds—why should the fat and lazy schemer who sits in greedy dreams at his desk be any better rewarded than the skilled artisan, the useful producer who makes business possible? We have as yet heard no satisfactory answer to this question. Perhaps some representative of the self-satisfied bourgeoisie ——"

Hortense, who had grown to hate the bourgeoisie—which she pronounced boor joysey—had about made up her mind that one thing was the matter with the whole system which had run her life into a blind alley. Lulu McCabe was boor joysey; Saul Shilpik, Sr., was boor joysey; and as to Saul, Jr.—she struggled in vain for some superlative with which to express a sort of glowing self-satisfaction in a sinful state of capitalism.

Thus reflecting Hortense Troutt turned the key upon the pretty apartment, with which she was no more pleased now than was Prometheus with the rough rock which barked his shins. Considering bitterly that she would have to find a tenant or a flat mate or a boarding house she tucked her copy of The Unshackled like a sword of defiance under her arm. Going down in the elevator, which had always reminded her of a badly

regilded secondhand bird cage, she opened her comfort at the editorial page and read: "Harriet Pebbles Cull, editor in chief."

That helped her make up her mind that something was pretty much wrong with everything and that she didn't know what to do about it. But on her way down to the office she had about decided that if Saul, Jr., didn't stick to his own work and let hers alone she would be forced to tell him something worth remembering.

Hortense's mother, when there was such a person, used to tell it as a scientific fact that there were days when children just naturally got up out of the wrong side of the bed.

"Sauljer's lookin' for you!" squawked a freckled stenograflapper almost as soon as Hortense had laid aside her hat in the cloakroom of the Quick Service Photo Syndicate. It must be explained that Saul, Jr., and Saul, Sr., respectively but unofficially enjoyed the abbreviations of Sauljer and Saulser among the force.

"Thank you."

Hortense gave this for the worm to chew on with her gum. She had never been afraid of Sauljer as she was of Saulser; and this morning it was as though the white spirit of Harriet Pebbles Cull stood at her shoulder, urging her on to a keen blow against the ogre here incarnate.

She should have gone straight into Sauljer's office, but instead she lingered in her own little compartment tidying her already perfectly tidy desk. And Sauljer came to her. He was always down early when Hortense was late, and this morning his I-told-you-so spread over his white teeth and terminated in little wrinkles under his ears. His coat was off, and through the armholes of his greenish waistcoat lavender silk sleeves protruded, large cameos clinking in the cuffs as Sauljer brought his expressive hands together.

He was a florid young man with florid gray eyes and a becoming wave in the inky blackness of his hair.

"Oh, welcome, welcome!" said he, shaking his own hand most cordially. "It's all right, girlie, if you can get away with it. The time clock's qut of order and I won't tell the boss on you."

"I have nothing to conceal," responded Hortense with the air of a duchess accused of smuggling pearls. She seated herself, seeing no good reason for standing. Her resolution seemed to put Sauljer more at his ease, for he came over and seated himself on the edge of her desk.

"Thirty below and a coal strike on." It was really quite pleasant spring weather, so his parable was apparent. "Now come on, girlie, and fess up. What's the idea?"

"If you'll look on the pay roll," said she, bringing down an upper lip which was quaint without being unbeautiful, "you'll find that my name isn't Girlie. It's Troutt."

"That's a little bit fishy for you." He seemed immensely pleased with his own sidewalk comedy.

"I can laugh at your name too," she told him.

"That's only fair," said Sauljer as he stood and braced himself against her desk on the heels of his palms. "It's a busy day and I'm essentially a business man. Now look here, girlie-trout, I've got a flat proposition to make: Suppose I blow round to your igloo at about six-thirty under a canopy of American Beauties and we can buzz over to Sherry's for a mess of beans. Maybe we'll have time for the Winter Garden—who knows? What? How does that listen?"

"No."

And her upper lip grew longer by just that hair's breadth which can make a difference in a destiny.

"Oh, very well."

Sauljer was looking at her very intently. He had a not unpleasant gaze, the stupid slave in Hortense's heart was suggesting; but his eyes rested only a moment, then shifted nervously, guiltily, toward the glassy partition beyond. Old Saulser was in there, as a bronchial cough and a series of rasping growls proclaimed. Saulser would be sore. Having no managerial status in the Quick Service Photo Syndicate young Saul had no business loafing and flirting on his father's time. As if to ease his conscience he consulted the diamond-fringed face of his wafer watch.

"Gee!" he said; and then rapidly, as though clutching in midair: "you know, Miss Hortense Troutt, that I'm not asking you out for any Kit Kat revel. Everything nice and everything. Mrs. and Mr. Isadore Zull along as a chaperon and ——"

"No." Her black eyes were turned up to him in tremendous earnestness. "If I'm late, as you say I am, you'd better let me go to work."

"Come down to the footlights, Hortense!" he begged of her. "What's the idea? Ain't Mrs. and Mr. Zull good enough for you? Zull's third vice president of the Cyanide National Bank, if I got to boast about it."

"It isn't that, Saul," she permitted herself; and only wished he would go away before The Unshackled got control of the discussion. "It isn't that. I don't think you'd understand ——"

"Come on and teach me," he pleaded.

"Well, under the false social system in which we live it's—it's ——" How she wished she could remember Mrs. Cull's inspired phrasing! "—— it's important for employees not to accept unearned favors from employers and ——"

"Where do you get that third-reel stuff?" Saul, Jr., was beginning to show some of the irritability which in the case of his father served as power for his engines.

"Don't you call it stuff!" spluttered the slave. "Because you belong to the capitalistic class you think you have a right to sneer at the really serious thinkers of the world. When there's a proper and fair division of labor"—she was making a sort of club sandwich out of Mrs. Cull, but she said it rapidly and it sounded logical to her at the moment—"there won't be any feudal people or any downtrodding ——"

"My Gawd!" he groaned. "Emma must have got her."

"I don't know what you mean. But I do know that when our program is carried out then capitalism will have to stop. The man at the desk doesn't deserve any more rewards than he who wins by the skill of his hands."

"What you kickin' about? You got a desk job."

At this point the wheezing in the next compartment increased to the labored breathing of a locomotive. A shapeless shadow loomed against the frosted glass of the door, which swung slowly open.

"I knew it," whispered Sauljer. "You've gone and roused up papa. He's got an awful grouch, anyway."

The vision of the roused papa now completely filled the open doorway, a picture of pinkish vengeance. His complexion showed the pink which glows on the brow of an enraged baby; the tonsure of his pinkish hair, surrounding a pink bald spot, seemed to bristle with his mood. There were ogreish spaces between his square teeth. Old Shilpik, who had served his time as a newspaper photographer, that tribe of horny-souled heroes who will with equal calmness unscrew the lid of a coffin for a close-up of the late lamented or climb a flagpole to get a good snapshot of a Knights-Templar parade, was not of the breed to permit a Soviet to sit harping in the Wilhelmstrasse.

"What's all this shenanigan about?" he demanded, his complexion deepening to the hue of a young baby who has been holding its breath.

"Just a little gassing, papa," replied young Saul, horribly crushed.

"This ain't no gas corporation," came the immediate, unanswerable argument. "But it's getting worse than that. You'd think this place was being run by a committee, same as Russia. Go back to your office, Solly. The Tribune is queryin' about those wreck pictures."

"Yes, papa."

Sauljer took a few steps, like a little dog being stoned home, then loitered by the door.

"And you look here, young lady!" Despite her program the young lady had risen before the pink incarnation of capitalism, towering fatly above her. "I've had just about enough of this whangdoodle. You're hired to do your work, see? We can get plenty of conversation at home, see? Didn't I hear you hollerin' about capitalism and stuff?"

Hortense wanted to tell Saulser, just as she had told Sauljer, that Mrs. Cull didn't teach stuff; instead she tremblingly acknowledged her anticapitalistic preachment.

"Well, you look here!" Hortense was earnestly looking there at that moment. "I can hire a good Socialist off'n the Cooper Union to come here and lecture for half I'm givin' you. Your personal convictions ain't nothing to me—understand? If this place ain't big enough for your head to swell in—out!"

"Aw, papa!" came the voice of Sauljer from his obscure corner. "Hortense don't really mean that stuff. She's only kiddin'."

"Kiddin'?" asked Saulser. By his color now it was plain to see he was holding his breath. "Kiddin'? Maybe you'd like to have a little vaudeville or something while the Tribune's waiting. Now look here! Any more shilly-shallying and bohunkus and I fire the both of you. See?"

In one sweeping glance Hortense got an impression of the cowering Sauljer, quite pale above his brave haberdashery. And she made her stand.

"You needn't take the trouble, Mr. Shilpik," she announced. "You may accept my resignation."

There fell the desolate blank which follows an explosion. A deafening silence seemed to resound toward her from Sauljer's corner.

"Can you beat that?" asked Mr. Shilpik of space. "The secretary of state has resigned. Maybe you'll write it out before a notary public."

"That won't be necessary," she told him in a voice of alarming superiority. "I don't care to be connected with the commercial slavery which gives all the rewards to greed and none to industry ——"

"What's the girl been takin'?" asked the sire of his now silent son.

"Neither of you would understand my point of view," she continued, and was entranced to find that her voice was at a pitch resembling Mrs. Cull's. "Neither of you would understand because you belong to a class which is as absolute as the staggersore. You are boor joyseys, both of you."

"I can call names, too, but I ain't got time to behave ungentlemanly. Solly, git the hell out of here and tend to that Tribune query."

The glass door slammed and Hortense knew that her one weak champion had departed.

"And now, young lady," said Capital, looming over her—he had faded to a pale-salmon color and a business calm had settled down—"you can step round to the treasurer's office any time."

He was gone. But he had no sooner disappeared behind the partitions than she could hear his wheezy voice commanding of someone to send Miss Carhart in. Hortense knew what that meant. Miss Carhart

(Continued on Page 44)

Comrade Larry Accused Comrade Harriet of Being an Opportunist, Which Caused Harriet to Flush and Discover That Larry Was a Decembrist

THE VAMP

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BURNE-JONES painted a slender, unpleasant sort of lady and Mr. Kipling gave her unflattering publicity, but Micky Nolan made a famous vampire out of nothing at all, and Eric Gilfeather furnished her with world-wide circulation. Both pieces of collaboration required high degrees of creative art and imagination, and who shall say which was the greater task?

To begin with, Miss Valerie LeMoyne—that was the name under which she chose to appear at the Unique Film plant—bore no outward resemblance to the lady in the painting. There was nothing of the rag-and-bone about Valerie; and, as for hair, she would have considered a single hank inadequate. She weighed one hundred and forty-eight pounds in her clinging draperies and was full of opulent curves. She did, however, bear a slight resemblance to the lady in the poem. Miss LeMoyne

—— never could know
And did not understand.

Fortunately for her, it was not absolutely necessary that she should understand anything. Micky Nolan was her director, and Micky knew and Micky understood. That was part of his job. He told Valerie what to do with her eyes and when to let down her hair; and the results, as seen upon the screen, were highly satisfactory. Still, all of Micky's work might have gone for nothing had it not been for Eric Gilfeather.

Eric was an expert in exploitation—a genius in his own devious way—slightingly mentioned on the pay roll as a press agent. Eric should have been an author. Entertaining fiction flowed from him as water flows from a tap. He should have written romances, but a cross current of fortune drove him high and dry on a desk in the Unique publicity department, and after Eric recovered from the shock he began to use the talents that had been given him. He arrived in time to lend a hand to Micky Nolan, who was struggling along in a brave attempt to transform a statue into a star. Eric listened to the director's tale of woe.

"I don't mind telling you," admitted Nolan, opening his gold cigarette case to the press agent, "this LeMoyne person has got me winging. I've tried her in two pictures and she's terrible—just terrible!"

"Impossible?" queried Eric sympathetically.

"Worse than that. She's improbable."

"Then why waste time on her?" demanded Eric. "Why not give her the Oriental Grand Bounce and be done with it?"

"The big boss won't let me," mourned Micky. "He says she's the most beautiful woman in pictures to-day. He says there's a fortune in her. There is—if ivory ever goes to fifty dollars a pound."

"A little bit thick, eh?"

"Absolutely impenetrable," sighed the director.

"But she's pretty?"

"Pretty?" Micky kissed the tips of his fingers and rolled his eyes heavenward. "Now you've begun to say something! In about ten years she'll be so big she won't be able to get into a box car, but just at present she's Helen of Troy and Maxine Elliott and several of the Venuses all in one package. Pretty? Oh, boy! You've only begun to say it!"

"And she photographs well?"

"The best you ever saw. Hair, eyes, teeth—everything. I tell you, she makes these other screen beauties look like scrub women!"

"Where did she come from?" asked Eric.

Micky waved his hands vaguely.

"'Out of the everywhere into the here,'" he quoted. "Where do any of 'em come from? Maybe she was a cloak model. That would have been just about her speed. Cloak models don't have to use their brains, if any."

"Then she never was on the stage—she never trouped?"

"Nah! You couldn't trust her to go on with a tray! She'd drop it and gum up the show. The boss grabbed her off the lot, and now he expects me to make a star out of a couple of eyes, a lot of hair and a perfect thirty-six!"

"Still," mused Eric, "it has been done. What's her next picture?"

"Haven't decided. The scenario department handed me a fairly good vamp story and I may try her in that. She can't fall down any harder as a vamp than she did in the other things—that's a cinch."

"Say Nothing. Don't Commit Yourself. Just Look Wise and Don't Say a Word"

"Another vamp, eh?" Gilfeather helped himself to a second cigarette and scowled as he stared at the ceiling. "Another vamp, and the woods are full of 'em already. . . . Just a minute, Micky; I think I've got an idea. . . . The germ of one, anyway. . . . The woods are full of moving-picture vampires, but not one of 'em is doing the thing right."

"What do you mean—right?"

"Just what I say," explained Eric. "These screen vamps, they lack the courage to play the bet for all it is worth—they're vampires, yes; but always with their fingers crossed. They hire personal press agents to remind the public that they're really not naughty little girls at heart. They want you and me and everybody to know that all their vamping is done for the camera—that there's a canary on the front porch at home and a gray-haired mother in the parlor.

"Bah! Why don't they surround themselves with an air of mystery, keep a boa constrictor instead of a canary, and play the vampire bet straight instead of coppering it with explanations and apologies?"

"I don't quite follow you," said Micky doubtfully; "but if you mean a sure-enough vamp, vamping all the time, vamping everybody—nothing doing! I wouldn't have a woman like that in my company on a bet!"

"Follow me?" snorted Eric indignantly. "You ain't even headed in the same direction! A newspaper vamp, you poor fish! Here you are, stuck with a beautiful bonehead, and I can put her over for you—make a star of her. I'll do it by creating an interest in her personality. I'll invent a past for her, and strew it with blasted lives and ruined careers. I'll make people think she's a real vamp ——"

"You'll play the deuce!" interrupted Micky. "Why, she'd sue you for a million dollars' damage to her reputation!"

"Who said anything about damaging anybody's reputation?" cried Eric. "Don't you give me credit for any delicacy—any finesse? Is a pretty woman to blame because men fall in love with her and pursue her from one end of the country to the other? Is she?"

"Oh! That's what you meant." Micky seemed vastly relieved. "Your scenario sounded a little bit rough to me—you don't usually blast a man's life with an innocent smile; but I suppose it can be done. A blameless vamp, eh? Well, go ahead. Shoot!"

"Of course there'll be a lot of stuff between the lines," said Eric. "Suggestion is a wonderful thing when you know how to use it. I wouldn't want to come right out and say that the lady deliberately encouraged any of these dukes and counts and earls ——"

"Whoa, there!" shouted Micky. "Back up a little. Dukes and counts and earls—when did they get aboard?"

Eric grinned apologetically.

"We can't have her an American vamp, can we?" he asked. "This more or less lurid past of hers will have to be planted in Europe. Nobody could check up on us there; but if we located the lady in Pittsburgh—say, they'd smoke us out in no time."

"Dream on, little one; dream on! You're still overlooking the fact that there's a lady to be considered and consulted. I don't think she'll stand for the scheme."

"A woman who needs publicity," argued Eric, "and has never had any of it in her life will stand for anything. Take it from me! I'll show this beautiful bonehead of yours the advantages of a vigorous press campaign. I'll swing her into line. You run along and dope out your vamp scenario and I'll agitate the public mind and stimulate interest in the new star."

"Go to it!" exclaimed Micky. "I'm for it if she is."

In spite of his boasted confidence in his powers of persuasion, Eric Gilfeather was slightly nervous on the occasion of his first interview with the lovely LeMoyne.

The lady received him in her dressing room before making up for the day, and Eric perceived that she was indeed very beautiful; perceived, also, a lighted cigarette upon the window sill. Miss LeMoyne actually blushed when the press agent glanced at it.

"I hate the nasty things," she explained, "but Micky says I have to smoke in this new picture, and I was just seeing if I could—without choking, you know. I—I never tried one before. . . . What was it you wanted to see me about? A write-up, wasn't it? I got some peachy new photographs to go with it."

Eric drew a deep breath and plunged into his subject. While he talked Miss LeMoyne gazed steadily at him with the level, expressionless stare of a contented cow. Her lower jaw moved slowly, for the lady was chewing gum.

Rapidly, alluringly, Eric sketched the attractive outlines of a great career, dropping vague hints of a salary increase and a more advantageous contract. He spoke almost eloquently of publicity as a means to an end, but not once did he light a spark of comprehension in the wonderful eyes that regarded him so unwaveringly; not once was he able to discern the faintest dawning of enthusiasm. The lady listened and chewed gum.

Eric ran his fingers through his hair and redoubled his efforts. He explained his plan to create a fictitious past and thus stimulate an interest in Miss LeMoyne's personality; but even this did not rouse her. He mentioned Paris and Rome, with a delicate reference to the dukes and counts and earls. The titled gentlemen did not leave a ripple upon the surface of that placid countenance; they sank without a trace. Eric talked himself out of breath and into a profuse perspiration, and when he paused at last Miss LeMoyne was still staring at him.

"Well," demanded the exasperated young man, "why don't you say something?"

Miss LeMoyne turned to her mirror and studied her reflection in the glass.

"I think a full face is better than a side view," said she critically—"for the newspapers, I mean. I got some of both kinds and you can take your pick."

"Holy cat!" breathed the astounded Eric. "Still thinking about those photographs, eh? . . . Didn't you hear anything I said?"

"I was listening, wasn't I?" asked the lady in an injured tone. "I was right here all the time, and I'll say this for you: You certainly can pass out a good line of bunk."

Eric groaned and took his head in his hands.

"Listen!" he pleaded. "What I want to know is this: Is it all right for me to go ahead with these press notices? Will you stand for 'em?"

"I'll have to, won't I? And, anyway, nobody knows me by LeMoyne. My real name is Sadie Cooper. And what am I going to do when people ask me about Paris and those other places you mentioned? I never was east of Hastings, Nebraska, in my life. What am I going to say?"

"Say nothing," advised Eric. "I'll get everybody guessing and you keep 'em guessing. Be kind of mysterious. Don't commit yourself. Just look wise and don't say a word."

"All right!" agreed Miss LeMoyne. "I don't look so awful mysterious, though, do I? . . . Now don't you want to see my photographs?"

II

THE job was a hard one, but Micky Nolan and Eric Gilfeather hoisted the lovely LeMoyne to fame. Micky made an actress of her and Eric made her an object of public interest. Valerie remembered her part of the contract and kept her mouth shut. It was not particularly difficult for her to do this, ideas being necessary as an aid to conversation. Many a great reputation has been founded on a carefully maintained silence.

The International Vampire became a box-office attraction. The wise members of the film colony sneered at Eric's clever flights of fancy, and some of them said cattish things about the new star; but the great gullible public read and believed, and paid money to see the beautiful creature who had littered Europe with broken hearts. Most of the men agreed that she was worth the price of a loge seat, war tax additional; their wives closed their lips in straight lines, opening them only to say that they never had credited dukes with a great deal of intelligence, and a good look at Valerie LeMoyne had confirmed the original judgment.

"Well," said Micky Nolan to his able collaborator, "we've put her over. She's a success. There's only one thing to be afraid of now. If she ever gets to taking that press stuff seriously—if she ever imagines that she is a vampire—good-by, John! She'll develop temperament and be hard to handle."

"Temperament!" laughed Eric. "I'll admit that a lot of 'em believe everything they read about themselves; but not Valerie. Temperament calls for a certain amount of imagination. Imagination calls for brains. Right there is where the lady gets off. She's got about as much chance to develop temperament as a nice, kind-faced cow."

"Even so," argued Micky, "she's learning to act a little bit. At first she couldn't do anything but roll her eyes and breathe hard, mostly from the diaphragm. They're going to give her more money."

"If they do," said Eric, "she ought to split it with us. We made her."

"We did," sighed Micky; "but the big boss takes all the credit. He says he saw the possibilities in her."

"Bunk!" snorted Eric. "He saw those big eyes—that's what he saw."

"Be that as it may," assented Micky, "he thinks fairly well of her—personally, I mean. He hangs round the lot and watches her work. I guess, if it wasn't for his wife ——"

"And that'll be a good place to let your voice fall," interrupted Eric. "There'll never be any scandal in high life where Valerie is concerned. She's not the hand-holding sort."

"How do you know?" demanded Micky pointedly.

"Why, I tried it—once. It didn't work. It was just about as exciting as holding hands with your maiden aunt. Cold—all cold."

"Come to think of it," mused Micky, "she's never shown the slightest interest in any of the men she's worked with. Been nice to 'em all, of course; but they had to keep their distance. . . . What on earth are you laughing at?"

"At myself," chuckled Eric. "Here I've went and gone and made her the most famous vamp of the age; I've mixed her up in a thousand love affairs—and I'll bet she never even looked sideways at a man in all her life!"

"And I'll bet that when she does," said Micky soberly, "she'll have a lot of explaining to do. In a way, young fellow, you've saddled yourself with a heap of responsibility. Did you ever think of that?"

"I should worry!" was the light-hearted reply. "You can't make an omelet without spilling the beans, can you?"

"I don't know," said Micky. "I'm a director, not a cook."

As a director, it fell to Micky to select the players to support the star. Directors seldom have competent actors thrust upon them, and for this reason they incline largely to types. A man who can look his part does not have to act it.

Valerie LeMoyne Began to Send Slow, Deliberate Smiles Toward Hennessey's Corner

A new vamp scenario called for a hairy masculine sort of person to play a bit in one of Valerie's masterpieces—Her Hidden Past, it was called; and after a protracted search Micky found his man, meekly waiting a chance with the other extra people. Even a stupid director, in search of masculinity, could never have overlooked Homer Hennessey.

Homer was the last harsh word in masculinity. He appeared to be somewhere on the shady side of thirty years of age; he stood six feet three inches in his woollen stockings and seemed fairly half that wide; his nose was a promontory, matched only by his chin; and his rugged features were surmounted by an amazing thatch of brown hair, which rippled upward in unruly waves. He was a stranger at the Unique plant and a stranger to the films; Micky, who knew nearly all the extra men in Los Angeles by sight, could not remember having seen him before.

"Where did you ever work?" asked the director.

"Pretty much all round the country, mister," replied the giant. "Lately I've been down in Arizona on a ranch."

"I didn't mean that kind of work," explained Micky. "I meant pictures. Have you had any experience?"

"Not practical—no," confessed Homer; "but I been going to the show houses right regular of late, studying how they done it, and such. It don't look so awful hard, mister. I got the film fever, there was a vacation coming to me, and—well, I'm here. If I don't like the acting business I can always go back to Arizona. I didn't beat no warrant out of that state when I left."

"Sometimes," said Micky, "it's just as important to be able to go back as it is to come back."

The childlike candor of the big man interested Micky and promised amusement in the future. Homer would be good for many laughs—and heaven knows a director earns a quiet chuckle once in a while. Micky prepared to draw out his victim by the method best known as straight-faced kidding.

"Of course," said he, "you must understand that I can't offer you a leading man's part—that is, just yet. I'll have to try you out first."

"Well"—and Homer doubled one freckled fist into the other—"to tell the truth, I wasn't hardly expecting you could. The way I've got it sized up, a leading man has got to be pretty, or else he's got to be able to shin up the side of a house. I got all the nose and chin there was when they was passing features round and I can't climb for sour apples; so I reckon I'm disqualified right there. I ain't pretty, but I'm strong and willing; and I'll do what I'm told—that is, if it's anyways possible. I can't shin up the side of a house like a lizard, but I wouldn't be afraid to jump down off of one, mister."

"That's fair enough," nodded Micky, "and I think you're the very man I want for a bit in my next picture. It doesn't call for any jumping—unless you're afraid of women. A beautiful lady is going to make love to you—oh, a lot of love—bang up against the camera too."

Homer shifted his position suddenly and a muffled objurgation escaped him. Micky, watching him out of the corner of his eye, continued as follows:

"You see, you're a Russian officer, on guard at the entrance to the royal dungeons, and the lady drapes herself all round you to get a chance to steal the keys and release her sweetheart. Maybe she kisses you—I'll have to look at the script to make sure. Yes, I think she ought to give you one kiss, anyway."

"Hell's bells!" stammered the recruit. "Can't you fix it for me to jump off the house instead?"

"Ah, but you haven't seen the lady yet. And you needn't feel bad about it. They shoot you for letting her steal the keys; so a kiss wouldn't be any more than fair."

"Maybe the lady will kick," suggested Homer hopefully. "I'll say she will—having to kiss a total stranger!"

"Oh, she won't mind a little thing like that. She'll pay no more attention to you than she would to a waxworks dummy. You'll be the same as a piece of scenery to her."

Homer thought this over at great length, twisting and tugging at his fingers until the joints cracked.

"I shouldn't wish to have a woman be that—that unconscious of me," said he slowly. "It—it ain't complimentary. It ain't natural. And with kissing going on too. . . . Oh, well, I reckon it's part of the game. The boys on the ranch, they said I wouldn't have the nerve to get myself photographed in no such situation as that. Come to think of it, it is kind of shameless!"

Micky choked, but managed to straighten his lips. He had bottled his laughter until the accumulation was drumming against his ribs; he felt the need of closing the interview at once and locking himself in a soundproof vault, where he could do justice to the occasion.

"You be here to-morrow morning at eight. Ask for Nolan—Micky Nolan. That's me."

The effect of this simple announcement was startling. The big man gasped, his eyes opened wide, and he laid one great red paw on Micky's arm.

"Why—you—you direct them vampire pictures, don't you?"

"Miss LeMoyne's pictures—yes. Why?"

Hennessey swallowed hard and put pressure on Micky's arm.

"Is—she going to steal those keys?"

"And vamp you right in front of the camera—she's the lady. You're not afraid of a vampire, are you?"

"I don't know's I ever saw one, Mr. Nolan."

"Well, you'll see one to-morrow. Keep off the car tracks, don't bump into any live wires, and put lots of water into your liquor. See you later."

Homer Hennessey looked up at the sky, and the remark he made was almost a prayer—at least it was addressed to the proper authorities. Five minutes later he paused outside the entrance, removed his wide-brimmed hat, and spoke reverently to a disreputable-looking runabout.

"Well, wouldn't that boil your radiator?" he whispered. "Wouldn't that strip your gears? Bumped into her the very first clatter out of the box! Talk about your luck! . . . No; it's something better'n luck, and bigger. . . . Right

in the same company with her! Great bulls o' Bashan and other beef critters, I'm in for it now!"

Having freed his mind he crammed his hat down over his ears, wedged himself behind the steering wheel, kicked the proper buttons, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

III

EVEN Phil Carroll, the camera man, sour and cynical as any camera man has a right to be, admitted that Hennessey wasn't half bad for a rank beginner. He certainly made an imposing figure in the uniform of the Emperor's Hussars—full seven feet of busby and plume, flaming tunic, blue trousers and knee boots; but it is doubtful if Miss LeMoyne knew there was such a person on earth until Scene 227 brought her in contact with him.

It is a certainty that the giant from Arizona saw Valerie the instant she appeared on the stage and never thereafter allowed her to stray from his field of vision. The lovely LeMoyne was used to being stared at—the Unique lot was always crowded with visitors; and one more rubberneck, in the profession or out of it, was a small matter.

"Now then, Dimitroff!" cried Micky. "Hennessey, you're Dimitroff. Here's when you get the keys, Valerie. Dimitroff, you stand there. Fold your arms. Look fierce. No, no, no! Don't show your teeth! You're on guard; you're stern and incorruptible. That's more like it. . . . You see the lady coming along the corridor? She haan't any business there. You know her, you like her, you hope she likes you. . . . All right! Come on, Valerie. Go up to him. You want the keys. They're in the left-hand pocket of his tunic ——"

"No, ma'am," whispered Dimitroff hoarsely; "the right."

"Right-hand pocket, then," continued Micky. "That'll be a close-up, anyway. Vamp him a little, Valerie. Not too strong at first. Dimitroff, you don't quite know what you ought to do about this. You're nervous. . . . Golly, that's fine! You've got the idea! Keep your arms folded. . . . Now then, Valerie, a little stronger. He's wavering. Go after him in earnest—take him round the neck! Pull his head down to yours—that's it! . . . Dimitroff! What's the matter with you? Are you human, or ain't you? Take hold of her, man! Take hold of her, I say!"

He who had been addressed as Dimitroff lifted his head and stared at the director. His voice shook with emotion; and no wonder! Valerie LeMoyne, the most beautiful woman in pictures, was in his arms, snuggled close against his scarlet tunic. "I could do this a lot better," he quavered, "if it wasn't so—so damn public!"

Micky Nolan collapsed, the camera man whooped, and everybody laughed—everybody but the star. She lifted her head and looked searchingly at her victim.

"Say, what's the idea?" she demanded. "Are you trying to get fresh—or what?"

"Me, ma'am?" stuttered the unfortunate Hennessey. "I never got fresh with a woman in my life!"

"Well, this would be a poor time to start!" snapped Valerie. "What comes next, Micky? The regular thing?"

"Yeh, the old vamp stuff; but begin all over again," ordered the director, wiping his eyes. "Out of the scene, Valerie. Arms folded, Dimitroff. Now you see the lady coming. You like her, remember; and you hope she likes you ——"

Conscientiously, thoroughly and quite mechanically Miss LeMoyne employed the screen-sanctioned wiles of the vampire as they had been taught her by Micky Nolan—the fluttering touch of soft fingers on cheek and chin; the insinuating approach; the clinging embrace; the deep-drawn breath; the melting eyes; and, last of all, the long, long kiss. During that long kiss the lady stole the keys in the most businesslike manner possible. Through it all, Horner Hennessey remembered what Nolan had said about the waxworks dummy, and knew that it had been the truth.

"Might just as well be standing up here with a tag on me: 'Neat and Nobby—Take Me Home for Fifteen Dollars!'" thought Hennessey. "She don't mean a thing by it—not a thing! I'm just scenery, like he said. Now I wonder was she this way with all them others?"

"That'll be all for you to-day," said Micky, addressing the big Arizonan as he backed gingerly out of the last clinch and the camera ceased to click. "You did pretty well—everything considered. Be here to-morrow."

"I figure to," said Hennessey simply. "And the day after that. And then some."

He was back on the stage in twenty minutes, no longer one of the Emperor's Hussars, but a large, silent Westerner appearing in the rôle of a spectator. Miss LeMoyne was still vamping her way through Russia's upper circles; so Hennessey found a chair in a quiet corner, crossed his long legs, produced tobacco and papers, and smoked cigarettes as he watched the star perform. Once Valerie left the stage to make a change of costume, and then he drew a sheaf of worn newspaper clippings from an inner pocket and perused them earnestly until she returned, when he resumed his silent vigil.

That evening, as Micky Nolan was climbing into his gasoline thunderbolt, a touch on his arm gave him pause.

"As man to man," said Hennessey, with traces of embarrassment, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"As man to man, shoot!" replied Micky.

"Has she reformed, or not?"

"Has who reformed?" demanded the astonished director.

"Miss LeMoyne. There was a lot of stuff about her in the papers—things that happened before she came here.

> Has she got any dukes or counts on a string now?
> You heard her bawl me out, account of thinking
> I was fresh. You'd reckon the kind of a woman

them pieces was written about wouldn't mind a little freshness—even if the feller meant it, which I didn't."

"Oh!" said Micky. "Well, it's this way: It might depend a lot on who was being fresh. A duke, for instance, can be as fresh as a June morning and still get away with it. It's expected of him. Same way with an earl; but a prince—say, a prince is the freshest of 'em all—his blood is bluer."

"Uh-huh! I read about that prince. I'd kind of crave to take him apart just to see how blue his blood is. . . . Yellow, I'll bet. But has she reformed?"

"I haven't seen any dukes round here," said Micky soberly, "if that's what you mean. Not lately, anyway."

"Well," said Hennessey, "that's something."

Micky choked, but hid his confusion by starting the engine.

"Listen!" said he. "Don't go away. Stay with us a while. I'm beginning to like you. I think you've got a great future. I'll write you a part in the next picture. It's going to be a Western story and you won't have to wear any monkey suit—just your five-gallon hat, your chaps and your boots."

"And my pants," supplemented Hennessey anxiously.

"Of course! How careless of me!"

"Is—is she going to be in it?"

"In it? She's all of it. You don't understand the star system. And say, big fellow!"

"Say it!"

"If you want to know about those dukes and earls and things, why don't you ask the lady? She'd tell you."

"You think she would?" demanded Hennessey.

"The surest thing you know!"

Micky drove rapidly away, leaving the Arizona giant staring after him with the dawning of a great idea in his eyes.

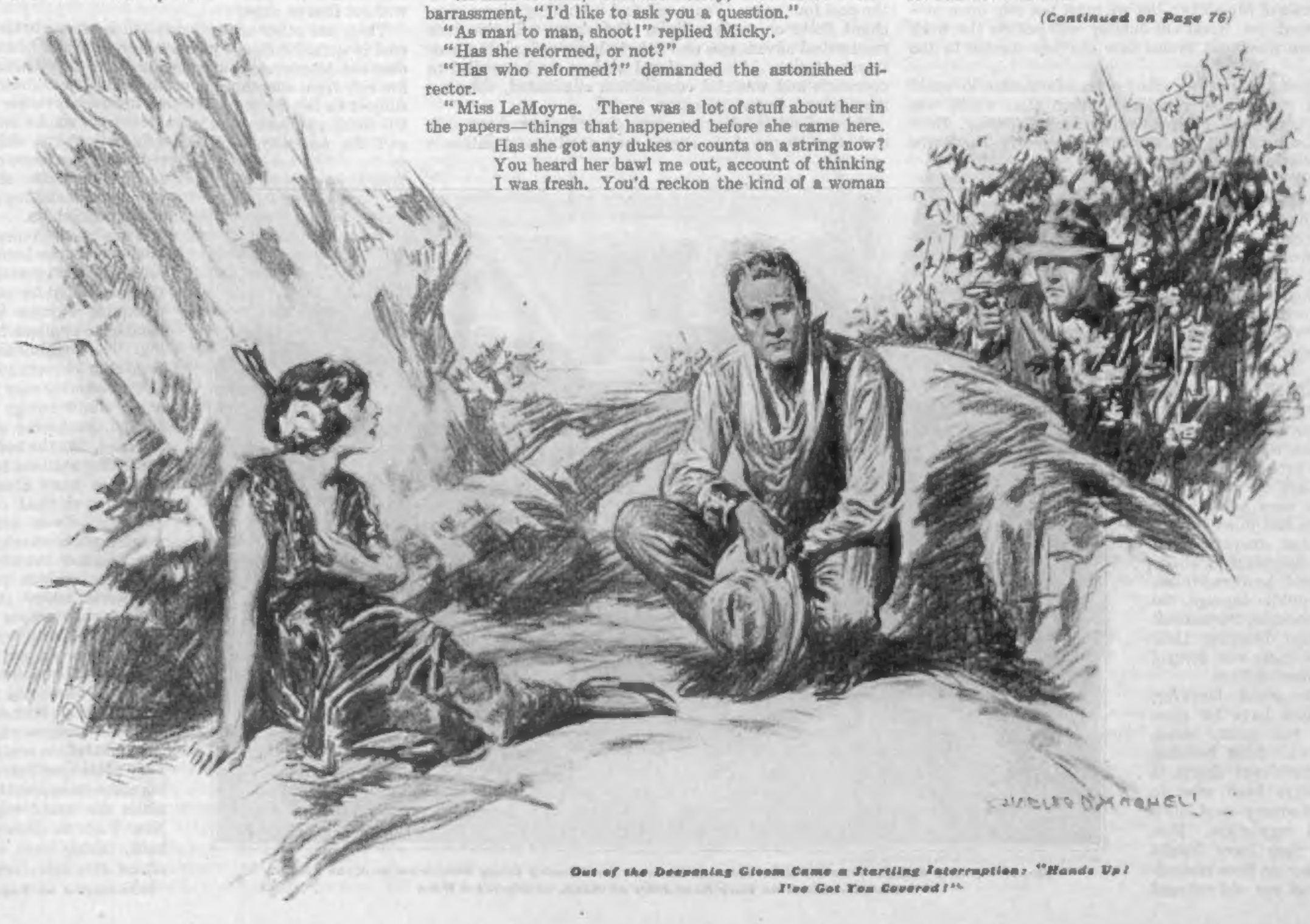
"Now why didn't I think of that before?" muttered Hennessey. "Ask the lady, of course!"

IV

IT WAS three weeks before Micky started work on the Western picture, and during that period Hennessey haunted the studio. He did not suspect it, but he was a volunteer court jester, serving without pay, tolerated because he made the director laugh.

He did not amuse Miss LeMoyne—he puzzled her. She had come to recognize Hennessey as a problem. Valerie had never been good at problems, especially human ones of the male variety. She divided all men into two classes—those who were fresh and those who were not. When a man did not qualify in either division Valerie set him down as a nut.

(Continued on Page 76)



Out of the Deepening Gloom Came a Startling Interruption: "Hands Up! I've Got You Covered!"

When Coal Oil Johnny Goes to Sea

By Edward N. Hurley

Chairman United States Shipping Board

THE fast clipper ship was built of wood and propelled by sails. We had the timber to build that type of ship and the ingenuity to apply wind power and beat the world in speed. Those were the days of the Yankee clipper ships, and from Revolutionary times until 1861 we carried from sixty to ninety per cent of our own world trade.

Then came iron and steel ships, with steam power. Great Britain led all countries in pig-iron production—the whole world output in 1860 was less than eight million tons, against fifty million tons for the United States this year. As for steam, Emerson said then: "Steam is an Englishman." John Bull took first place in the new kind of shipping. The proportion of American trade carried in American ships steadily ran down to less than ten per cent at the outbreak of the world war.

To-day we are about to see another revolutionary advance in merchant ships, and the United States will again have some advantage—if we back natural resources with national ingenuity.

Petroleum is the coming factor in shipping. It will be used under boilers to raise steam. Better yet, it will propel internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type—the motor ship. We have an advantage in our large output of petroleum—sixty-five per cent of the world's output. And we are handiest to Mexico's supplies, now nearly eight per cent of the world production, with remarkable possibilities for increase, and two types of crude oil that are peculiarly suited to marine use.

In making a learned academic forecast of America's new merchant marine a German professor recently said: "In trading with other maritime powers it is right and proper that a nation should carry in its own ships at least fifty per cent of its world commerce."

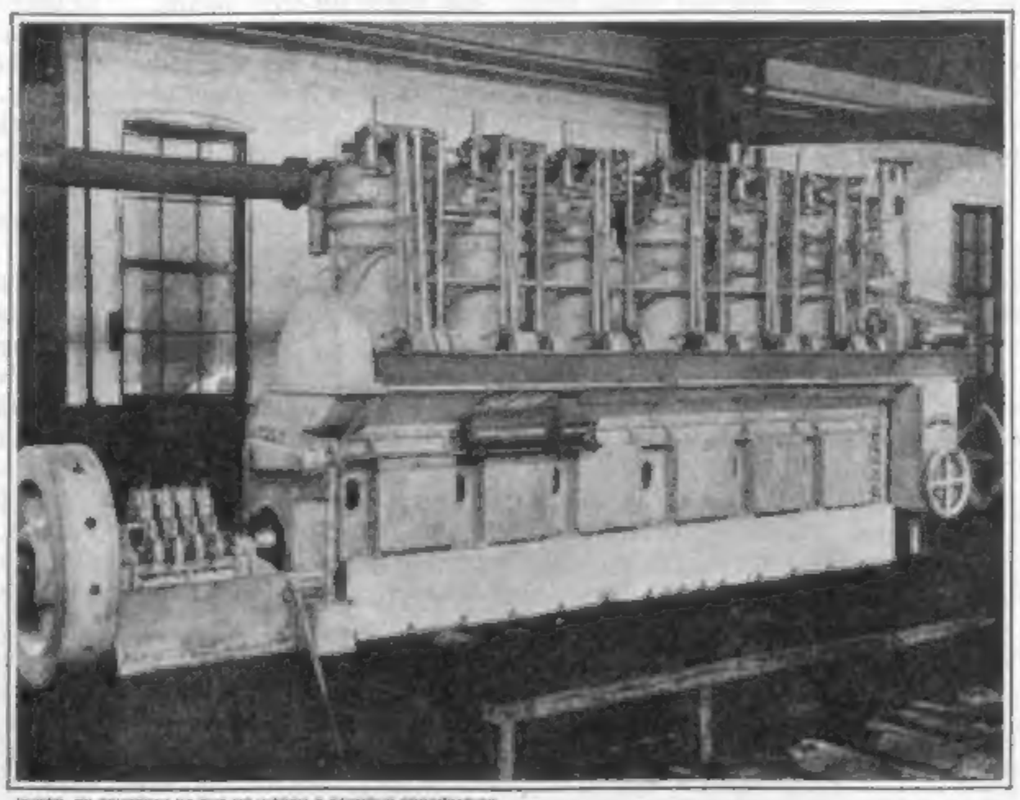


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE McINTOSH & SEYMOUR CORPORATION

How Motor Ship Engines Look on the Test Block. This Diesel Type Engine Was Operated Thirty Days Without Stop at Full Load and Speed as a Test

A New Era in Shipping

WITH petroleum, the motor ship, and American inventive genius and energy, we have reasonable prospects of again carrying our own exports and imports on this Germanic basis of fifty-fifty; but we must not rely upon natural advantages. Coal Oil Johnny will not do the work alone; we must put brains into the job—brains to the utmost.

Petroleum is about to effect a transformation in world shipping much more remarkable than that which was wrought by steam. The possibilities are fascinating. Both the oil-burning and the motor ship remove handicaps under which the merchant navies of the world have been steadily degenerating. They reduce operating costs, increase range and flexibility, overcome certain international political handicaps in shipping, and improve the living standards and morale of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Land transportation in practically all countries has been developed to a point where competition is regarded as wasteful. Competition probably played a useful part in days when railroads were being built; but, once laid down, it was agreed that competition in railroad operation, with its losses and bankruptcies, worked public damage. So for a generation the nations have been bringing their railroads under wise control for common welfare.

On the ocean, however, the nations have let competition run pretty much unchecked. After building their merchant fleets it might have been wise to work out some plan of international regulation. But, instead, they have fought each other on lines reminding one of our old railroad rate wars. They have used railroads, port privileges, bunkering stations and other auxiliaries to give their own ships the best of it and let the other fellow's ships have the worst.

They have done little to overcome by teamwork the violent fluctuations in ocean tonnage, rates and profits. They have fought each other on a rate basis with very little fundamental knowledge of shipping costs. And the general result has been to make shipping a risky business for the investor and a thankless job for the seaman, and to run the world into a great crisis, with a shipping plant that proved inadequate and antiquated.

But the world has undoubtedly learned its lesson during the past four years. Peace will find it building bigger merchant fleets on modern lines. Petroleum will give new mechanical advantages and help to bring order into ocean transportation. If international wisdom can be applied to operation and wasteful competition eliminated, shipping may enter a new renaissance.

When Coal Oil Johnny steps aboard a merchant ship and takes charge of the engine room the transformation is great. The comparatively few shipping managers who have operated with petroleum will tell you that it is like switching from the One-Hoss Shay to a high-powered racing car.

Take the advantages found in the oil-burning ship with steam engines over the coal burner. There is a reduction in the number of men needed in the boiler room, first of all.

Some months before the Lusitania sailed on her last tragic voyage American petroleum experts examined her boilers and coal bunkers to make suggestions for converting her into an oil burner. They found this entirely feasible, and estimated that her fireroom force could be reduced ninety per cent by the change—that is, one man out of ten would be needed. It has been said that the Lusitania started on her last voyage short of firemen, and that because she was running with only seventy per cent steam efficiency the submarine was able to torpedo her. Had she been running at full efficiency with coal, or been fitted for oil burning, she might, perhaps, have escaped.

Advantages of Oil

NEXT comes reduction in bunker space, with an increase in cargo space. A ton of oil takes five cubic feet less space than a ton of coal, and gives eighty per cent steaming efficiency against sixty-five per cent for coal. This works out to about forty per cent saving in bunker space, which is made available for cargo in a freighter. Moreover, there is a saving in quarters for the crew, because an oil-burning ship carries fewer men. Estimates for the Mauretania give a fireroom force of twenty-seven men for oil burning as against three hundred and twelve needed to burn coal.

Oil-burning vessels will make from ten to twenty per cent more mileage than coal burners. There is better control of steaming, because fires can be started and stopped instantly, steam raised quickly, and time in port saved through the greater ease of taking on oil as contrasted with coal. Coaling is always a dirty job and tedious, whereas oil is simply pumped into the double bottoms quickly and without fuss or muss.

There are other advantages: Oil is often cheaper than coal in actual dollars—prices vary widely, of course. Oil does not deteriorate in storage like coal. Oil eliminates the fire risk from spontaneous combustion in coal, and is not subject to the danger of shifting in rough weather at sea. Oil eliminates ashes and ash conveyors, smoke and soot, and the necessity for frequently painting a ship. Oil reduces the expense of grate repairs, corrosion of boiler plates, fuel handling devices afloat and ashore.

Even more remarkable, however, is the increase in radius of ship operation and the possibility for planning profitable voyages without handicaps imposed by coaling. The coal-burning ship must stop frequently for fuel. Her nationality may put her at a disadvantage where foreign bunkering stations are used. At the best, coal-bunkering stations in other countries have always involved political complications. Even with the magnificent bunkering facilities afforded British ships, there are various parts of the world where the coal burner must steam a considerable distance, with little or no cargo, simply to take on coal—a well-recognized operating handicap.

But the oil burner has a radius of from two to three times that of the coal burner. Fast passenger liners burning oil for steam could almost make the round trip from New York to Europe and back, taking most of their oil on this side; and with

(Concluded on Page 63)

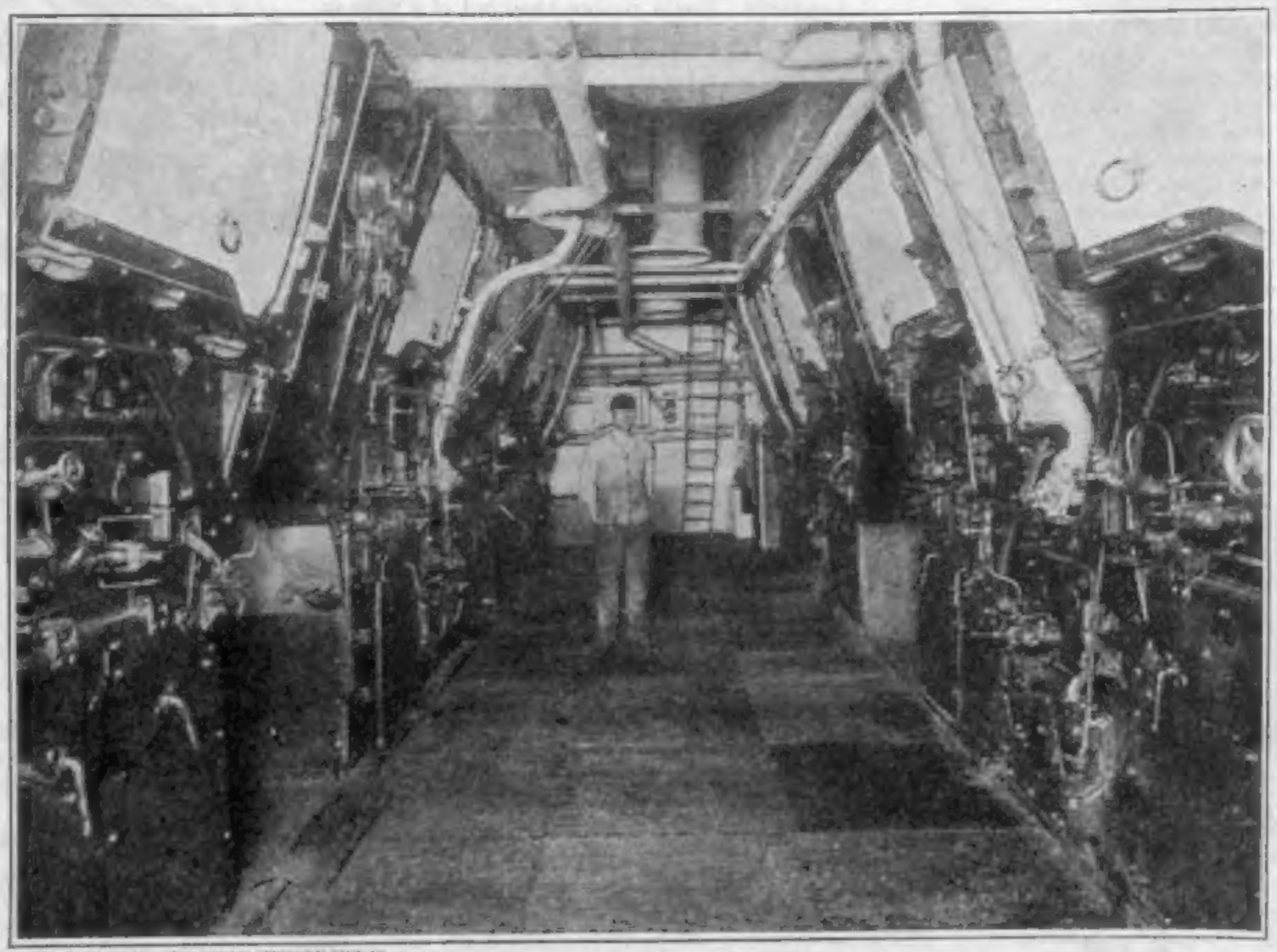


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE MEXICAN PETROLEUM COMPANY

Boiler Room of Banana Ship Metapan After Conversion for Burning Crude Petroleum to Make Steam. One Fireman is on Duty Each Shift at Clean, Comfortable Work

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

With What Amazed Eyes He Would Have Regarded the Roan Colt Had He Known That Those Awkward, Shambling Legs Were to Write Horse History in Central Ohio

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE late Kaiser has been accused of falseness and faithlessness no end, but it is difficult to determine just how much of the web of lies and deceit which so long bound his people to their unholy aims he himself spun. I shall make no broad statement, therefore, concerning his nonintegrity. I shall be specific in my accusation. I now assert that when Killbuck Belle won the two-thirty trot at Millersburg, Ohio, in two-twenty-six and a quarter, two-twenty-seven and a half, and two-twenty-eight, the best horse did not win. I further assert that certain drivers in this race resorted to connivance, low cunning and shameless trickery, in defiance of the rules of the American Trotting Association; and I now proclaim that William Hohenzollern, lately Emperor of Germany, was primarily responsible for this direct blow at honest racing on the Ohio Central Circuit.

In establishing my case it is necessary to go back half a century to a band of gypsies making camp in the shadow of the crowding hills along the Killbuck Valley. The gypsies had come down the winding river road from beyond Coshocton that day, and the stunted grass-fed beasts which had moved the creaking wagons over those long hot miles had given themselves up to complete dejection.

This was not true, however, of a white mare, cream-colored with dust and sweat, who pawed in the weeds at the tail of the gypsy wagon to which she was securely tied with a heavy rope.

If ever a mare showed plainly that she was among strangers it was this same white mare. Some of her anxieties no doubt were due to the responsibilities of motherhood, and she whinnied every moment or so to a long-legged roan colt that switched his tail and cavorted stiffly in the weeds close to her side. But her twisting neck and flicking ears and nervous rolling eyes were occasioned by the presence of the gypsies, who were making preparations for supper all about her, and from whom obviously she did not know what to expect.

Anxiously she watched them, sidling away as a dark-faced evil-smelling man or woman or child approached, turning her head as far as the rope allowed to keep them in sight when they had passed behind her. She snorted when a canvas flap on a wagon swung toward her on the lazy breeze; she sniffed the first smoke of the camp fires uneasily; she pricked her ears at the clatter of a cooking untensil or the sound of an unfamiliar voice.

She took no notice of the weary nondescripts who had borne the burden of the day's slow journey. One appraising look she had given them, and that had been enough. The white mare, with her slender legs, delicate pointed ears and slim clean-cut head, was beyond question an aristocrat. The gypsies she might hate and fear, but these low-headed humble creatures of her own species she despised.

At last when a blood-red sun had sunk to rest in the bosom of the hills and fireflies had begun to flash in the purple depths of the valley the white mare heard the sound of approaching hoof beats. Though muffled by a cushion of dust they were brisk, certain and full of purpose. She twisted her neck and directed inquiring ears and watchful eyes toward the sound of them as Elmer Dodge, driving a good bay gelding, Morgan bred, rounded a spur of hill and rapidly drew near.

The white mare sent a shrill appealing whinny to the gelding which cut through the weed-scented twilight like a silver trumpet. Elmer turned his head and gave her one swift glance, then—"Whoa!" said he; for Elmer was a horseman.

Twenty minutes later all that Elmer had received for three red heifers was in the pocket of the leader of the gypsies and Elmer was driving slowly toward his hillside farm, six miles west of Killbuck. The bay gelding, even though he could trot a mile of country road, hitched to a top buggy, in three minutes, was receiving scant attention. Elmer was driving him with one hand. In the other hand he held a rope. His eyes were devoted to the white mare attached thereto.

As for the long-legged roan colt, he continued to switch his inconsequential tail as he danced spasmodically along beside his now more placid mother. Perhaps his manner would have been less flippant, his method of locomotion more sedate, could he have looked into the future. But he was as unconscious as his new owner that it was a road to destiny along which he danced that summer evening long ago. Elmer had paid a fair price for the white mare; he had accepted her offspring without enthusiasm as dubious good measure. With what amazed eyes he would have regarded the roan colt had he known that those awkward, shambling legs were to write horse history in Central Ohio, and that the best of Elmer's years would be spent in guiding them as they set it down.

We will skip the next four years and arrive, somewhat abruptly, at the Coshocton County Fair. We will omit the purchase of bright indigo-blue cards of admission and push ahead out of turn, letting the impatient line of wagons, top buggies and surreys enter the main entrance one at a time when the badge-hung gatekeeper permits.

Safe inside we will not take in the exhibit of the baking skill of the housewives of Coshocton County. May the cherry pie win! We will avoid the lethargic contest in fecundity and avoirdupois between Poland-China sows with pigs. We will not tarry to observe the placid struggle, wool against wool, of the Southdowns, Shropshires and Dorsets. We will eat no peanuts, drink neither cider nor lemonade. The black man's countenance, protruding provocatively through the hole in the canvas, may go unblemished as far as we are concerned. How mighty a blow we can deliver with a ponderous wooden mallet will remain forever unknown. We will not argue with a man in charge of a queer contrivance called a reaper which, so he declares, will do away with the cradle and make wheat-cutting under a July sun at once a joy and a delight. It might be well also not to linger in the vicinity of the Coshocton Silver Cornet Band, which is about to deliver upon the helpless air the strains of the latest popular song, Old Dog Tray.

These things and many more besides we shall miss in going directly to Stall Number Three in the speed barns along the back stretch of the half-mile track.

In this stall, forty-odd years ago, was a tall roan stallion with white haws visible at the rims of his distrustful eyes, and ears that had a tendency to flatten suddenly against a wicked head. Before the stall, his hands clasped loosely between his knees, a four-inch rye straw between his lips, sat Elmer Dodge. To him came presently young Cliff Saunders, as crafty a pilot of trotter or pacer as ever scored for the word at a county fair.

"Hello, Elmer," was his greeting. "What you got here?"

Elmer shifted the rye straw from east to west and glanced over his shoulder into the stall behind him. "Stud colt—comin' five—green pacer," said he.

Now Cliff had a six-year-old mare by Hambletonian farther down the line of stalls, primed and ready for the green pace. She had worked in thirty and back in thirty-two. He had acknowledged to himself that she looked good. His interest in the roan horse became more acute.

"How's he bred?" he wanted to know.

"Give it up," said Elmer. Then at Cliff's look of inquiry: "Some gypsies come through my way four year ago, with a breedy-lookin' white mare that had a colt at side. I bought the mare. She died on me the next spring from colic. This is the colt."

"Didn't they tell you nothin' about her?"

"They claimed not to know; claimed they'd picked her up in a trade somewhere this side of Pittsburgh."

"Can he step?"

In the world of pace and trot one grows eloquent over the powers of indifferent performers, whose possible sale must be considered while probable defeat is explained away; but one can afford crypticism when an animal's deeds promise to speak for themselves.

"Purty good," said Elmer.

"H'm-m," came from Cliff as he drew closer to the stall door. "What do you call him?"

"I call him Killbuck Tom. Watch out—he's ornery."

Cliff stepped easily back from a snakelike dart of a roan head and a set of huge white teeth.

"I claim he is," he drawled. "Well, we'll try an' give him a hoss race to-morrow."

In the green pace next day Cliff endeavored to keep his promise; but Killbuck Tom, on this, his first appearance before an assembled multitude, made it impossible. Horse racing apparently was the last thing he contemplated. Perhaps after the quiet of Killbuck Valley he did not approve of the noise and excitement of the Coshocton County Fair. At any rate he refused to score. With flattened ears and smoldering eyes he backed and bucked and sidled, shaking his head from side to side as though in answer to Elmer's voice, which urged him to go on.

The starter grew hoarse, the spectators lining both sides of the home stretch ten deep jeered mightily, and Elmer at last lost the cool head which, more than a skillful pair of hands, makes the successful driver. In the language of the track he "went after" the roan horse with a deep drawing underhand stroke round the legs and belly. Killbuck Tom flattened for a moment under the red-hot bite of the long whalebone whip, then he reared, pawed at the sky, and fell backward in a tangle of broken shafts and harness in the center of the track.

That sent him to the barn. He was in his stall, trembling and sweating, as Cliff's Hambletonian mare jogged home an easy winner of the three heats and race. Elmer, who had secured a rye straw and a return of his habitual calm, was applying goose grease to the red wales left in the wake of the storm of his passion.

Along a level stretch of country road the roan had received his training. Only the brooding hills had watched as he had struck his full stride with Elmer sitting silently behind him. And so to those who had witnessed his calamitous début it was surprising to see the name of Killbuck Tom among the starters in the green pace at Zanesville the following week.

Other drivers became jovial, not to say jocular on the subject. Jake Elberwell, who traded and bought and sold 'em in every nook and corner of Knox County; Riley Gardner, who ran a stud barn over Columbus way; and Hal Putnam, who "liveried" in the winter months at Millersburg, drifted casually to the roan's stall.

Riley Gardner fired the opening gun. "Well, if it ain't Elmer!" he said in a surprised tone. "Kinda thought you'd be off to the circus, Elmer. If you could jest keep him balanced now when he rears ——"

"Harness an' shaf's must be cheap," Jake opined.

"If your gad wears out I got a nice hickory neck yoke I'd loan ye," was Hal's contribution.

Elmer located, obtained and inserted in his mouth a fresh rye straw. "Have your fun, boys," he said.

"Mebbe the gypsies learned him them steps," suggested Cliff Saunders as he arrived on the scene. He explained his meaning to the others by describing how the roan had come into Elmer's possession.

"Them gypsies are slick dealers," observed Riley.

"They shore be," Cliff agreed.

He did not stoop to promise the discredited Killbuck Tom a horse race. It was as well, perhaps, that he did not, for once again he could not have kept his word. It is true that the roan horse for the second time kept the green pacers wheeling, scoring and returning while he backed and balked and reared. It is true that the starter at last told Elmer to take care of himself and sent the field away on the next score with Killbuck Tom rooted in the track, gazing off over the center field. But it is also true that whatever Elmer's charge was observing suddenly ceased to interest him, and that he determined on a change of scene. What resolved him to do so at that moment will never be known. Perhaps he wished to put distance between himself and the Great Western Band of Zanesville while it rendered Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break. At any rate he departed from that vicinity suddenly and at a high rate of speed, and round the track he went, with Elmer guiding him.

Cliff Saunders was out in front with his Hambletonian, "jest buggy-ridin'," as he stated later, when he became aware of thudding hoofs and the voice of Elmer vociferating the word "Yiphee!"

"G'wan!" yelled Cliff as he grasped the fact that vital seconds were upon him and that he must be up and doing. His mare instantly responded with her best. It was by no means enough. Killbuck Tom, pacing like a wild horse, shot past. Cliff had a glimpse of Elmer's curving back and then the dust obscured it. Killbuck Tom was first at the wire by five lengths.

His conduct during the next two heats was above reproach. He scored like a lamb and finished like a lion—winning as he pleased.

As Elmer led the winner to his quarters after the race he passed the stall in which Cliff Saunders was busy at the first processes of cooling out his mare.

"Any remarks, Cliff?" inquired Elmer in a gentle voice.

There was no reply.

II

THE first two public appearances of Killbuck Tom were characteristic of his entire racing career. Though he dropped from the green pace to the free-for-all in his first two seasons and raced in that class thereafter, Cliff's promise was never fulfilled. For more than ten years no rival succeeded in giving the roan a horse race. If he decided to score away and pace a full mile there was no contest—he smothered his field. If racing did not appeal to him that day he was distanced. Sometimes his attitude would change in the middle of a race. Having won one or two heats as he pleased, further effort became obnoxious to him. He signified this as a rule plainly and unmistakably. In his later career, when his fame had spread over fifteen counties, a reproachful murmur would go up from those who watched if Killbuck Tom before a heat began to shake his head. It was a certain sign that he would race no more that day, and the good people of Central Ohio were expressing their disappointment, for—with the exception of Cliff, Jake, Riley, Hal and lesser drivers—they adored him.

Had he combined tractability with speed it is certain he would not have been so popular. He would have become monotonous. It was uncertainty as to his conduct that kept the interest in him alive, that brought thousands to a fair when his name appeared among the starters in the free-for-all pace. "Ole Killbuck Tom," they called him, and his name became a byword up and down the peaceful rail-fenced country roads. "Ole Killbuck Tom—the orneriest race hoss that ever looked through a bridle"; and the most beloved.

"Shucks!" they would say at the first ominous shake of a roan head. "I kinda thought he'd be at himself to-day." Some would smile wisely and opine that they "knowed it the minute he come out." They had seen it, so they said, in his ornery old eye.

On the other hand, "Thar he goes!" they would yell joyfully when Killbuck Tom with flattened ears and high-held reaching neck burst away from the wire in one of his victorious flights. Then they would settle back contentedly in their seats to observe the inevitable result of the heat and listen to the musical "Yiphees" which Elmer addressed to the track-devouring roan.

"I Call Him Killbuck Tom. Watch Out—He's Ornery"

Elmer's whip at such times was always upright and motionless. He had learned that to wave it was to court disaster. Even a thought of punishment might shatter the perfect rhythm of the pistonlike strides. At a touch of the lash on his level, slightly swaying back Killbuck Tom would go to a lunging break, changing to a stiff-legged prance as he overcame his momentum and the field thudded past him.

Eighty slanting acres on the side of the Killbuck hills, even when farmed to the quick, do not yield an abundance. If one must jog a horse part of each winter day and be away with him at the races four months in the summer one does not indulge in whip wavings when first money—one hundred and twenty dollars, cash—is involved. Elmer limited himself to unresented yipheeing.

Off the track the relationship between Elmer and the stallion was as follows: Killbuck Tom gave Elmer the privilege of entering his stall and ministering to him—anyone else he would have promptly slain—without more than flattening his ears and clicking his teeth. Elmer gave Killbuck Tom most of his strength and all of his thoughts. Other men might be concerned with mating, the rearing of children, self-advancement or their souls' welfare. Not so Elmer. His problem was comparatively simple. It consisted of getting the roan, sound and in hard flesh, to the races, and persuading him to race after he got him there.

In his intercourse with his own kind Elmer was subordinate to his horse. Friends, acquaintances, strangers were not interested apparently in his welfare. They valued his opinion only when it concerned Killbuck Tom. It was always: "Well, how's the ole cuss? Just as ornery as ever? Think he'll race to-day?"

Elmer did not resent the lack of interest in his own well-being. The reflected glory in which he shone was more brilliant than he could have contrived for himself. He surrendered placidly to the engulfing destiny of Killbuck Tom and let others struggle with the complexities of life.

But the years slipped by. Each one dulled a little, dimmed a little the bright edge of the roan's speed. At last he was not equal to the free-for-alls, even when he did his best; and Elmer's world began to totter.

It steadied on its foundations again when dwellers in Killbuck Valley discovered that an ordinary buggy mare if mated to the roan produced a spotted china-eyed pink-nosed foal—observe the influence of the white mare—which a few years later would "raise hell quicker'n scat," but would go all day and give most anything else along the road a "dustin'."

So wiry pink-nosed pacers with uncertain dispositions began to appear on winding country roads, and "Here comes a Killbuck—better let him go by" was substituted for the customary cracking of whips and rattle of buggy wheels in Knox and Coshocton Counties. The roan horse was triumphant in old age as he had been in youth. Elmer's pockets were lined with stud fees—his absorption in the career of Killbuck Tom as complete as ever.

And yet the one other thing that was to share a portion of his life came to him because a certain dauntless critic scorned his idol. Stout-waisted, deep-bosomed Elvira Epley, mother of seven, and wife of his neighbor, Jim Epley, whose farm was two hills beyond his own, committed the sacrilege.

Elmer had sold five acres of standing timber to the tie boss of the Walhonding Railroad, and decided to apply a stump puller to the new land that fall. He hooked the off horse of his work team to a stone boat one morning and drove over to the Epleys'. There, Jim being away on a squirrel hunt, he encountered Elvira, who when he had explained why he had come asked him, curiously enough, how things were going with him.

"Fine," said Elmer. "The old hoss is spry as a kitten."

Elvira, who was peering under the corncrib in quest of the stump puller, straightened up suddenly and faced him.

"I don't care a mite," said she, "how that old stud horse is."

Elmer, shocked to speechlessness, stared at her dumbly.

"What are you aimin' to do twenty years from now?" Elvira shot at him. "All alone in these hills without a chick or a child? You'll want somebody to look after you when the frost gets into your bones. Your horse'll be dead an' gone—an' a good riddance. What'll you have left when you've gave your life to a race horse 'stead of a honest hard-workin' woman an' the children she'd raise you? You can't answer! I'll answer for you—nothin' but old age and loneliness and misery. That's what you're comin' to, Elmer Dodge, with your Killbuck Tom!"

Elmer got the stump puller on the stone boat as quickly as possible and clucked to the work horse. He craved the silence of the valley road, which would be undisturbed by Elvira's voice.

But "durn the woman," what she had said kept sounding in his ears all that winter. On stormy nights in particular as he sat before the kitchen stove her words would rise above the howling of the wind.

The roads thawed out early that spring. Elmer was giving Killbuck Tom an exercise job one morning when he met Dave Pringle, one of the county commissioners, driving through the valley in a mud-caked buggy hitched to a mud-splashed team.

"Whoa," said Dave.

"Whoa," said Elmer.

"He looks good," said Dave, his eyes on Killbuck Tom.

"Jest as good as ever—far as I can see," said Elmer. He became aware of a small figure beside the commissioner, and a small face, white in the shadow under the buggy top. "Your boy?" he inquired.

"Why, no," said Dave, still drinking in the lines of the famous roan. "This here boy is an orphan boy. I'm takin' him to the children's home at Mount Vernon. We ain't fixed to handle such cases in Coshocton County." Dave's eyes shifted from horse to owner as he added accusingly: "An' we would be if you farmers hadn't voted agin the 'propriation that would of took care of this boy in his own county."

"Ain't there no relatives?" asked Elmer.

"Nary a one. His folks moved to Killbuck from somewheres East seven year ago. The man died first. The county buried the woman yesterday." The commissioner turned and regarded the small cause of his journey down Killbuck Valley moodily. "Wish I could get someone to

take him," he said. "I hate to ask Knox County to look after our own."

Elmer became conscious of two things: With his eyes he saw that big slow tears were rolling down the woebegone childish face at which the commissioner was frowning; with his ears he seemed to hear the voice of Elvira Epley.

"I never thought much of them children's homes," he stated thoughtfully. "That's why I voted agin that 'propriation—if you want to know."

Dave favored him with a dry and superior smile. "If I was lookin' for an opinion about a pacin' hoss," he said, "I might come to you, Elmer. But I don't know as I'd hunt you up to learn me about children."

"You might do worse," Elmer informed him with a shade of truculence. "Hosses and children is a lot alike."

The heavy shoulders of the commissioner shook as he indulged in silent though sarcastic laughter. "That old man-eater there of yours, for instance. He's a reg'lar baby, now, ain't he? Well, I must be gettin' along." The commissioner flapped a rein.

"Wait a minute," said Elmer.

"Whoa," said Dave.

"I figger a child's got a better chance most anywhere than in a children's home," said Elmer slowly. He looked again at the small tear-stained face. "Suppose I take this boy off'n your hands an'—raise him?"

Dave's mouth came open and remained so for a thunder-stricken instant. "Do you mean it?" he managed to say.

"I shore do."

In a surprisingly short time the commissioner's team was headed back toward Coshocton. Killbuck Tom was turning toward home.

Suddenly Dave's head appeared at the side of the buggy. "An' say," he called back, "his name is Henry."

"Much obliged," called Elmer. "Do you like to ride fast, Henry?" he asked softly.

Henry gave the faintest of nods.

"Go on, you," ordered Elmer, tightening the reins.

The roan proved that he was still equal to short flights. There was a breathless interval in which the valley road swam under them, the hillsides were blurred and the wind dried up the tears on two small cheeks.

"How's that?" asked Elmer when it was over.

There was no reply, but a slight wriggle was encouraging.

"Ever hear of Killbuck Tom?" Elmer inquired.

The nod he got was almost emphatic.

"This is him," said Elmer briefly.

A pair of round awe-struck eyes fastened themselves on the back of the roan.

"Gee!" breathed the voice of Henry.

"Want to drive?" asked Elmer.

"Ole Killbuck Tom," They Called Him, and It Was Uncertainty as to His Conduct That Brought Thousands to a Fair When His Name Appeared

III

IT IS a long way, thank God, from the Killbuck Valley to William of Germany, but twenty years will do it. During the twenty years Killbuck Tom died, and Elmer gave himself up to the unprofitable racing of that stallion's descendants and the raising of Henry. He was successful in the latter endeavor and Henry became a man—patterned, through close association, after his foster father. He was big and slow and quiet. He was contented and hard-working. Elmer's wishes were his own. He expressed no desires that could not be satisfied in Killbuck Valley. He gave those he met on the road only a brief glance before taking in, from nose to tail, whatever was in front of the dashboard.

More and more, however, there was nothing in front of the dashboard. There was, as a matter of fact, no dashboard. Little by little dashboards were supplanted by wind shields, until at last Killbuck Valley was filled with dust clouds and spring squeaks and the odor of hot oil and burnt gas. Elmer was undisturbed by the intrusion. The goggled and veiled travelers in dust-bathed touring cars which passed his door looked at the hills on the left and right and not at the weather-beaten barn, six miles west of Killbuck, which had a brass horse at full trot for a weather vane.

The tourists were unaware that the barn had been the home of Killbuck Tom; that even now it sheltered, all winter long, his granddaughter—Killbuck Belle. So Elmer let them pass like figures in a dream.

He was not interested in road maps or tire mileage or oil or gasoline. Granted that these things meant progress; the advent of hobbles or the change from the high-wheeled sulky to the ball-bearing bike excepted, progress meant nothing to him. He had made over the farm to Henry, who had taken the burden of working it on his youngest shoulders. Henry was a good boy—not too smart. His shoulders were the dependable kind. Elmer could count on them to the end of his days, and the voice of Elvira Epley did not disturb his memories of Killbuck Tom or his passionate desire to see his descendant, Killbuck Belle, win a race.

Henry, being minutely acquainted by hearsay with the roan's every deed, had come to share the memories and the desire almost equally with Elmer. He managed the crops with an eye to a summer's absence at the county fairs and entrance money for the thirty trots over the Ohio Central Circuit.

So far these entrance moneys had not been profitable investments. Killbuck Belle had raced faithfully every year for five years, and had yet to win a heat. Horses of modern breeding with antiquated drivers were the combination that defeated her. Cliff Saunders, Jake Elberwell, Riley Gardner and Hal Putnam, after fifty years on the Ohio Central, were still racing. They had come to be known as the Big Four of the county fairs and were both ruthless and cunning reinsmen. All could still hear in reminiscence Elmer's exultant yiphees and taste the dust to be found in the wake of Killbuck Tom.

In seeking a just revenge the Big Four were not handicapped by memories. They did not pin their faith to a dead horse—fast in his day but of unknown breeding—who had been mated with road mares. The Big Four were alive to progress. They came to the races with the get of modern sires and standard-bred record dams, and proved too much for Elmer and Henry and Killbuck Belle.

Then, on the thirtieth day of July, the Kaiser's long-laid plots and plans took the visible shape of armed men, and a continent shook to the tramp of armies.

Its tremors reached to the ends of the earth, even to Killbuck Valley. Elmer and Henry, while wondering whether a five-ounce toe weight would help the stride of Killbuck Belle, found time now and then for a casual reference to "them Germans."

The five-ounce toe weight proved valueless. Killbuck Belle raced the summer through, and the next, and the next, to no avail. Elmer always explained to the Big Four, who managed to divide the money in the thirty trots among themselves, that the mare wasn't just right that season.

"But she's a Killbuck," he would inform them. "The older they get the better they get. We'll give you fellers a race next year, won't we, Henry?"

Henry agreed that they would.

The Big Four went back to their respective stalls, slapping one another on the back. Elmer and Henry and Killbuck Belle provided them with endless opportunities for wit and jocularity all through the racing season.

They sobered, however, the following year, when the Kaiser's plans, followed to their logical conclusion, produced an inevitable result, and Elmer appeared at Coshocton for the opening meeting with Killbuck Belle alone.

Cliff Saunders, drifting along the speed barns for a look at rival horses, was the first to greet him.

"Hello, Elmer," said he; "where's Henry?"

Elmer leaned across the lower door of the stall, one gnarled hand on the handle of the pitchfork with which he had been bedding down.

"Ketched by the draft," he said.

"We-e-ll, now," said Cliff.

"Yes, sir-ree," Elmer continued. "They took him fust thing. Said he filled all standards and requirements to perfeckshun. He's at Camp Sherman."

"Bully for him!" said Cliff. "How's the ole mare?"

Elmer turned and surveyed the granddaughter of Killbuck Tom.

"I figger this is her year, Cliff," he confided. "She's worked awful good for me. I've wrote Henry that you boys'll have to step some to beat her."

"I hope so; I hope so, Elmer," said Cliff, complacent in the knowledge that any trotter which led his candidate at the finish in the Thirty class would be entitled to all he earned by so doing. He proved this that week by forcing Jake Elberwell to trot three times round two-eighteen to beat him. Killbuck Belle was seventh, eighth and last.

She was not in the money the balance of the season, but the Big Four were no longer hilarious over her failures.

"What do you hear from Henry?" they asked Elmer now and then.

"Doin' fine," he told them. "His feet's some blistered, he writes, but otherwise he ain't got no complaint."

That was a lonesome winter and a hard spring for Elmer. He had grown unaccustomed to silent, snow-filled or shrieking, wind-swept nights alone in the hills. He was unaccustomed to the heavy weight of farm work under which he tottered unassisted.

Wars may come and wars may go, while county fairs, it is to be hoped, go on forever. Entrance money must be raised if Killbuck Belle was to have her chance that season. It meant prodigious efforts, but Elmer proved equal to them. He missed the Coshocton meeting and arrived at Millersburg gaunt, frail and "the least mite shaky," as he put it. Killbuck Belle, however, was well and in good flesh. This was to be her year, he stated. Also he produced a printed postal card. "Arrived safely overseas," it read. It was signed "Henry."

Eyes that can still see a gap at the pole that will let a trotter through may need a little help for reading. Cliff Saunders put on his spectacles when Elmer gave him the card. Elmer put out a veined and shaking hand to receive it back again. Their fingers and their eyes met for an instant.

"You goin' to race that ole mare again this year?" asked Cliff abruptly.

(Concluded on Page 66)

Feeding the Yankees in France

Major General Harry L. Rogers

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN AN office on the second floor of the barracks building at Tours which houses the headquarters of the Services of Supply of the American Expeditionary Force sits a broad-shouldered rangy man with keen brown eyes, firm jaw, and every external evidence of a distinct and dominating personality. He is Maj. Gen. Harry L. Rogers, Quartermaster General to the whole American Army and chief quartermaster of the Pershing host. Through him your son, brother, husband or sweetheart, whether he is in base port or in the occupied towns along the Rhine, never misses a meal, and is always shod and clothed.

Some things can wait, but food cannot. Upon it depends the vital energy of the forces, for the well-fed man can always be counted upon. An army is only as efficient and as effective as its subsistence system, and this is as true to-day as it was when men hurled spears and shot arrows.

No corresponding officer in any of the Allied armies has so ramified a task as General Rogers. Stewardship of the soldier's stomach is only one of his obligations. You get some idea of the scope of his labors when I tell you that the blue-print chart of his organization in France alone is eight feet long and has more than a hundred sections, each one indicating a separate activity. Under his control everywhere is an army greater than the entire regular establishment of the United States when we went to war with Germany. He is the keeper of more than three square miles of warehouses in France, from which flow unceasing streams of sustenance. At his direction the largest ice-making plant under one roof in the world has been built. He operates farms and factories, while his salvage ranges from the repair of a shoe to the restoration of a sawmill. In fueling the fighting furnace he has expanded industry and redeemed communities at home and abroad. The figures with which he deals are so staggering that they need to be splashed on a ten-league canvas with those proverbial brushes of comet's hair. In every subsequent article of this series you will encounter some contact or dependence upon his far-flung functions. Chief among his responsibilities, however, is subsistence. It is with the response that he makes to the most incessant of all demands—the human appetite—that this narrative is mainly concerned. Again you have the revelation of a monster merchandising, driven by a titanic energy, harnessed to needs and wants that never cease. Once more you find the emergency met.

The Quartermaster Corps, which corresponds to the Army Service Corps in the British Army, was in at the birth of the A. E. F. Originally the present organization was operated by three separate bodies—the Pay Department, which paid the troops; the Commissary, which dealt with food; and the Quartermaster, who provided clothing and tentage. Long before we went to grips with the Kaiser, however, they were unified under one head, a quartermaster general; and in one body, which was called the Quartermaster Corps. Hence the Quartermaster General of the Army—the Q. M. G.—is like the head of a corporation composed of many merged subsidiaries.

The Man Who Kept Things Moving

WHEN General Pershing sailed for France in June, 1917, he took with him Col. Daniel E. McCarthy, who was the first chief quartermaster of the A. E. F. With him went five assistants and also ten other quartermaster officers with a group of enlisted soldiers and clerks. This handful of subordinate officers and men, many of them now risen high in the service, formed the nucleus of the tens of thousands who sustain the expedition to-day.

Like every other service the Q. M. C., as the Quartermaster Corps is termed, had humble beginning. Its first offices were two rooms twenty feet square in that building in the Rue de Constantine in Paris where our whole overseas effort first saw the light of day. The tiny quarters were flooded at the start with every conceivable kind of commercial offering that ranged from hand grenades and tennis rackets to whole bakeries and foundries. There was a constant influx of inventors, spies, salesmen, advisers, business experts and stranded Americans, all dripping with suggestions and ideas and eager to get their fingers into Uncle Sam's purse. This itch for easy government money, I might add, still exists. It knows neither rank nor caste.

In those early and precarious days General Pershing realized that the great bulk of his supplies would have to be brought from America. Thus our whole vast tonnage problem really began with food, which has remained the first and foremost consideration of shipping ever since.

In July, 1917, in one of the first orders issued by the A. E. F., the duties of the chief quartermaster were published as: Transportation of Personnel and Supplies; Supply Transportation and Repairs; Clothing; Quartermaster Equipment; Subsistence; Fuel; Forage; Lights; Quarters; Camp Sites; Quarters and Offices; Pay of Personnel and General Disbursements; Laundries and Baths; Remounts; Claims; Salvage; Workshops and Storehouses; Cemeteries; Burials; Graves Registration; Labor and Quartermaster Personnel. With the exception of Claims and Transportation these duties remain practically the same to-day.

Part of Colonel McCarthy's force arranged for the camp and subsistence of the first Expeditionary Force, which arrived in France on June 26, 1917. This force of 10,000 men brought its quartermaster complement, but it had to do some pretty lively skirmishing and lean on the French and British until the overseas supply service had been established.

Meanwhile an event of far-reaching importance to our supply service happened. Down at San Antonio, Texas, working as department quartermaster of the Southern Department was the then Col. Harry L. Rogers, once called "The Boy Paymaster." His father conducted a famous military school in Michigan, from which he had graduated and gone straight into the Regular Army. He had solved the biggest army-supply problem since the Civil War because he successfully fed and equipped the army of 250,000 Regulars and National Guardsmen that we mobilized on the Mexican border.

It was Rogers who kept the supply trains and trucks filled and moving in the trail of Pershing when he went after Villa and his fellow bandits. He little dreamed as he sweated over the hardtack and canned beans that he sent day after day out across the dusty sagebrush and the scorching mesas that he would soon be feeding that same commander at the head of hundreds of thousands of Americans overseas. Destiny was working in his direction. On June twenty-sixth the army telegraph instrument ticked out an order to him to come to France. In two weeks he was on the ocean; on August thirteenth he was made chief quartermaster of the A. E. F. Subsequently he became Quartermaster General to all our forces.

It was Brigadier General Rogers—his great work on the border had won him promotion—who faced the task of organizing the quartermaster's work in France. To write of those early times is to begin the usual catalogue of difficulties and handicaps. There was shortage of personnel, tonnage and motor transport. Besides, no one knew just how large our overseas force would be. It is interesting to reflect that at the outset our coal needs, for example, were considered at 15,000 tons a month. To-day we use nearly ten times that much. What was true of coal has been equally true of a thousand items. Responsibilities literally buzzed round the head of the new chief quartermaster. He anticipated many emergencies. For one thing he saw that he would have to purchase as many supplies as possible abroad in order to save tonnage. Out of his foresight grew the invaluable General Purchasing Board, of which you will hear more in a later article. It was put up to the chief quartermaster, or the C. Q. M., as he is familiarly called, to locate and equip the General Headquarters of the A. E. F., which were opened on September first last year in a little town in the north.

Here, almost within stone's throw from General Pershing's office, General Rogers set up shop with five assistants. From this has grown his overseas supply army, which now numbers more than 3000 officers and 85,000 men, all bound by a sense of loyalty and service which reflects the character and purpose of the man at the head.

There is no space here to tell the story of the marvelous expansion of the supply service. The first quartermaster depot in that one-time fishing village where the American flag was planted in France was the lone outpost of the continuous bulwark of food and equipment that now stretches more than four hundred miles from the sea to the Front. Whether these depots feed five hundred men or five hundred thousand the system is just the same. Three times a day, in fair weather or foul, in battle lull or amid the hail of lead, the doughboy literally gets the dough—and a great deal more. We have capitalized every experience of the British and have added some trimmings in the bargain.

To-day the office of the chief quartermaster at Tours is precisely like the office of the president and general manager of the greatest distributing corporation in the world. On his wall hangs that eight-foot super blue print which outlines the organization. At the apex is General Rogers. Immediately under him is the deputy chief quartermaster, Col. J. M. Carson, who is his understudy. Linked up with the chief quartermaster are three assistants, Col. J. F. Madden, Col. A. K. Baskette and Lieut. Col. J. P. Castleman. They do just what the assistants to the head of a commercial concern do.

Supporting the deputy chief quartermaster is the chief of the inspection division, Lieut. Col. M. J. Henry. You must understand that it is only through constant inspection that these wheels of supply are kept moving. In this group you have what would correspond to the principal executive heads of a huge supply corporation.

The Lines of Supply

EXTENDING from this group are the myriad lines that link up the various divisions. First and foremost comes Supplies, which means subsistence of all kinds—fuel, forage, clothing, vehicles, warehousing, gardens—for we raise some of our own vegetables—and cold storage. The other divisions are: Salvage; Remounts; Accounting; Finance; Personnel; Administration; Construction and Repair; and—final service in the life of the soldier—Graves Registration. With the exception of this last-mentioned section you have the complete working units of a well-knit commercial institution that deals in food, transport, garden truck, and does considerable manufacturing on the side. The heads of these divisions are like the directors of a corporation—they are a supply directorate—and sit in with the chief quartermaster and his deputy at daily or called conferences, which are precisely like the sessions of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation or the International Harvester Company. Every division knows what the other is doing; each head profits by the experience of his colleagues; their united effort spells the success of the extraordinary institution that furnishes the mainstay of the American Expeditionary Force.

Now let us take a swift survey of the lines of supply. You can see them on the huge map of distribution that hangs in General Rogers' office. Red ribbons indicate the various sections into which we divide France. Each one of these sections, as I explained in the first article in this series, is a little independent sovereign state of supply with a commanding general who corresponds to a governor. All form what I call the United States of Supply abroad. The chief quartermaster has a small army in each one of these states. In the base sections, which include one or more ports, there is a base quartermaster, who is the ranking subsistence officer charged with supply administration. Every supply depot in that section has a depot quartermaster, who sees that supplies are received, stored in warehouses or reloaded on cars or trucks and sent up the line to other depots or straight to the Front. There is a continuous movement of stuff. With supplies life is one

continuous round of rehandling, repacking and redistribution. It is the uncompromising price that adequate sustenance of the fighting man exacts.

If all our food and supplies could be shipped straight from the port of arrival to the consumer, which is the Army, our job would be comparatively easy. We could mobilize it all in warehouses at one, two or three ports, and send it up in trains and trucks, which would merely mean an automatic renewal of base stocks. But the American Expeditionary Force is spread out over four hundred miles of communication; hundreds of thousands of men split up in units that range from five hundred to hundreds of thousands must be fed. We must keep in France a ninety days' reserve of food for our whole overseas force, and all these subsistence eggs must not be stored in one basket. Until the Armistice was signed the enemy infested the air, and there was always the danger of raids in some quarters.

To cap all this is the incessant flood of supplies that is arriving in France at the rate of tens of thousands of tons a day. There must be no congestion at the ports. Hence there was devised a system which scatters the storage and provides for a chain of huge supply depots that begins at the base and extends to the most distant occupied regions.

The depots at the ports are called base supply depots; there a forty-five days' supply is kept. Halfway between sea and what was the Front are the intermediate supply depots, which house a thirty days' supply, while those still nearer the zones of the armies are technically known as advanced supply depots, built to hold fifteen days' rations for the overseas forces. Each one of these institutions is a full-fledged city of supply with acres and acres of closed and open storage; thousands of employees; receiving, departure and classification railway yards; waterworks system; fire department; police force—indeed every detail of a self-contained, orderly and thriving community.

Food That Brings Victories

IF YOU want one stirring evidence of American foresight and enterprise abroad just go to one of these capitals of subsistence and you will see sections of New York, Chicago, Detroit and "other points West" all rolled into one dynamic center of life and action. This chain of supply depots is linked up with hundreds of miles of railroad over which an almost unending procession of American supply trains made up of American cars, hauled by American engines and operated by American crews, travels day and night.

Before we dissect the vast body through which flows the lifeblood of our overseas armies we must first find out what constitutes the life-giving sustenance. In other words, what does the doughboy eat? Here we get to the one war subject of universal interest. Everybody eats; everyone has some friend or relative in France; therefore he is concerned about his fare and welfare. The diet sheet of the soldier is as important as the annal of an advance and is infinitely more regular. In the last three years I have eaten in the messes of the American, British, French, Italian, Belgian and Russian armies. Out of all this experience I am free to confess that no soldier—I cannot, of course, speak of the wartime German commissary—is better fed than ours. With the exception of the British Tommy none gets such quantity and variety. I have had griddle cakes with sirup at an enlisted men's mess at a base port, while at officers' tables in the field I have had apple pie, white rolls, biscuits and corn bread, all piping hot, that were as palatable as any I ever had in America, and all made out of the regulation ration issue. You can realize the miracles that a good cook can work with tinned beef only when you try some of the many kinds of stew that emerge from the ordinary traveling kitchen often bricked up in an open field. Uncle Sam believes with Von Moltke that "no army food is too expensive." As a matter of fact, good food is a good investment, in war as in peace.

The so-called ration is the amount of food that a soldier eats every day. In the American Army the various articles, such as bread, meat, salt, butter and lard, that go to make up this ration are technically known as the components. This ration has been scientifically worked out by the best food experts. As far as the A. E. F. is concerned it is based on all our previous army experience in many climates, and has had the added value of the investigations of the Rockefeller Institute. Thus the food that is served every day, rain or shine, in France is ample fuel for the machine that works and fights.

As in the British Army we have different kinds of rations to meet certain needs. The standard ration, however, is the so-called garrison ration. The principal components are fresh beef, flour, beans, potatoes, prunes, coffee, sugar, evaporated or condensed milk, vinegar, salt, pepper, cinnamon, lard, butter, sirup, baking powder and flavoring extract. These major articles are issued in given quantities for each man. It is up to the mess sergeant and the cook to do the rest. If the mess sergeant is enterprising and the cook resourceful these articles may be converted into three very satisfactory meals, including hot cakes and sirup at breakfast, pie at dinner and even ice cream at night.

These components, however, are what might be called the stand-bys. The quartermaster provides a host of substitutes which make for an almost infinite variety. Instead of fresh beef the men get mutton, bacon, canned meat, dried, pickled or canned fish—mainly salmon. For beans the substitutes are rice and hominy; for Irish potatoes they are sweet potatoes. Frequently as a potato substitute onions or an equal quantity of canned tomatoes are served. In the same way dried or evaporated apples and peaches, jam, figs, dates and raisins are used in place of prunes, just as pickles vary with vinegar, and tea with coffee.

Whenever possible fresh vegetables are a part of the soldier's daily diet. These are purchased from the French farmers in large quantities. During the past twelve months, however, the chief quartermaster has instituted a regular garden service, which cultivates thousands of acres of gardens in general charge of a chief garden officer who in civil life was a one-time farm hand who rose to be manager of a show farm up New York State. These gardens are operated by soldiers who have been temporarily or permanently disabled for fighting. They not only afford excellent employment for these men but save the army thousands of dollars. At the same time they contribute wholesomeness and change to the soldier's food. The only trouble that ever marred the fresh fruit and vegetable ration was when a negro stevedore from Georgia thought that a French melon was a faded watermelon. These Southern negroes have acquired an ardent if expensive taste for French melons.

The doughboy is a carnivorous animal. For him there are no meatless days. His fresh or frozen beef allowance, therefore, or its equivalent in mutton, is twenty ounces a day, which is four ounces more than the allowance of the British soldier. It is the largest known army meat ration.

Every month some new feature is added to the soldier's ration. Thanks to General Rogers an ounce of bar chocolate is now a ration component. Formerly the only chocolate procurable was through purchase at the commissary stores. During the past fifteen years the efficacy of chocolate as a fighting man's food has been amply demonstrated. It began in the Russo-Japanese War, when the little brown men scientifically showed that it is, in many respects, the most compact and sustaining of all emergency rations. As most people know, when men eat candy they have little desire for liquor. The man on the water wagon naturally takes to sweets. A candy famine in France, therefore, works almost as much hardship as a shortage of meat.

Another new feature is macaroni, which is not only nourishing but when mixed with cheese, which is still another new component, is most sustaining.

Colonel M. R. Hilgard

A fourth innovation in the matter of ration issue is an allowance of smoking tobacco with cigarette papers or an equivalent in cigarettes. This boon for the Yankee fighting man is the direct result of an order from the commander in chief, who does not himself smoke!

The garrison ration is increased for the troops in the front-line trenches from November to March inclusive. The meat allowance is expanded by five ounces; coffee and sugar by an ounce each. The man under fire also gets fifty per cent increase in candles and matches. The French winter with its intense cold and incessant rain makes this increase in stomach stoking necessary.

Enough to Fill the Hungriest

OF COURSE bread is an all-important item. Our men get the very best fresh white bread available. It is supplied to troops on the lines of communication and in the field with equal ease and of equal quality. The field bread is in ten and twelve pound loaves and goes up to the troops in jute sacks forty-eight hours after it has left the oven. We have a string of hand-operated and mechanical bakeries that extends from the ports up to the zone of the armies where every pound of the immense quantity of bread that we consume every day in France is baked. One of these mechanical bakeries has a daily capacity of 800,000 pounds of bread; another turns out 400,000. The empty flour sacks are sent up to the Front and used for sand bags. There is an allowance of one pound of bread a day for each man. If he gets tired of this variety he can get hard bread, which we produce in immense quantities. This hard bread is a much better variety than the famous hardtack, which was one of the prize tooth and digestion destroyers in the world. It is excellent and when soaked in coffee is most desirable.

The components of the garrison ration lend themselves to much manipulation. Here is a sample average daily menu of troops on the lines of communication: For breakfast there was coffee or tea, fresh white bread, ham and jam; for dinner, as the midday meal is called, there was roast beef, potatoes, canned tomatoes, fresh white bread, butter and a dessert composed of stewed apples and raisins; at supper the men had beef stew, white bread and French toast and sirup.

This is typical fare, and it is served with abundant variations whether the doughboy is behind the lines, in camp or barracks, or traveling on a troop train. With the American Army larder there is no such phrase as "no more." Every man can get as much as he wants. I have seen mess tins brought up three times in rapid succession before the ravenings of a soldier's hunger were appeased.

The so-called field ration is a more or less emergency or campaign ration consisting of bacon or canned meat, hard bread, beans, potatoes, dried fruit or jam, sugar, milk, salt and pepper. The reserve ration, which in some respects corresponds with the iron ration that the British Tommy carries in his haversack all the time in case of a breakdown in food transport, consists of bacon or canned meat, hard bread, coffee, sugar and salt. Our men must keep this on their persons when in the field. Still another reserve ration—which is kept in the trenches in tin containers proof against poison gas and water, and which is never touched except in case of acute need—consists of canned meat, prepared chocolate, and a tinned essence of coffee which can be instantly prepared and made ready for use by the addition of hot water.

In many messes the men have special funds secured from the sale of garden truck, the disposition of kitchen refuse for salvage, or the raising of rabbits, which can be done in the permanent camps. This money is used for the purchase of ice, which is not a ration issue, or other luxuries. One motor-transport mess at a base port was able to have ice cream every day as a result of a well-organized mess fund. Besides, all members of the A. E. F. can buy preserves, extra jam, candy, canned goods, cocoa and chocolate and various other articles not issued by the quartermaster at the sales and commissary stores, which are found wherever our troops are stationed. These goods are sold at cost.

Such is the food supplied to the American troops. But war these days is an international affair. The mouths that we must feed include not only those of the German prisoners, who get ample for their needs, but likewise the mouths of the congress of nations that labor for us everywhere in France. They include Indo-Chinese coolies—the Annamites—Northern Chinese laborers, Italian militarized service troops, French, Spaniards and Greeks. For the Indo-Chinese the ration is largely rice, bread and meat garnished with garlic; for the Northern Chinese the principal components are rice, bread and vegetables, mainly turnips; while the Italians, French,

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HICKS IS HICKS

By ELAINE STERNE

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR

THE chill of crisp west winds swept in from the river. Side-street dwellers gathered together their furs and cloaks and charged homeward, head down. Avenue dwellers entered tiled lobbies, unblown of dress, unruffled of hair, sighing contentedly over the warm hiss of radiators and the tapping of steam pipes.

Little curls of dust swept up in dizzying eddies at the crossings, with now and then a careening newspaper carried aloft. The top of the Fifth Avenue busses bore a few huddled, shoulder-hunched forms, chins tucked deep in furs; and by such signs as these did the city know of the approach of winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baker, in their neat five-room flat on West One Hundred and Forty-third Street, hailed the coming of cold winds with something akin to triumph.

"This weather sure is the real thing! Ain't it, Annie?" Joe inquired eagerly each morning as he scrambled, rumpled of hair, from bed and slammed down the window.

"You bet!" Mrs. Baker would yawn, stretching her firm, shapely white arms high above her yellow head. "Seems more like home—don't it?"

By which remark you may gather they were not of the city born. Five rooms in a trim brownstone-front walk-up is a far cry from Lone Rock, Montana; but you can't forget in a day the sharply pungent breath of your own particular firs, and there are moments when a hard pavement beneath your feet makes you long for springy pine needles and cool moss. Aside from that, New York has everything in its favor—everything! Proof positive was that Joe and Annie's glowing account of it—of towering buildings, of rumbling Subways, of dizzying traffic—had lured their country cousins cityward also.

"It'll be great to have them here," Joe had said repeatedly in the days prior to their arrival. "You won't be so lonesome then."

At which Annie snapped him up:

"It's you that's lonesome, Joe. Ain't I told you I got my days full? Gee, I never thought there was so much to do in the world! Housework, marketing, shopping, a movie show, and dinner for you ——"

"And another movie show and bed."

"Don't forget a cold bite before turning in! You couldn't run across the street at Lone Rock and buy beer and sandwiches ready made—could you, Joe?"

On that they both agreed. You couldn't. So on a certain fall day, when somewhere maples were flaming, and oaks turning their burnished leaves toward the sun, and sumac smoldering redly underfoot, Mrs. Baker rose early—far earlier than was her wont—and set about the task of preparing her house to receive the newcomers.

"I'll meet them at the train," Joe told her as he left her at the door. "You needn't to go way down to the station, hon."

"Joe Baker! How you talk!" Annie flashed back. "Not go down to meet Nettie and Hen! What would they think? Besides, I'd a heap rather go than keep running to the window a hundred times to see if they was here."

"Suit yourself," he said. "We got to show them a great time, Annie. We got to let them know what being New Yorkers means."

"Won't they be surprised," she laughed, "when they see our little flat? Everything on one floor! Remember when we first saw it?"

He pinched her cheek.

"Aw, say; that's ancient history—that's way back. We're on to the ropes for fair now. Yesterday the boss says to me, he says: 'Baker, it's hard to believe you've been here only a year; you even talk like a New Yorker!'"

"Did he, Joe?"

"Sure did! And—oh, say, hon; have some stuff on the ice for them."

"I am going to—ham and potato salad, and some cold drinks"

She Ran Downstairs Hatless and Returned With Her Arms Full of Bundles, Which She Spread Out on the Table

"That's right. To-morrow we'll take them out to dinner ——"

"And to a show maybe?"

"Yep. Good seats too. We ain't going to let them think we're pikers!"

"Oh, but Joe, won't it cost ——"

"Well, what if it does? We got to show 'em what's what—that's part of being a good New ——"

"I just want to watch Nettie's eyes pop out of her head when she sees the Flatiron Building!"

"And Old Hen will laugh himself sick when he pipes the bathroom. I'll bet he'll say the tub's too small for half of him!"

An ecstatic day for Mrs. Baker—a morning of scrubbed floors and washed walls, her corn-colored hair drawn back, her pink cheeks pinker than for weeks past from the unwonted exercise.

Up to her chin in a checked blue apron, she was not unlike a poster girl; small and pear-shaped of ear, dimpled of elbow, slender of ankle.

By noon the flat was heavy with the warm homy odor of drying suds. The windowpanes gleamed like mirrors; the mahogany of dining room, bedroom and living room shone satinly.

She ran downstairs hatless and returned with her arms full of bundles, which she spread out on the table—pickles and olives and cheese; bottles of amber beer; thin slices of beef, trickling juice; of ham; of tongue; little mounds of salad, smeared with creamy dressing; limp lettuce and loaves of dark bread.

She stored them in the ice box, moving aside the milk bottle and the square of yellow butter; then she tore the wrappings from a larger package and a mass of purple asters tumbled out.

She arranged them in clusters on the white mantelpiece; then in a bowl on the library table. And she surveyed the effect, head on one side, brushing moist wisps of hair from her eyes and sighing deeply with satisfaction.

The telephone tinkled. She sprang to answer it. It was Joe.

"Their train is due at seven-fifty. Just got a wire from them. Everything all right up there?"

"It looks great, Joe! Wait until you see how I fixed the flowers—same as we seen it done in that movie picture the other night, you know."

"That's fine! Meet me at the office at six."

She hung up, whirling with the sense of much yet to be accomplished. Late that afternoon she began the supreme task of arranging her small person to impress her relatives properly.

From her bureau drawer, flung open, foamed a mass of palely pink lingerie. She fingered it with little sighs of rapture. Such lingerie one never dreamed of owning before coming to New York. She chose the softest and frothiest and donned it daintily. Then she drew on the smartly tailored little frock, with frills at cuffs and throat. It fitted her form snugly. She climbed on a chair the better to view herself.

Last of all she let down her hair. It rippled in yellow waves to her waist. She laughed to herself as she stroked it.

"What a hick I was when I first come here!" she mused. "Hair slicked back; no powder; no paint—nothing!"

She wound the long coil up deftly in a modish coiffure, pulling it out over her shell-pink ears, crowning it with a little toque of bright blue feathers.

Then she powdered her face critically. Her cheeks were so flushed there was no need for rouge, but she dashed some carmine on her lips and viewed herself through half-shut, amused eyes.

"I look New Yorky, all right!" she challenged; then her eyes softened. "Joe'll be as proud as a peacock of me. See if he ain't!"

At eight o'clock the New York Day Express clattered into the Pennsylvania Station. There was the shrill grinding of brakes, the long-drawn hiss of released air, the sharp voices of porters, the sudden surge of black-garbed humanity toward the waiting hundreds at the gate. Annie, her eyes like twin stars, clung to her husband's arm.

"They can take the empty flat on the same floor as ours."

"Sure! That's fine—hey? Is that them way over there?"

"No; Nettie's not that old and Hen is a head taller. What if they're not on it?"

"Oh, they're here, all right! Can you see good? Stick that fellow next to you with your elbow."

"Oh, I don't want —— Joe! Joe! There they are! There they are!"

"Where? Where? Oh well, I'll be dinged!"

For a second neither Joe nor his wife spoke; then she caught her breath sharply.

"Joe, did we look like that!"

"Reckon we did, hon. Hey there, Nettie! Where you going? Where the dickens ——"

Nettie, in seedy black, a little bonnet perched on her smoothed hair, turned at the sound of Joe's voice.

"Joe!" she cried, breaking loose from the great tawny giant at her side.

"God be praised!"

Hen dragged his hat from his damp hair and caught Annie in his arms; and then held her off, with a sheepish grin.

"Jumping Joshaphat! This ain't you, Annie Baker!"

Annie clung to him.

"It's me; same as ever, Henry. Oh, but it's good to see you!"

Nettie caught her breath sharply.

"My, if you hadn't 'a' been here we'd 'a' gone straight home!"

"I reckon we would," grinned Hen, mopping his face awkwardly. "Nettie's homesick a'ready."

Annie tucked her arm in Nettie's.

"Well, she won't be, once she's lived here a while. Why, she wouldn't go home for a bucketful—she'd rather go to Jericho first."

"Annie, you don't mean that! Don't you want to see Lone Rock again?"

"Sure she does," said Joe quickly—"for a week, maybe; but to stay—after living here? Nix! Not much! Come on, folks, and we'll show you what's what in little old New York."

They moved through the hurrying throngs.

"My!" gasped Nettie. "Ain't it a parade or something?"

Annie laughed across at her husband.

"Listen at Nettie, will you?" she called. "Wants to know if the Pennsylvania is a parade! Tell her she had ought to see Fifth Avenue on Saturday afternoon."

"More folks than this?"

"Say, this here is as empty as Lone Rock on Sunday when the whole town's gone to a ball game," Joe smiled.

"Well, well!" said Nettie. "Do you hear that, Hen?"

They moved toward the door. The lights of Thirty-fourth Street beckoned softly.

"We'll take a bus up; then you can see a little. Didn't I tell you there'd be skyscrapers, Nettie?"

"Yes; and stone streets and pavements."

"And stores on every corner."

"It sure looks like things happen here," Hen observed.

"Oh, they do, all right," said Joe; "they pull all the worth-while stunts right in this little burg. And shows! Wait until we take you to a real theayter."

They climbed aboard a northbound bus. Nettie dropped into a seat, her face pressed to the windowpane.

"Oh, Annie, it's like a big cañon, with us down at the bottom and no chance to get out!"

"Say, if that ain't a give-away!" roared Joe. "If you don't cut that line of talk they'll spot you for hicks for sure. If there's one thing you don't want to be took for here, it's that!"

Hen leaned back. Said he:

"I could do with more room for my legs."

Annie laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Ain't it swell to be riding up Fifth Avenue in a car? Didn't you think to yourself how it would look?"

He shook his head.

"My little car can travel considerable faster. I sold it dirt cheap to Tony Miller. Was right attached to it too. Never would 'a' parted with it if Nettie hadn't got the bug to pull up stakes and come here."

"Oh, you'll be glad you came!" Annie reassured him. "Wait and see if you ain't."

"Are you?" Hen asked her bluntly.

"Am I?". She laughed. "Don't I look like I am?"

"How's ma?" Joe tossed into the brief silence.

"She ain't so well," said Nettie.

"What's wrong?"

"Fretting about you, I guess. She misses you, Joe—that's about the size of it."

Annie pointed out a building as they turned the corner.

"That's Vanderbilt's house—that one over there. You know—Vanderbilt, the millionaire."

Nettie peered at the square of red brick and marble; then she turned a puzzled face toward them.

"If I'd 'a' known it would be as cold as this I'd 'a' brought my sealskin cape."

"Nettie! You don't mean the old one your mother gave you?" Annie gasped.

"Yes; that's the one."

"You couldn't wear that thing here. Why, people would laugh their heads off ——"

"They would, hey?" growled Hen. "Not while I'm round, they wouldn't!"

Joe hastened to explain:

"Oh, Annie means they'd spot you for rubes right off the bat, and no mistake. Gee! You'll understand in a few weeks. It took us longer. We didn't have no one to put us wise. We only got on to the fact that we was being guyed by overhearing some folks at a road house talking about us. After that we sat up and took notice. Now look at Mrs. Baker! Can you beat her?"

You couldn't. Like a rose unfolding its petals beneath the sun's rays, she displayed her trim perfection to their gaze, smiling archly at her husband, pouting her carmined lips in the most approved fashion of vaudeville artists, patting her hat down more snugly on her yellow curls, fluffing out her skirts.

"Well, if I'm all right, what do you think of Joe?"

"He lost flesh," said Nettie, eying him critically; "and he's as white as a sheet."

"Gee! Anyone would look pale alongside of Husky Henry!"

"You're all there," said Hen, thumping Joe on the back; "but it 'pears to me your clothes fit too tight to be comfortable."

"That's all you know about them," Joe laughed.

Annie pointed to the radius of light into which they swam.

"This here is Columbus Circle," she said. "Ain't it pretty? And that big sign—read it quick; it changes every second."

"Well, if that don't beat all!" said Nettie. "How do they make it work that way?"

"And that's a movie theater, Hen—right over there."

"It's got the one back home beat for size; but ——" Hen grinned.

"Wait until you see Riverside! There ain't a park in the world can compare with it!"

They swept up the dimly lighted Drive. Its trees were almost bare, its distant shore aglearn with a shower of golden lights.

"This ain't so bad. Kind of dressed-up country; but then there's trees, at any rate," Hen agreed.

At West One Hundred and Forty-third Street they alighted. Annie was pink-cheeked with excitement.

"Wait until you see our flat!" she cried.

Nettie stared at the interminable row of stolid front steps that reached into the velvet darkness.

"How can you tell one from the other?"

Joe drew out his ring of keys, jingled them importantly, fitted one into the downstairs door, and held it open.

"Is this your place?" Nettie demanded.

Annie nodded. "One part of one floor is."

"One part of one floor?"

"Sure—flats; that's how everybody lives in New York."

Joe led the way with "Hope you don't mind a little climb!" flung over his shoulder.

"And who else lives here?"

"Oh, we don't know," said Annie. "You never get acquainted with anybody here; it ain't considered decent."

"Not decent! Why, Annie Baker! You must be crazy! Back home ——"

"Yes; but this ain't back home no more, Nettie; this is New York. And, what's more, everyone tends to their own business. That's what makes it nice; you can live your own life independent of others, and ——"

"You mean you ain't got any friends?"

"Friends? Sure we have friends! Joe's business friends bring their wives to call sometimes; or, if he has a good customer, we take him to a show maybe."

"But these folks here in the house ——"

"Well, you can't be too careful, Nettie. And Joe would rather I didn't have nothing to do with any of them; so I don't."

Joe fitted his key into his own latch. The door swung open and the gay little hall light greeted them.

"Welcome!" shouted Joe. "We're home at last."

They filed in.

"What pretty flowers!" said Nettie, at length, as Annie drew her along.

"Wait until you see my kitchen and the dining room, side by side; and hot and cold water; and a furnace in the cellar that keeps us warm all winter."

Nettie stared round the little bedroom.

"You got the picture of Joe's ma framed nice. That's the one she had taken two years ago Easter, ain't it?"

Annie nodded.

"And the bathroom, Nettie—look at it, will you? Ain't it white and pretty! Did you ever hope to see such a place?"

She paused as Hen's voice thundered up the hall:

"What I object to is that there ain't room enough to stretch in. The walls is too close together; otherwise it's O.K."

Nettie smiled a trifle.

"Don't mind him, Annie," she said; "he didn't want to come, but I kept after him and didn't give him no rest. It seemed, after reading your letters, as if there wasn't no other place in the world to live only here, and I kept saying: 'Hen, I can't go to my grave without staying there for a spell. I just got to hear that roar and see them tall buildings and smell that city air. I made him leave the management of the ranch to a fellow he don't half like; but I couldn't wait no longer. Dunno as I did right."

Annie hugged her suddenly.

"Sure you did! It's the only place in the world. Wait until you've been here a month. Why, you wouldn't go back for all the gold west of the Rockies!"

"No, I guess not; but to-night I'd kind of like to see the moon coming up over the pines ——"

"Pshaw! Wait until you see the Gay White Way. It makes the moon look like the last rose of summer with the leaves pulled off."

"Come on!" shouted Joe. "Give us some delicatessen dainties, hon, or Hen will take the next train back."

(Continued on Page 81)

For a Second Neither Joe Nor His Wife Spoke; Then She Caught Her Breath Sharply. "Joe, Did We Look Like That!"

THE ANSWER

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE others, oh, my Country, they can muster manse and hall,
Temple and court and castle, tall towers to watch o'er all,
Proud arch and columned forum, the laced and fretted spire,
Grim, palaced fort for the foeman, dim nave for the altar fire,
Jewel of stone and sculpture traced in the upper air;
But you—but you, my Country, what jewels do you wear?

Down ages after ages their story is writ and read,
They have carved it out on the lands they own and on the conquered head;
But you—but you, my Country, with your brief hundred years,
Who writes your tales of chivalry? Who ranks you with your peers?

They have dipped their flags in battle, and their children's children know
The paths that kept their fathers' feet, the paths their feet shall go;
But you, whose star-bright banner was born but yesterday,
Oh, reader of that welkin, what have your stars to say?

"For temple—seek my fastnesses, where my hushed mountains stand;
For pillars—lo, my redwoods lift up their praying hands;
The little wars you tell of, they were fought when these were high;
The columns of my altars pierce in the upper sky.

"Far to the west one ocean stands bowing at my feet,
Far to the east another, and both have borne my fleet;
For Peace and Power men named them, and still the two were twain.
I drew a finger through the sands and made them one again,
And now their wedded waters lave a land where peace shall reign—
Peace! No uncertain, craven thing, but such as hardily
These hundred years holds northward watch between the free and free,
Where the inviolable Line keeps faith invisibly;
Such peace, once sealed upon my land, now sealed upon my sea,
The peace the brave alone dare keep—such peace alone shall we.

"Across my plains, my prairies, my Argonauts have fared,
The patient, the unfearing, dauntless and death-prepared,
Daring by land what once by sea their fathers' fathers dared.
Deep sea and roaring river felt their advancing foot,
They sowed a barren soil with men—that harvest has borne fruit,
The seed they watered with their blood in earth has taken root.

"Battles they sought not, surely, who came for peace and prayer,
But battle sought them, and they fought as the brave do everywhere;
And first of all they faced her, first-dearest of our foes,
The mother, prepotent and proud, whose blood in our blood flows;
She knew not then those parting pangs were birth's parturient throes.
And after her they countered foreign or native hordes,
Race after race, they measured well their sword against those swords;
Till last, against their other selves the battle's edge was turned,
[Talk not of battle—till your blade in fires of home has burned!]
But every time they shattered the foe in fort or deck
They flung the sword upon the ground as a yoke from off their neck,
For theirs it was to build a world, and not a world to wreck.
Freemen! They came not seeking for greed of land or gold;
Dreamers! They came to dream to life the vision seen of old;
And where they tented overnight, for temple and for shrine,
Little and red and wooden, they left the freeman's sign.

"And for that they had all renounced, God saw that it was good,
And for that all they had renounced, he gave them—brotherhood.
But first in stress of spirit and in agony of flesh
They wrestled with me day by day, my wild strength to enmesh,
While I sifted and I threshed them as their mighty engines thresh,
Till they learned of me my lesson—learned it living, learned it dead.
For I willed heroic broods alone out of my soil be bred;
[Not from the weakling or the fool have ye inherited!]
So I fed them stones for harvest till they knew my rocks for bread;
Stepmother to the first that came, but mother to the rest,
For them I taught with blow on blow—these suckled at my breast.

"And when, hard won and fair, at last their land lay at their feet,
I spake to them: 'Now make for me small army and small fleet;
For I am sick of childish things and things of little worth,
But go—call in your playfellows, the children of the earth,
And give to each—for sword, a pen; for altar fire, a hearth.
I will not that ye bar my lands or fence my seas about,
I will not that ye hold one in or that ye shut one out
By the free welcome that I gave. I charge you leave me free;
You found my shores without a bound; now set no bounds to me;
Let in—let in whoso has need of hospitality!'
[Yea, so I spoke, who could not dream thieves should cast lots for me;
Yea, so I spoke, who could not know that Judas as of old
Was at his work, and Judas still betrayed and bought and sold.]
'The temple and the altar, carved shape and painted form,
Shall follow on my smoother ways as sunshine follows storm;
Whatever man hath wrought or framed, whereto his starriest thought
Has once attained, that shall be mine—yea, come to me unsought.
Bring in the others, you shall find the thing you lacked is brought.'
[Yea, so I spoke, who could not guess Judas still sold and bought.]

"Then to the alien peoples, the outcast, the oppressed,
My children set my doors ajar; 'Now come and be our guest;
Manhattan holds the torch that lights the gold gates of the West;
Manhattan lifts on high the torch whose unexpiring spark
Shines through those golden gates of ours to light the Eastern dark;
Here have we made our covenant and here shall be our ark;
Because for this, our heritage, our fathers toiled and bled,
We dare not keep it for ourselves, dishonoring the dead;
Because this heritage we had from venerable hands,
Freedom shall guard forevermore the holiest of lands
And all shall be as heirs with us!'
And still the promise stands!
Stands! By ten million guns of mine put in my young men's hands;
By the bridged sea, my ships that fly, and navies in the air,
I call the world to witness still that still my Stars are there,
And free as heaven's—save to one—
For Judas shall beware!"

THE CITY OF COMRADES

"Yes, Frank, I Do Know It. That's Why I've Been So Glad to Get Hold of You at Last, and Ask You to—to Redeem Yourself"

IX

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

HAVEN'T we met before?"

Regina Barry said this as she came into the room with her rapid, easy movement, and took two or three paces toward me, stopping as abruptly as she entered.

I hung my head, crimsoning slowly.

"Yes."

"I thought so; though I didn't recognize you at first. I knew I had some association with you, but it was so vague ——"

"Of course."

"Then I had no idea you were an architect."

"How could you?"

"You see, meeting you for so short a time ——"

"And practically in the dark ——"

"I don't remember that. But I had no chance to ask anything about you. I only hoped you'd come back."

"Oh, I couldn't have done that."

"Why not?"

"I should think you'd understand."

"I don't—considering that I asked you particularly."

"I know you asked me particularly, but anything in life—or death—would have been easier than to obey you."

"What did I do to frighten you so?"

"Nothing but show me too much mercy."

"Oh, I didn't think anything of that."

"Of what? Of the crime—or of the forgiveness?"

"Of the crime, of course."

I stepped back from her in amazement.

"You didn't think anything of ——"

"Why, no. I've often done the same myself."

"You? You've often done ——"

"Of course! Everybody has—at one time or another in their lives. Naturally it doesn't happen every day—and one wouldn't want it to. One wouldn't have anything left in the house if it did; but once in a way—it's nothing. What astonishes me is that you should have thought of it."

"But—but you've thought of it."

"Oh, well—that's different. But please don't suppose that I've thought of it seriously. It simply happened that that evening ——" The only sign of embarrassment she gave was in grasping the greenish-goldish veil with her left hand and pulling it round over her bosom. The great eyes, of which the light made one doubtful as to the color, glowed feverishly, and the long scarlet lips threw at me one of their daring, challenging smiles. "Do you want me to be absolutely frank?"

"We began with frankness, didn't we? Why shouldn't we keep it up?"

"Well, it happened that that evening I'd broken off my engagement."

Not to betray all I had learned that night by my eavesdropping behind the rose-colored hangings I merely said: "Indeed?"

"Yes; and so I was a little—well, perhaps a little excited. And anything that happened impressed me more than it would have done ordinarily. If I've thought of the way you appeared—and what happened when you did—it's only been because it was part of the hours right after ——" There was another of those smiles that were amusingly apologetic as well as amusingly provocative. "You're—you're not married, are you?"

"No."

"Nor engaged?"

"No."

"Ever been?"

"No."

"Then you can't imagine what it is to have been engaged and nearly married—and then to find yourself free again. Everything associated with the minute comes to be imprinted on your memory. That's why I've thought of it, though I didn't for the minute recognize you as the man."

"And now that you have recognized me ——"

"I hope you'll do as I asked you before, and come and see us again." She added, as she was about to turn away: "How's Annette?"

I had been puzzled hitherto; I was now bewildered.

"You mean Annette van Elstine? Did you know she was my cousin?"

"Of course! Didn't she bring you?"

"Bring me?" I stammered. "Bring me—where?"

"Why, to our house."

"When?"

"The time we're talking about—when you upset Mrs. Sillinger's coffee and broke the cup."

It is difficult to say whether I was relieved or not. I could only falter: "I—I don't believe I'm the man."

She came back two or three steps toward me.

"Why, of course you're the man! Isn't your name Melbury?"

"Yes—but—but I'm not the only Melbury. Could it have been my—my brother, Jack?"

"What's your name?"

"Frank."

She gazed at me a minute before saying: "Then—then I think it must have been—your brother. I remember now that Annette did call him Jack." She continued: "But what did you mean when—when you said it was you?"

"Don't you know?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"Look at me again."

"I can't look at you again because I'm looking at you all the time. You're most wonderfully like your brother."

"I don't think I am. I met my Uncle Van Elstine in the street the other day and he didn't know me."

"Oh, well, strangers often see resemblances that escape members of a family. All I get by looking at you is that I see your brother. He was awfully nice. We so—we so wished he'd come back. He—he wasn't like everybody else."

"He's married now."

I wonder if I am right in thinking that a slight shadow crossed her face. There may have been, too, a forced jauntiness in her tone as she said: "Oh, is he?"

I nodded.

She turned away again, but again wheeled half round to face me. "Well, now we know what I meant; but what on earth did you mean?"

I drew myself up for real inspection.

"Can't you think?"

She shook her head.

"I must say you seemed inordinately penitent over a broken coffee cup, even if Mrs. Sillinger was so cross. She said you spilled the coffee all over her dress; but you didn't."

"You mean Jack."

"Oh, yes. What a bother! I shall always get you mixed in the future."

"I hope not—for his sake."

"Now don't tease me. Tell me where we met."

"If I do ——"

She brightened, the smile of the scarlet lips growing vividly brilliant.

"I know. It was at the Millings', at Tarrytown."

"I'm afraid not."

"Then it was at the Wynfords', at Old Westbury. They always have so many people there ——"

"Think again."

"What's the good of thinking when if I could remember you I should do it right away?"

"It seems extraordinary to me that you can have forgotten."

"You seem very sure of the impression you made on me."

"I am."

"And I've forgotten all about it!"

"You haven't forgotten the impression; only me"

"Oh, Mr. Melbury, tell me! Please! I've got to run off and overtake Mrs. Grace; and I can't do it unless I know."

You will admit that my duty at this juncture required some considering. In the end I said: "I shan't tell you to-day. I may do it later. In any case I've given you so many tips that you can't fail to see for yourself what they lead to. You'll probably have recalled by to-night."

"Then I shall ring you up to-morrow and tell you."

"No, please don't do that; and yet on second thoughts I know that when you've remembered you won't want to."

She said, while withdrawing toward the adjoining room: "You certainly know how to make a thing mysterious."

"I'm not making anything mysterious. You'll see that, after it's all come back to you."

But having passed into the next room she returned to the threshold to say: "I know you're only making fun of me. I never met you because I couldn't have forgotten you. And I couldn't have forgotten you because you're so like your brother. But we'll talk about it all some other time."

The first thing I did was to go to a room where there was a full-length mirror fixed to the wall and examine myself in the glass. Was it possible that I had changed so much in the brief space of four months? The reflection told me nothing. In the tall, slim figure in the neat gray check I could still see the sinister fellow who had slept at Greeley's Slip and skulked about the park and crept into a house at midnight. The transformation had come so imperceptibly that the one image was no more vital to me than the other. Inwardly, too, I felt no great assurance against a relapse. I was like an insect toiling up a slippery perpendicular. Not only was each step difficult but it might in the end land me at the bottom where I began. In other words I had still within me the potentialities of the drunkard; and to the drunkard all aberrations are possible.

That night I put the question up to Lovey:

"Lovey, do I look the same as I did four or five months ago?"

"You looks just as good to me, sonny."

"Yes, but suppose you hadn't seen me in the meanwhile, and had come on me all of a sudden, would you know right off that it was me?"

"Slim, if I was blind and deaf and dumb, and couldn't see nothink nor 'ear nothink nor feel nothink, I'd know it was you if you come 'arf a mile from where I was."

I Knew Why She Was There. The Truth Had Dawned on Her at Last, and She Had Come to Tell Me

Since this intuitiveness was of no help to me I worked round to the subject when, later in the evening, I had gone in to smoke a good-night pipe with Cantyre.

He had a neat little corner suite which gave one a cheery view of the traffic in Madison Avenue north and south by a mere shifting of the eyes. I sat in the projecting semicircle that commanded this because after my own outlook into an airshaft I enjoyed the twinkling of the lights. To me the real Ville Lumière is New York. It scatters lights with the prodigal richness with which the heavens scatter stars. It strings them in long lines; it banks them in towering façades; it flings them in handfuls up into the darkness; it writes them on the sky. Twilight offers you a special beauty because wherever you are in the city it brings out for you in one window or another that first wan, primrose-colored beacon—in some ways more beautiful than the evening star. Behind the star you don't know what there is, while behind the light there is a palpitating history. Then as you look down from some high perch other histories light their lamps, till within half an hour the whole town is ablaze with them—a light for every life tale—as in pious places there is one for every shrine.

Those who were looking at ours saw nothing but a green-shaded lamp, and yet it lit up such bits of drama as Cantyre's and mine. So behind every other shining star, in tower or tenement, dwelling house or hotel, there was tragedy, comedy, adventure, farce or romance, all in multifold complexity, while before each human story there glowed this tranquil fire.

If I had not been an architect, with a knowledge of interior decoration as part of my profession, I might not have been worried by the Sybaritic note in Cantyre's rooms. Being fond of flowers he had sheaves of gladioluses and chrysanthemums wherever he could stack them. Over the tables he threw bits of beautiful old brocades, ineffable in color. Framed and glazed, a seventeenth-century chasuble embroidered in carnations did duty as a fire screen. Japanese pottery grotesques and Barye bronzes jostled each other on the mantelpiece and low bookcases, while the latter housed rows of handsome volumes bound to suit Cantyre's special taste and stamped with his initials. He himself, stretched in a long chair, wore a dressing gown of an indescribable shade of plum faced with an equally indescribable shade of blue. The plum socks and blue leather slippers couldn't have been an accident; and as I had dropped in on him unexpectedly I knew that all this *recherche* was not to dazzle anyone—I could have forgiven that—but for his own enjoyment.

No one could have been kinder to me than he was—and I liked him. I reminded myself that it was none of my business if his tastes were fastidious, and that to spend his money this way was better than in lounging about barrooms as I had done; and yet I could understand that a girl like Regina Barry should be impatient of these traits in a husband.

I sat, however, with my back to it all, astride of a small chair, my pipe in my mouth, looking down on the lights and traffic.

Breaking a long silence I said as casually as I could do it: "I met Sterling Barry's daughter the other day—Miss Regina Barry her name is, isn't it?"

Vague, restless movements preceded the laconic response: "Where?"

"She came to the memorial with Mrs. Grace."

Hearing him strike a match I knew he was making an effort at sang-froid by lighting a cigarette.

"Did you—did you—think her—pretty?"

"Pretty wouldn't be the word."

"Beautiful?"

"Nor beautiful."

"What then?"

"No word that I know would be adequate. You might say fascinating if it hadn't been vulgarized; and chic would be worse."

"She's tremendously animated—and vivid."

"She has the most living eyes and mouth I've ever seen in a human being. I've never seen a face so aglow with mind, emotion and color. She's all flame, but a flame like that of the burning bush, afire from a force within."

He spoke bitterly: "And people talk about that being conquered!"

To lead him further I said: "Has anyone talked of it?"

"Didn't you know?"

"How should I know? You—you've never told me."

"Well, I'm—I'm telling you now."

My sympathy was quite genuine.

"Thanks, old boy. I can see—I can see how hard it must have gone with you."

"How hard it's going, Frank. There's a difference in tense. If you knew her better ——"

"I'm not sure that I care to know her better; and that, old man, isn't said out of rudeness. I don't belong to her world any more; and I'd rather not try to get back into it."

"Oh, get out! As a matter of fact I'm going to take you to see her."

"You needn't do that, because she asked me to come."

"Right off the bat like that? The first time she'd ever seen you?"

"It wasn't exactly that. She knew my brother Jack; and my cousin, Annette van Elstine, is a friend of hers."

"Annette van Elstine is your cousin? Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Oh, for reasons! I should think you'd see. Why should I claim Annette as a cousin? One of the smartest women in New York, I'm told she is."

"One of the very smartest. She could do anything for you."

"So there you are! When you think of what I was when you first met me—what I am still, really ——" It seemed to me, however, that I had found my opening, so I went on in another vein: "I met Annette's father in the street one day not long ago, and he went by without recognizing me. Have I changed very much—since the spring?"

"I should know you anywhere, Frank; but Coningsby and Christian were saying last week that they wouldn't take you to be the same man any more."

"Did they mean morally—or physically?"

"Oh, they meant in looks. They said they'd never seen anyone in whom good clothes and a straight life had so thoroughly created a new man."

"So that you think my uncle might reasonably ——"

"Pass you without recognition? Oh, Lord, yes! Besides, your mustache changes you a lot. I'd shave that off again if I were you; and you want to get back to your old self."

To end the subject I said merely: "I'm glad to hear that I don't look as I did; because—because I shouldn't like to think that the good old fellow had cut me."

x

MY PROBLEM was now as to how to tell Regina Barry who I was; and it would have been more urgent had I not felt sure that sooner or later she must guess. Indeed, she might have guessed already. I had no means of knowing. During the four or five days since her visit to the memorial no echo of our meeting had come back to me.

But I was not left long in doubt.

The William Grace Memorial was now practically ready for furnishing. Mrs. Grace was about to move back to town in order to undertake the task. Coningsby and I were going through the rooms one day with an eye to details that might have been overlooked when he said: "Well, there doesn't seem much more for you to do here, does there?"

I replied that as far as any further need of my services was concerned I might knock off work there and then—thanking him for all his help through the summer.

"And now," he went on, "I should like you to come in on this job at Atlantic City if you'd care to. You see, you and I understand each other; we speak the same language both professionally and socially; and it's not so easy as you might think to pick up a chap of whom you can say that. Why not come up to our little place—say to-morrow night—and dine with us, and we could talk it over? My wife told me to ask you."

Knowing that Coningsby had been aware of the state of my wardrobe a few months earlier I blushed to the roots of my hair as I put the question: "What shall I wear? Tails—or a dinner jacket and black tie?"

"Oh, a dinner jacket. There'll be just ourselves."

But when I went I found not only my host and hostess, but Regina Barry to make the party square.

The Coningsbys lived on the top floor of an apartment house on the summit of the ridge between the west side of the park and the Hudson. Below them lay a picturesque tumble of roofs running down to the river, beyond which the abrupt New Jersey heights drew a long straight line against the horizon. Sunset and moonset were the special beauties of the site, with the swift and ceaseless current to add life and mystery to the outlook.

The apartment differed from Cantyre's in that its simplicity would have been bare had it not produced an

impression of containing just enough. The walls of the drawing-room were of a pale gold ochre against which every spot of color told for its full value. On this background the green of chairs, the rose of lamp shades, the mahogany of tables, and the satinwood of cabinets pleased and rested the eye. There were no pictures in the room but a portrait of Mrs. Coningsby, which one of the great artists of the day had painted for her as a gift. In its richness of copper-colored hair and diaphanous jade-green draperies the room got all the decoration it required.

I had heard Regina Barry's voice on entering, and knew that I was up against my fate. That is to say, the revolver lay ready in my desk. Knowing that such a meeting as this must occur some time I was in earnest as to using the weapon on the day when her eyes accused me. As I took off my overcoat and hat and laid them on a settle in the hall I said I should probably do it when I went home that night. It would depend on how she looked at me.

Meeting me at the door of the drawing-room Mrs. Coningsby was sweet and kindly in her welcome without being overdemonstrative. I had heard of her beauty, but was not prepared for anything so magnificent. Her height, her complexion, her hair, her free movements were those of a goddess. I liked and admired Coningsby; but I wondered how even he had caught this Atalanta and imprisoned her in a flat on the west side of New York.

"You know Miss Barry, don't you?" were the words with which she directed me toward the end of the room where the other guest was seated in a low armchair by a corner of the fireplace.

So the supreme moment came. I went the length of the room knowing that I was facing it.

I suppose it is instinct that tells women how to avoid comparisons with each other by creating contrasts. Knowing that in competition with her hostess she would have everything to lose Miss Barry used Mrs. Coningsby as a foil. In other words, she had divined the fact that her friend would be in black with a spangling of blue-green sequins, and so had enhanced her own vividness by dressing in a bright rose red. What she lacked in beauty, therefore, she made up in a brilliancy that stood out against the pale gold ochre background with the force of a flaming flower.

As I stooped to take the hand she held up languidly I tried to search her eyes. They told me nothing. The fire in them seemed not exactly to have gone out but to have been hidden behind some veil of film through which one could get nothing but a glow. Had she meant to baffle me she couldn't have done it more effectively; but as I learned later, she meant nothing of the kind. Her greeting, as far as I could judge of it, was precisely that which she would have accorded to any other diner-out.

During the exchange of commonplaces that ensued there were two things I noticed with curiosity and uneasiness. She wore the string of pearls I had seen once before—had had in my pocket, as a matter of fact—and the long diamond bar pin. As to her rings I could not be sure, having on the night when I meant to steal them noticed nothing but their number. But the pearls and the diamonds arrested my attention—and my questionings. Was she wearing them on purpose? Was she holding them up as silent reminders between her and me? Was I to understand from merely looking at them the charge her eyes refused to convey?

I had no means of seeking an answer to these questions because Coningsby came in and the process of being welcomed had to be gone through again. Moreover, the commonplaces which when carried on *à deux* might have led to something more personal remained as commonplaces and no more when tossed about *à quatre*.

On our going in to dinner the same tone was maintained, and I learned nothing from any interchange of looks. There was, in fact, no interchange of looks. Miss Barry talked to her right and to her left, but rarely across the table. When it became necessary to speak a word directly to me she did it with so hasty a glance that it might easily not have been a glance at all. The burning eyes that had watched me so intently on our first meeting, and studied me with so much laughing curiosity on our second, kept themselves hidden. Since it was on them that I had reckoned to tell me what I was so eager to be sure of, I was like a man who hopes to look through a window and finds it darkened by curtains.

After dinner, however, I got an opportunity. Coningsby and his wife were summoned to the nursery to discuss the manifestations of some childish ailment. Miss Barry and I being left alone before the fire I was able to say: "Well, have you thought of it?"

Some of the customary vivacity returned to her lips and eyes. She had at no time seemed unkindly—only absent and rather dreamy. She was rather dreamy still, but more on the spot mentally.

"Thought of what?"

"Of—of where we first met."

"Oh, that! I'm sorry to say I've been too busy to do any searching in my memory. But one of these days I must."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of her tone. She had not searched in her memory; she had not considered it worth while.

Her interest in our meeting at the memorial had probably passed before she had driven away.

I must plead guilty to feeling piqued. That she should be so much in my mind and that I should occupy so small a place in hers not only disappointed but annoyed me. I said to myself: "Oh, well, if she cares so little there is no reason why I should care more." Aloud I made it: "Please don't bother about it. One of these days the recollection will come back to you of its own accord."

"Yes; I dare say." She went on without transition: "Whom did your brother marry?"

I told her.

"He wasn't like everybody else," she pursued. "I wonder—I wonder if you are."

"Wouldn't that depend on what you mean by being like everybody else? I don't know that I get your standard."

"Oh, men are so much alike. There's no more difference between them than between so many beans in a bottle."

"I don't see that. To my mind they're all distinct from each other."

"In little ways, yes. But when it comes to the big ways ——"

"What are the big ways?"

She weighed this, a forefinger against a cheek.

"The big ways are those which indicate character, aren't they? While the little ones only make for habits. Men differ as to their habits, but in character they're all cut on the same pattern—two or three patterns at most"

"But can't you say the same of women?"

"Very likely; only I don't have to marry a woman."

Since she had become personal I ventured to do the same.

"Oh, so it's a question of marriage!"

"What other question is there when a girl like me is twenty-three? One has to decide that tiresome bit of business before one can tackle anything else."

I grew bolder.

"Decide as to whom to marry—or whether or not to marry at all?"

"Suppose I said as to whether or not to marry at all?"

"You mean that you'd like advice?"

"I'd listen to advice—if you've any to give."

I gathered all my strength together for the most tremendous effort of my life.

"Then, I should say this: That there are men in the world different from any you've ever seen yet. Wait!"

She laughed—an intelligent laugh, full of music, mirth and comprehension.

"Do you know, that reminds me of something awfully strange that happened to me a few months ago! Someone else said just those words to me—or rather wrote them down."

I pulled my chair so that her eyes rested on me more directly.

"How?"

"Oh, I can't tell you. I said I never would—so I mustn't. I should love to—though I never shall."

"Was it—interesting?"

"Thrilling! But there! I'm not going to tell you. I shouldn't have mentioned it if what you say hadn't been so oddly like ——"

But Coningsby came back into the room to ask if Miss Barry wouldn't join his wife in the nursery to see little

(Continued on Page 89)

When it Became Necessary to Speak a Word Directly to Me Miss Barry Did it With So Hasty a Glance That it Might Easily Not Have Been a Glance at All

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 14, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Teachers Needed

IN NOVEMBER there were said to be four hundred vacancies in the teaching staff of the New York public schools; and apparently that was typical of a general situation. It is remarkable that the teaching force of the country was not more depleted in numbers. For four years a teacher's pay—meager enough to begin with, as a general proposition—has been pretty steadily falling in purchasing power.

At the same time, many other occupations, whose requirements, on the whole, are less exacting, have been briskly bidding for employees. Only habit, an investment in the technical training and experience of teaching—and, no doubt, inclination and hope of better conditions—could have held so many teachers to their jobs when other jobs were offering all the way from fifty to a hundred per cent greater pay.

Everybody knows what must happen to a calling if rival callings that require no greater experience, ability or training are constantly outbidding it.

The more alert and ambitious candidates will gravitate to the rival callings.

No after-war question requires more earnest attention than public education. And finally, with due respect for every intelligent movement toward better methods of instruction, we cannot have a great deal better article of public education unless we are willing to pay a great deal more money for it. That is fundamental. And if we do not care enough about public education to be willing to pay a great deal more for it than we have ever paid in the past let us drop our cant and talk about something else.

The Next Liberty Loan

THE latest bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board says that prices generally throughout the United States show a tendency to further rise, increases being particularly noticeable in lines not affected by government price fixing. This rise the board links up with credit expansion, remarking: "Probably the feature of the financial situation that most needs correction is the increased disposition of the public to rely too largely on the banks as a source from which to obtain funds for use in financing the war requirements of the Government." In other words, too many subscribers borrowed from the banks with no prospect of repaying the loan in the near future, the result being an inflation of bank credits.

There will be a Fifth Liberty Loan. The bonds will be taken, because the Government must have the money to meet its obligations.

If the public should not take them the banks will—necessarily. Whatever part of the loan shall not be taken by the public and offset by saving will cause just that much inflation.

We do not want to go into reconstruction with bank credits swollen out of shape through carrying government bonds or carrying loans based on government bonds that will not presently be paid off out of savings. There is no way of beating the game. The public must pay the bill by saving—abstaining from spending—or the decreased purchasing power of its money will entail all the disadvantages of voluntary abstention from spending, with none of its advantages.

From the beginning of the war the proposition has been this: "You have a dollar. Voluntarily save twenty-five cents of it, spending only seventy-five cents, or else inflation of credit will cause the purchasing power of your dollar to shrink a quarter; so you will finally get only as many goods as though you had voluntarily saved twenty-five cents—and you will not have the twenty-five cents to your credit, either."

Insurance

SECRETARY McADOO'S statement covering the first year's experience with war-risk insurance recites that, under the provision for allotments and allowances to dependents, the Government had disbursed two hundred million dollars, in round numbers, and at the time of the report was regularly mailing about one million checks a month to families or dependents of soldiers and sailors in all parts of the country.

Fortunately the Act's provisions for compensation on account of death and disability had been called into operation only to a very limited extent, considering that we then had two million men in the battle zone. Under the provision for insuring the lives of soldiers and sailors the bureau had written policies to the amount of thirty-five billion dollars, or about as much as all the life-insurance policies outstanding in the world at the beginning of the war.

More than ninety per cent of the men in the service were then insured with the bureau and new applications were coming in at the rate of a billion dollars a week—indicating that practically the whole force was insuring up to the limit of ten thousand dollars.

The insured, it will be remembered, pay a premium equal to the estimated cost of carrying a like amount of life insurance under peace conditions. The extra hazard to which the men are exposed because of their services to the Government is borne by the Government.

This insurance experience ought to be permanently useful. There is no better or more helpful form of coöperation than insurance against death and accident. The social value of such insurance, if widely used, is fairly incalculable. This war-insurance experience should lead to a condition in which no responsible adult person will be going round the country without insurance, any more than without clothes.

Carrying On

FIGHTING is over, but the job is not done yet, by a long shot. German autocracy is smashed, but the great objects for which the United States waged war are not won. Chief among those objects is a new world organization to make democracy safe and insure peace. But it is impossible to organize a world if the units to be dealt with—the nations—are in a state of disorganization. Russia, at present, is as unavailable for a League of Nations as it would have been under the most hostile autocrat. There is nobody to speak for it or pledge it. Bolshevism takes the issue out of the hands of democracy.

The more hunger in Europe this winter, the more Bolshevism. Famine might subject our war aims to as great a hazard as that of last July. We have professed benevolent intentions; but famishing people are not interested in intentions. They want food. If food conditions in Eastern and Central Europe are as bad as present reports suggest, supplying food may be as important to the furtherance of our big war aims as supplying munitions was six months ago. Foch strategy has won. The task passes on to Hoover strategy and Red Cross strategy. Hunger and desperation are not elements that will conduce to world organization.

Leaving Central Europe out of account, there is still a formidable task. For months to come the bread basket will be the test by which many million non-Teutonic Europeans judge our attitude and intentions toward them. What Hoover and the Red Cross do will shape their feelings much more than what Mr. Wilson says or has said.

That is right too. We have money. We have food. We cannot give if we do not save. So far as every individual is concerned, the war on its economic side goes on indefinitely.

A Republican Congress

WE HOPE the Republicans will come into control of Congress with a collective mind much enlightened by experience.

The Democrats had control of that body for half a dozen years. They stuck to a ridiculous and wasteful method of appropriating public money. They stuck to their old seniority rule, by virtue of which the man who had served longest must have the chairmanship of a committee, no matter how unfit for it he was or how vital to the country's interests the chairmanship might be.

In sticking to these things through a great national emergency the Democrats were putting the personal feelings and the individual prestige of their members above the national need. The public sickened of it. That is the real story of the November elections.

True, the Democrats had precedent for all they did. That was the way the Republicans had managed Congress in their days of power. If the Republicans try it again they will not stay very long—or deserve to.

This thing of the organization and methods of Congress, and of the Government generally, is no matter of life or death to the nation. Other things are absolutely and relatively more important. This is a rich nation. It can outlive a great deal of extravagance and inefficiency. But this particular thing puts a spotlight on the good faith of Congress as hardly anything else does.

Will Congress set its own house in order? Will it honestly try to reform admitted abuses within its own doors? Will it make some sacrifice of its own personal inclinations and ease and privilege for the good of the country? By the answer of Congress the public will test its good faith.

The Last War

THIS war is an adventure that cannot be repeated. The weaker states upon which its impact fell went far toward utter ruin. In Russia, Austria-Hungary, the Balkans and Asia Minor it will take a long time to repair the ravage. Except for the help and the stabilizing influences that Western Europe and America will extend, a great part of those afflicted regions might lapse into a new Dark Age such as succeeded the overthrow of Roman civilization fifteen hundred years ago.

This is no mere lugubrious fancy, but only a fair deduction from present facts that would be aggravated by a winter of severe famine but for Western help. Even such comparatively strong and advanced states as France and Italy—not to mention Germany itself—emerge heavily burdened, needing help.

The United States, richest and strongest of all, experienced only a year and a half of war after two years of unparalleled prosperity. Only toward the very end of the war was it exerting a full measure of strength and feeling a real war pinch. Two years more of waste of life and wealth on the scale of last autumn would have left deep scars here.

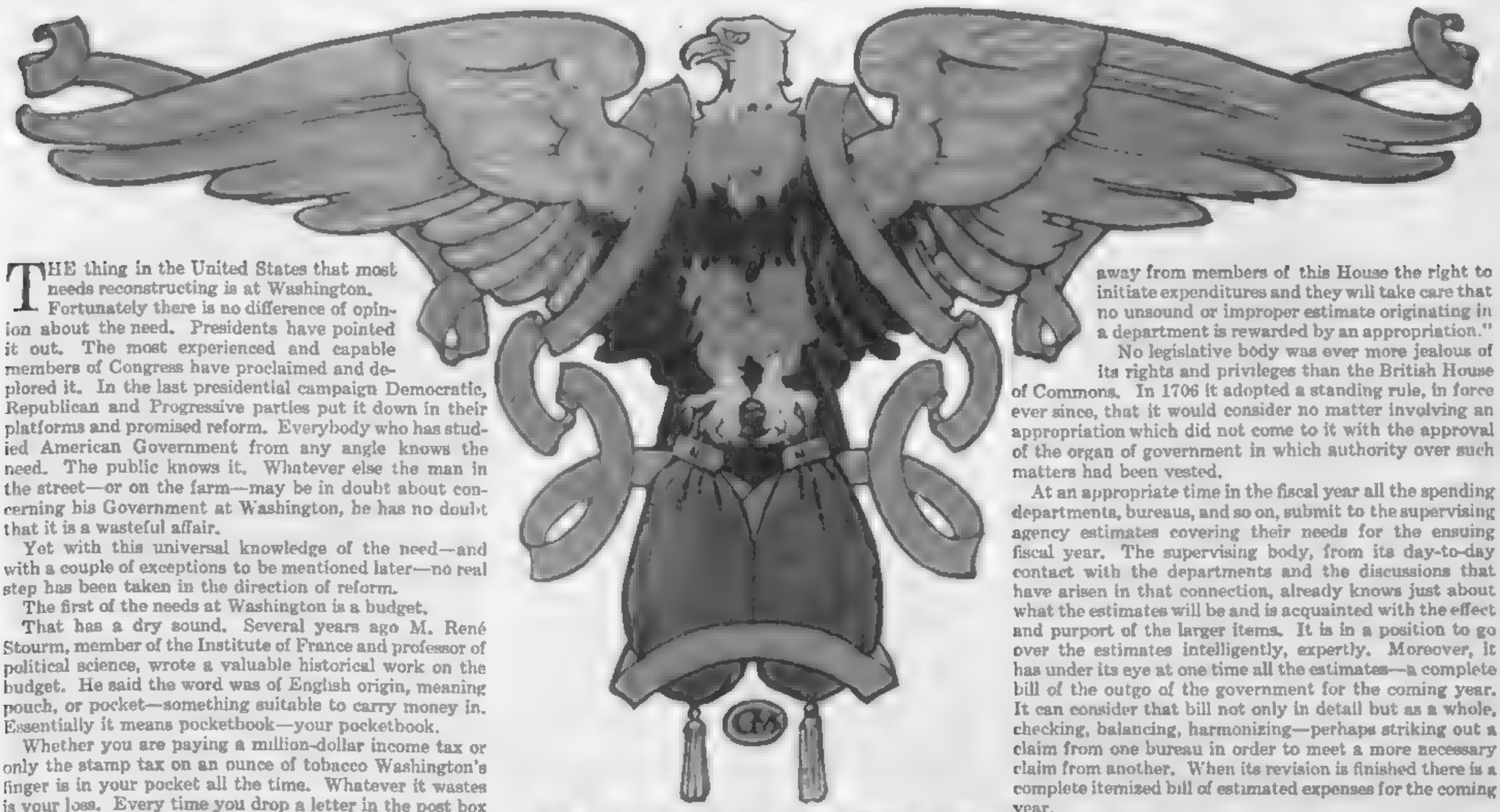
The civilized world needs all its resources for reconstruction and to carry the load this war entailed. But the only alternative to a new international arrangement—a League of Nations—is a return, sooner or later, to the old scheme of competitive armaments that increasingly burdened Europe for a generation before the war. Only, in the light of this war's experience, competitive armaments would be much more forbidding than formerly. Armaments must be keyed to experience.

Before 1914 Europe's preparedness for war was more or less keyed to the experience of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. In the future they would have to be keyed to the experience of the world war.

Human society, all round, is conditioned very much by the state of the mechanical arts. It was the advance in the mechanical arts that made this war so much more destructive and costly than any other. That advance is continuous. Twenty years hence the means of destruction will no doubt be as much greater than those of to-day as those of to-day are greater than they were twenty years ago. It has often been said during the last two years that there would be no place for any neutral in another big war. Its scope would be universal.

Another big war is an adventure that civilization cannot stand. This is not sentiment or a matter of inclination. The cold facts in the case allege it. The constant liability to war which was implicit in the old international arrangement must be removed. No unstable balances of power or refurbishing of a Congress of Vienna will remove it; yet that is what all opponents of a League of Nations really want.

THE FIRST RECONSTRUCTION



By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE thing in the United States that most needs reconstructing is at Washington.

Fortunately there is no difference of opinion about the need. Presidents have pointed it out. The most experienced and capable members of Congress have proclaimed and deplored it. In the last presidential campaign Democratic, Republican and Progressive parties put it down in their platforms and promised reform. Everybody who has studied American Government from any angle knows the need. The public knows it. Whatever else the man in the street—or on the farm—may be in doubt about concerning his Government at Washington, he has no doubt that it is a wasteful affair.

Yet with this universal knowledge of the need—and with a couple of exceptions to be mentioned later—no real step has been taken in the direction of reform.

The first of the needs at Washington is a budget.

That has a dry sound. Several years ago M. René Stourm, member of the Institute of France and professor of political science, wrote a valuable historical work on the budget. He said the word was of English origin, meaning pouch, or pocket—something suitable to carry money in. Essentially it means pocketbook—your pocketbook.

Whether you are paying a million-dollar income tax or only the stamp tax on an ounce of tobacco Washington's finger is in your pocket all the time. Whatever it wastes is your loss. Every time you drop a letter in the post box you are depending on the Government for a service. You depend upon it in a great many ways. You want good service—more services. A wasteful government cannot possibly be so useful as an economical one.

Every other civilized nation, as far as I know, has a budget. Certainly every government to which we should look for any sort of good example has one. The form and character of the government have nothing to do with it. Extremely democratic Switzerland has a budget. The autocratic German Empire had a budget. Japan, with its curious graft of very limited constitutionalism on a trunk of medieval absolutism, has a budget. Nominally monarchical England and republican France have budgets.

Foreign Appropriation Systems

THE form and character of the government have nothing to do with it. Every intelligent government has a budget as a matter of course—just as every intelligent business man, whether he is an American or a Chinaman, has a set of books. Universal experience and plain common sense dictate it. Only the United States among important and advanced nations goes without a budget—to its great and undisputed loss.

We have ignored universal experience and common sense before—for a time. Those of you who can look back twenty years may recall the earlier agitation for banking reform. It was pointed out that the United States alone among important commercial nations had no way of mobilizing and coördinating its banking power—consequently it was always exposed to panics, money pinches and kindred ills in a way that no other nation was.

The facts were not disputed, but there was a mass of public indifference and political inertia to be overcome. Members of Congress, looking back to a hoary and inapplicable precedent of Jackson's time, said the public didn't want a centralizing institution of banking and wouldn't tolerate it. Such institutions, they said, might be very well for Europe, Asia, Africa and the portions of America outside of the United States; but the United States was different; it would go its own way.

Reform took a long time. It was the present occupant of the White House who signed the Federal Reserve Act. The system thus set up has been a very important factor in winning this war. It is difficult and painful to imagine what sort of mess we should have been in if the war had come upon us without such an organ as the Federal Reserve system. Anybody who knows what he is talking about would almost as soon think of sinking the Navy out of hand as of wiping out that system.

The budget is coming too. It has to come. The speed with which it comes depends exactly upon the public push behind it. Why should a congressman spend his time wrestling with a more or less complicated subject—a subject, moreover, which is personally distasteful to him—unless the public demands it?

The word budget may be and has been applied to almost any set of figures. But the essential things in a real budget system as taken from the experience of those nations which have most successfully used it may be set down as follows:

There must be some organ of the government which is in intimate and constant touch with all the executive departments that spend the public's money. In England and Germany this organ is called the Treasury Department, but the name is immaterial. This supervising agency must have general knowledge of the needs of all the departments and bureaus and understanding of their purposes, so as to be in a position to pass intelligent judgment on their claims for public money. It is important that this agency be in constant touch with the departments and not just step in once a year to look over their claims in a lump. Say the Forest Service wants new roads or any other work that requires an appropriation. It should take the matter up with the supervising agency at the time it sees the need, talk it over, arrive at an understanding.

Every spending department, bureau, and so on, should submit all its claims upon the public purse to this supervisor—by whatever name it might be called—and the supervising agency's veto should have pretty much the same effect as the President's veto of a bill passed by Congress. That is to say, an appeal could be taken to some higher authority, such as the cabinet or a joint fiscal committee or whatever body the Government agreed upon for that purpose. But the arrangement must be such that only in some plain case could an appeal from the supervising agency's veto be successful.

Congress must bind itself not to consider any claim upon the public purse that does not come to it with the O. K. of the final authority which has been agreed upon and set up to consider such claims. At that point, at first, Congress will naturally balk. Yet it is one of the vital points in a real budget system, and has been so recognized by the most trustworthy students of the subject. Three years ago John J. Fitzgerald—for many years a member of the House Committee on Appropriations and at that time its chairman—said in the House:

"One thing that is essential in this body—and it will be done some day—is to deprive the individual member of Congress of any right to initiate expenditures. . . . Take away from members of this House the right to initiate expenditures and they will take care that no unsound or improper estimate originating in a department is rewarded by an appropriation."

No legislative body was ever more jealous of its rights and privileges than the British House of Commons. In 1706 it adopted a standing rule, in force ever since, that it would consider no matter involving an appropriation which did not come to it with the approval of the organ of government in which authority over such matters had been vested.

At an appropriate time in the fiscal year all the spending departments, bureaus, and so on, submit to the supervising agency estimates covering their needs for the ensuing fiscal year. The supervising body, from its day-to-day contact with the departments and the discussions that have arisen in that connection, already knows just about what the estimates will be and is acquainted with the effect and purport of the larger items. It is in a position to go over the estimates intelligently, expertly. Moreover, it has under its eye at one time all the estimates—a complete bill of the outgo of the government for the coming year. It can consider that bill not only in detail but as a whole, checking, balancing, harmonizing—perhaps striking out a claim from one bureau in order to meet a more necessary claim from another. When its revision is finished there is a complete itemized bill of estimated expenses for the coming year.

When the bill is finished it goes to the higher authority. For the moment, following the British example, let us call this the cabinet. The cabinet, then, has before it the whole bill of expense, expertly sifted and compiled and added up into a final sum. The cabinet may not consider it expedient to levy taxes to that amount. Something may have to be cut out. When it finally decides upon a total sum it frames a scheme of taxation calculated to meet that sum exactly.

The result—a complete fiscal statement, outgo on one side, income on the other—is the budget. It is submitted to the legislative body and published. The newspapers print it in such detail as they please. The complete document is available for anybody who wants to examine it. The country has the whole fiscal program of the government in one balanced statement.

The Wasteful American Plan

WHEN the budget is submitted to the legislative body individual members of that body cannot knock it out of shape by running in a lot of private pension bills or log-rolled river and harbor and public-building bills. By a standing rule that body has bound itself not to consider any appropriation bill which does not come to it with the sanction of the authority which has been set up to pass on such matters—which would be the cabinet in the British case.

Compare that for a moment with the American plan. Along in the fall, say in September, every department begins making up an estimate of its needs for the fiscal year which will start with the following July—making it up in complete independence of every other department and practically of every other organ of the Government. Practically it is a little independent sovereignty in that respect. Moreover, in effect, the subdivisions of the departments—each branch and bureau—make up their estimates without regard to any other subdivision. Of course the head of the department has jurisdiction over all the subdivisions. Their estimates must have his sanction. But up to two or three years ago the head of the department was a lawyer in San Antonio or a newspaper editor in Omaha. He is busy at the moment with affairs that look more important to him. Pretty generally in fact the bureau estimates go through as the bureau puts them.

Then the estimates from the other departments go to the Treasury Department, which, in fact, deals with them in a purely clerical, mechanical way. It puts them together and has them printed. It has neither the machinery nor the authority to make any real revision.

The Treasury Department hands them on to the House, which—without any consideration whatever of them as a

whole—immediately splits them up and refers them to eight or ten separate committees each acting in complete independence of the others. Moreover, as a rule no one committee gets all the estimates from any one department. Each department's estimates as a rule are split up under subheads—for example, according to the character of the item, whether it is for materials or for salaries.

Each of these committees holds hearings—as many and as long as it pleases—summoning bureau chiefs to explain various items. It then frames an appropriation bill which it recommends to the House. But there is nothing in the least conclusive about its recommendations. Any member or combination of members with a sufficient following may strike out any item, increase any item, add any amount of wholly new matter.

The bill finally passes the House and goes to the Senate, which refers it to a committee. The Senate committee proceeds just as the House committee did, and practically in complete independence of it. It may reexamine the same matter which the House hearings dealt with. It may take up different matter. It may recast the whole House bill.

The Senate committee frames and recommends a bill, but even less than in the House is there any binding force in the committee's recommendations. After the committee is through any item may be increased to any extent or any amount of new matter added. There is nothing conclusive about any appropriation bill until it has passed both Houses and been signed by the President.

But not all the appropriation bills by any means are presented to Congress at one time. In fact, they string along through a great part of every session. Everybody who has paid any attention to the proceedings of Congress knows that the session normally ends with a breathless rush to pass three or four great appropriation bills. The hands of the clock are turned back and the bills jammed through at the rate of a million dollars a minute.

The Evolution of the British Budget

EACH spending branch of the Government makes up its estimates to suit itself. The temptation to overestimate is obvious and powerful. Every bureau has its own ambitions. Naturally, it is pleasanter to run a bureau with plenty of money than on scamped funds. Moreover, every bureau knows that Congress, somewhere along the line, may cut down its estimate. It is obviously tempted to allow for that in making up the estimates.

Again, Congress appropriates in detail—not so much for such and such a bureau, but so much for such and such a clerk in that bureau and for nearly every other item. The money once appropriated is forever earmarked for that particular purpose. No bureau has any motive to save anything out of its appropriation. Generally speaking it couldn't use the money for any other purpose. This is just as though at the beginning of the year you were given so many dollars and cents for the purpose of buying such and such articles of clothing, so many dollars and cents for the purpose of buying such and such articles of food, and so on. During the year you might want to buy fewer clothes or less food or cheaper articles of food and clothing, and use the money thus saved to make a payment on a house or put it in the bank against next year's needs. But you couldn't do that. Unless you spent the money for the exact purpose designated you couldn't have it at all. You wouldn't try very hard to economize. Neither would a bureau.

Against the tendency to overestimate—the tendency to extravagance—the only check consists in such examination as the committees of Congress may give to the estimates. There are at this time twenty-nine committees of the two houses of Congress that deal with bills carrying or involving appropriations. Each committee is absolutely independent of every other. Their combined membership is about three hundred. A majority of them are bound to be men with very limited experience of the matters with which they are called upon to deal; for of course the membership of the committees is constantly shifting; every election brings in new members, eliminates old ones. Moreover, they are men with much other business on their hands—congressional business in general, political business. This sole check must be a frail reed to lean upon.

Any one of those twenty-nine committees may at any time on its own hook throw in a bill that involves a claim upon the Treasury. Any individual member may do that. As a matter of fact such bills are coming in all through the session. There is never a time while Congress is in session that anybody can say what the outgo of the Government is to be.

Of course there is nowhere any real responsibility for the outgo of the Government. All anyone can finally say is "The Government spent it." The Government means President and cabinet and both houses of Congress and both parties or all parties. Blame scattered over so broad a surface doesn't trouble anybody very much.

It should be observed that this American arrangement was never planned. Nobody ever intended it. Only a lunatic could have intended such an arrangement. It simply happened. Undoubtedly the original intention was to have a budget. The first Secretary of the Treasury, in fact, framed a budget. Then for a long time a single committee of the House handled all appropriation bills. But with the growth of governmental business and the evolutions and convolutions of politics the present arrangement just came into being of itself. Nobody planned it. There is no plan about it.

A common notion is that something or other in the Constitution of the United States prevents our having a real budget. There is no foundation in fact for that notion. Not a word in the Constitution negatives a real budget. All the Constitution says about it is that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury except in consequence of lawful appropriations and that all revenue bills shall originate in the House of Representatives.

The latter provision no doubt contemplated that the House, as the more popular and representative body, should take a preponderant part in framing fiscal legislation. But for many years in fact the Senate has far outweighed the House, both as to revenue measures and appropriations. About four times out of five, when the two houses disagree, they finally compromise by adopting the Senate's views. It is doubtful whether there is a solitary thing at Washington to-day that corresponds with what the Constitution originally contemplated. Certainly there is nothing in the Constitution that prevents a very good budget system.

It is true that the classical budget system—the British—evolved under a different form of government. Once the British Government consisted of King, Lords and Commons. The House of Commons long ago absorbed the King and latterly has practically absorbed the House of Lords, so it now stands supreme in every department of government. A cabinet, headed by the Prime Minister, conducts the executive department, in that respect corresponding to our President and his cabinet. Members of the British Cabinet, however, are not mere appointees of their chief, dependent upon him for their offices and practically removable by him at pleasure. They are, rather, junior partners. Sometimes they represent shades of political opinion with which their chief is not particularly in harmony.

But the British Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, is selected by the political party or coalition of parties that commands a majority of the votes in the House of Commons. So as a matter of course whatever budget or other measure the cabinet agrees upon will be supported by a majority of the House. That simplifies matters from a budgetary point of view. Once the cabinet has agreed upon it, it is practically settled. If a majority of the House of Commons rejects a cabinet measure the cabinet usually goes out of office and is succeeded by one that can command a majority of the Commons.

Our President holds office for four years no matter what the complexion of Congress may be. The party of which he is chief may or may not have a majority of the two houses of Congress. It may have a majority in one house and not in the other. It may be that the majority in each house is out of harmony with the President and will not follow his lead—as Mr. Taft could tell you; or Grover Cleveland if his testimony were available.

So the American budget system must adapt itself to the fact that the chief of the executive branch of the Government may be at odds with the majority in the legislative branch. A good many people have held this to be an insuperable bar to a real American budget. But it is no such thing. Much the same situation obtains in Switzerland, which, like this country, is a union of sovereign states or cantons. The Federal Council, in charge of the executive branch of government, may not be able to command a majority of the National Assembly, corresponding to Congress, in support of the budget. In that case the two branches simply get together and thresh out their differences until they can agree. The thrifty Swiss stick to the budget system because they know its practical value. In Imperial Germany the executive branch of government has been wholly in the hands of the Kaiser. The Reichstag, or popular house of the legislative branch, might be so out of sympathy with him that it passed a vote of censure on his chancellor. Yet Germany has had a very good budget system, and you may be sure that whatever other changes occur in the German Government the budget will be retained.

It isn't in the least a question of whether or not we can do it. It is wholly a question of whether or not we really want to do it. We can have a very good budget—without any constitutional amendment and with hardly a change in the statutes—at any moment the President and Congress agree to it. They will agree the moment there is an unmistakable popular demand. Of course in detail it will not be the British system, or the Swiss, or the German, or any other—any more than our new banking system corresponds in detail with the British, French or German. But, like the banking system, it will accomplish the essential objects.

The first thing is to agree upon somebody or some agency that shall frame a budget. Maybe it is fortunate that we begin there with bare boards. At present nobody frames a budget. There is no such thing. As to who should frame it there is no difference of informed opinion as to the answer or in the lessons to be learned from the experience of other nations. The unanimous answer is that the executive branch of the Government must frame the budget to begin with. It is the executive branch that spends the money and has first knowledge of its own needs. In fact, our hodge-podge fiscal proceedings have always begun with the estimates of the executive departments as to their needs for the coming year.

But the executive branch of our Government has no machinery for checking, editing, coördinating these multifold independent estimates, reviewing them as a whole and forming them into a budget. It must have such machinery—some supervising organ to look over the work of the departments, take up their estimates and shape them into a balanced complete bill of outgo.

No Head Bookkeeper

THAT would be merely the statutory matter of authorizing the supervising department or commission or whatever it might be called. It must of course be an expert body with a tenure of office that makes it independent of changes in the Administration and as free as possible from political influence. Every demand upon the public purse must pass through its hands.

That may sound merely like adding another patch to the crazy quilt—setting up another department or commission at Washington. But, in fact, it is an extremely important step toward a real budget. Partly, a budget is bookkeeping. There is plenty of bookkeeping at Washington. But there is no head bookkeeper—nobody at all who expertly looks over the work of the multitudinous other bookkeepers and takes it all under comprehensive review in detail and as a whole, presenting it finally in one clear conclusive statement. There must be such a head bookkeeper, with very real authority to revise and veto, whose recommendations to the final authority will carry great weight.

Having got the debit side of a budget composed in that way, who is to approve it and who is to fill in the credit—or revenue—side?

At that point members of both houses of Congress talk solemnly about the constitutional division of the powers of government into legislative, executive and judicial branches, no one of which must trespass on another. But the Constitution does not prescribe any such rigid division of powers as that implies. Never, since Washington's first inauguration, has there been any such rigid division of powers.

The President doesn't run the executive departments of the Government at will. As to a long list of important executive officers he must secure the Senate's formal approval to their appointment. For many years Congress has reached far and wide into the executive departments, using its control of the public purse to prescribe in minute detail how they shall be organized, how many and what employees they shall have, and so on.

Only a few months ago President Wilson asked authority to reorganize the departments for whose operation he is constitutionally responsible—which was

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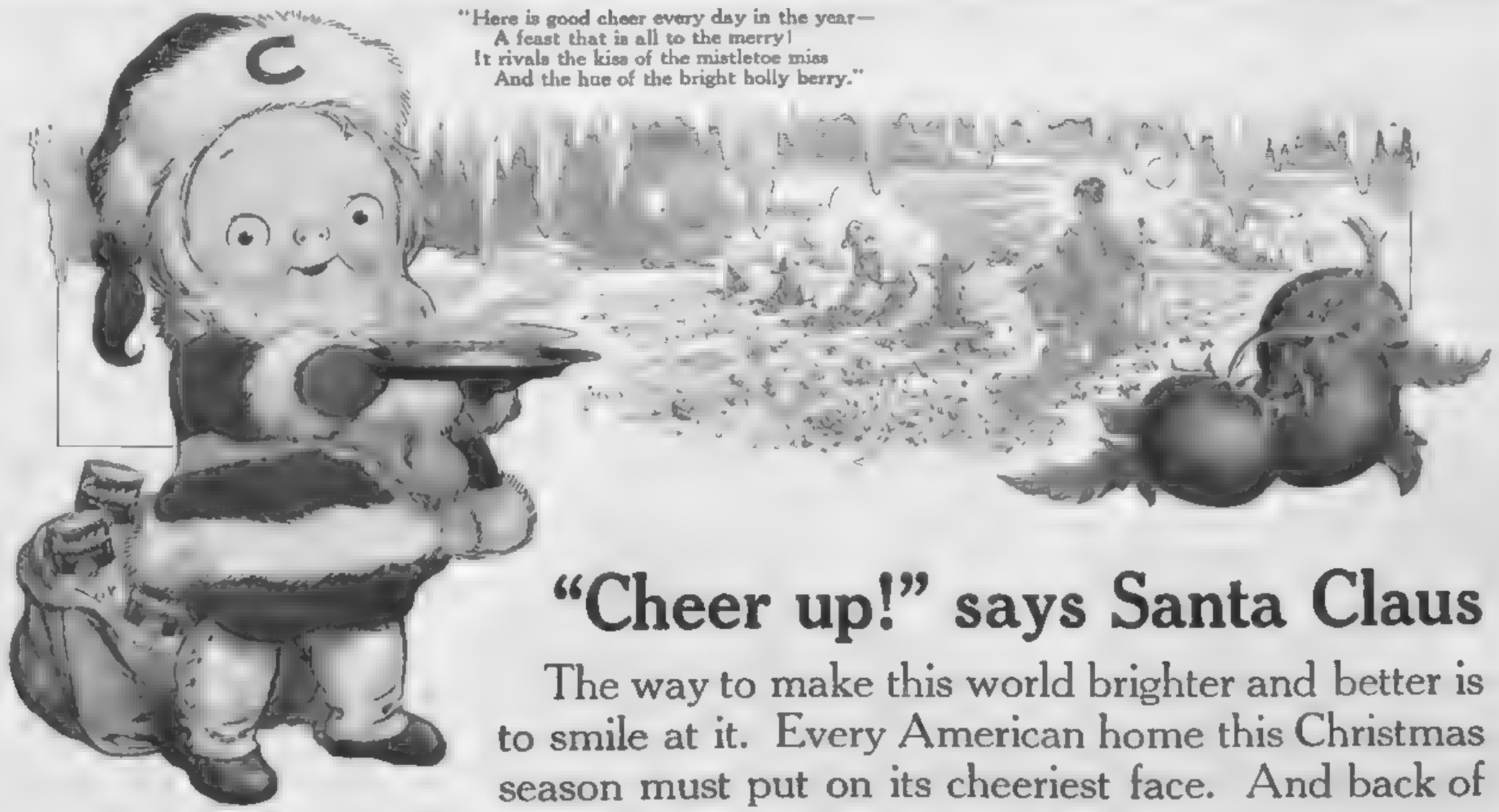

"Here is good cheer every day in the year—
A feast that is all to the merry!
It rivals the kiss of the mistletoe miss
And the hue of the bright holly berry."

"Cheer up!" says Santa Claus

The way to make this world brighter and better is to smile at it. Every American home this Christmas season must put on its cheeriest face. And back of this must be stout hearts and good physical condition.

This is why we say eat a good soup every day. It is why you specially ought to get the regular enjoyment and benefit of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is a "good cheer" signal every time it comes to your table.

It means a more inviting and more nourishing meal, better digestion, better health.

The fresh *vine-ripened* tomatoes we use bring the very flavor and sunshine of summer right to your winter table. And the other choice ingredients we blend in this wholesome soup make it even more tempting and nutritious.

It is distinctly an energy-producer. Prepared as a Cream of Tomato it is both strengthening and delicious. And you can prepare it readily in various pleasing ways to make it as hearty as you choose.

Withal it is decidedly economical—a fuel-saver, labor-saver, money-saver. Every can makes two cans of rich soup—perfectly cooked and seasoned, ready for your table in three minutes.

Order it by the dozen. Have it always at hand. Keep well and keep smiling.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

BILLS AND BUDGETS

Studies of Savers and Spenders—By Forrest Crissey

PLAYING with the household budget has become the favorite pastime of the American home, regardless of its poverty, its comfort or its luxury.

Baseball fans who grieve because the grim unsparing hand of war has robbed us of our great national game forget that budget tinkering has supplanted their sport in popularity; and that no World's Championship Series contest ever called out the passionate interest of so many homes as are now devoting themselves to the scores of this new sport, in which the forces of patriotism are constantly pitted against those of habit and of desire to taste the pleasures of personal indulgence made possible by unprecedented war profits and war wages.

Probably there are few places where this new household game is played with a wider sweep of variations or a more prodigal repertoire of contradictions than at Gary, Indiana, the City of Steel and Sand, the capital of the Kingdom of Cockleburs, the intensive melting pot of Old World races, and the industrial marvel of the Middle West.

Gary recently passed through a Liberty Loan drive, in which it subscribed more than three million dollars. Between eight o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock in the evening of the initial day of that drive a citizen sold more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds to the inhabitants of a single block, which ten years ago was a barren waste of sand without a human habitation of any sort. All together this swift and sudden frontier City of Steel backed the boys in France with almost ten million dollars—mainly from the pockets of men in overalls.

That is certainly going some in the matter of savings for a city of less than seventy thousand population and with a high percentage of floaters. But this is only a side light on the thrift pace the people of the new Pittsburgh of the West are hitting. Ten million dollars is merely the overflow from the bloated pay envelopes of the toilers in steel. June 30, 1914, the savings deposits in the banks of Gary totaled $3,489,775; they were $8,971,177 on the sixth of June, 1918. The postal savings total at the Gary post office stood at $95,698 on October 21, 1914; the balance of these savings four years later was $711,000.

Generosity to the Red Cross

PROBABLY no other city in America has so high a percentage of enemy aliens as Gary, and certainly its proportion of foreigners is greater than that of any large municipality in the United States. This means that, though the savings amassed in the banks and the post office, and put into Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and homes, have been in process of accumulation, a flood of American gold has been steadily pouring back to the Old World countries from which thousands of workers have come to America. No Gary banker is willing to put an estimate on the extent of this leakage, but all authorities agree that it must amount to an immense sum. There are relatively few aliens or foreign-born citizens in this steel town who, when they are able, do not send money at regular intervals to relatives in their native countries.

Statistics, however, are impotent to show the score of the great savings game.

The hits and home runs of the individual players must pass under scrutiny to give the glow and thrill the plays on this hearthstone diamond have for those sympathetic observers who are striving to boost their own batting average on Economy Field.

Every pay day in Gary since December, 1908, has seen a certain stubby little man shoving a pass book into the savings window of a Gary bank. When he made his first small deposit the experienced teller glanced at the rough and powerful hand that offered the book and remarked: "Brick mason?" A good-natured nod told him he had guessed right.

At that time brick masons at the mills were receiving thirty-five cents an hour. For almost a year the regular fortnightly deposit of this new patron was twenty dollars; the next year it increased to about forty; in the third it climbed to the neighborhood of sixty and hovered round that point for three years. Then came a lean period in steel work, when his deposit fell back to about the sum he had put away on his first pay day; but the outbreak of the world war sent the mercury of his savings thermometer up to the hundred point.

He can do better than that now—a good deal better too; for he has risen to the job of heater, which implies the highly respectable wage of about sixteen dollars a day. At this rate our star saver would soon be rich if he could put in full time; but an almost constant shortage of available material makes this an impossibility.

Three peculiarities of this account stand out sharply—the deposits have been made with the exact regularity of the pay days; there have been only five withdrawals, all of them for war purposes; and all deposits have been made from current wages.

Before taking a peep into the pass book of this persistent, methodical pay-roll climber, let us look at his record as a ready-money patriot. He began cautiously, with three hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds; of the second loan he took nine hundred dollars' worth and increased to three thousand each for the third and fourth loans. War Savings Stamps caught his fancy and he plunged on these baby bonds to the extent of one thousand dollars, making his total investment in war securities eight thousand two hundred.

This, however, is not the full measure of the backing he has given the boys in France. His subscriptions to the Red Cross and Canteen funds have been generous.

Now for the pass book. The balance there to-day is a trifle better than thirteen thousand dollars. In some ways this is probably the star saving performance of Gary. This worker has lived on a more generous and self-respecting scale than many who have put aside a larger proportion of their earnings. On the other hand, he has had only two mouths to feed. The head of a Gary Savings bank declares that the foreigner who does not save sixty per cent of his wages is not up to the average. Another banker says:

"For the first few years of a foreigner's life in the mills here he generally manages to live on the tail of his pay check and puts away the main part of it. For example, if his check was sixty-seven dollars and a half he would save the sixty and live on the seven dollars and a half for two weeks."

There is one thing, however, on which the mill hand from Europe will not scrimp. That is the Red Cross. At the steel mill, for example, men were asked to give one day's wages to the cause. To facilitate this plan each man's pay was delivered to him in two checks—one for a day's wage and the other for the balance of his fortnight's pay. In scores of cases the workers put the big check into the Red Cross ballot box at the gate and kept the little one against the next pay day. An investigation proved that this was intended—not a mistake.

When one Hungarian was asked whether he would give a day's pay to the Red Cross his answer was: "Every month!" Opening his shirt, he showed an ugly scar and remarked: "Red Cross lady tie up—save life!"

All who are intimately acquainted with the alien mill workers declare that these men have a far more vivid realization of what the Red Cross ministrations mean to the suffering than do Americans. This is especially true of men from the Balkan States, where war has not been a novelty in the lives of men now in their prime and who have been in the United States for several years. When the first Red Cross drive was launched Gary was asked to raise thirty-five thousand dollars; it responded with a hundred and three thousand. The state allotment committee raised the ante at the start of the second drive and requested sixty thousand dollars; the answer of this modern Babel of races was two hundred thousand.

When the Best Is None Too Good

THE savings statistics of Gary will seem incredible to any stranger who will haunt its stores and watch the spending habits of its people. Such an investigation is likely to leave the impression that the millmen are squandering their entire earnings with the recklessness of a traditional mining-camp population after a big gold strike. The price of any article is apparently a secondary consideration and the call is constantly for something finer.

This is especially true in the matter of luxuries, and in wearing apparel. There is more economy along the line of meats and groceries than in any other field—due, in part, to the fact that the food-saving propaganda has made a strong appeal to the patriotic, and, in part, to deeply ingrained racial habits of table thrift.

The contradictions provoked by a study of steelworkers at the store and at the savings bank are startling. It would be well-nigh impossible, for example, to convince the head salesman of one of Chicago's largest piano houses that the word "thrift" has any application to the wartime steelworker. He meets any attempt to make such a point with this experience:

"The other day a man wearing new and expensive clothes—about as good as money will buy to-day—appeared on the piano floor of this store and bluntly announced that he should like to look at pianos. His hands showed that he was doing rough manual work. We always try to get a line on a customer's idea of price before we attempt to center selling effort on any particular instrument. Therefore, we began by starting him at the cheapest piano and giving him a progressive survey of the whole line up to the point where he would drop a hint that his general idea of price had been reached. But he kept still until we were showing him the finest instruments in our stock.

"The salesman having him in hand had by this time reached the conclusion that he would be fortunate to sell this reticent customer a four-hundred-dollar piano—and that on deferred payments—when the stranger remarked in broken English that he liked the one for eight hundred and fifty dollars. Here the salesman woke up and saw a chance for a little good practice work in salesmanship, just to relieve the monotony of a time when the wealthiest and oldest customers of the house were not buying pianos for their newly married daughters.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'that is a wonderful instrument for the money; but the one for ten hundred and fifty dollars has it beaten by five hundred when it comes to quality. That is the instrument which has the real value for those who can appreciate it.'

"When the salesman rose from that piano, after playing Paderewski's greatest composition, the customer stared silently at the piano for a moment, then drew a roll of greenbacks from his pocket, stripped off ten hundred-dollar bills and a fifty, and handed them to the astonished salesman without a word. In the talk that followed it was learned that the strange customer was an expert in the great Gary Steel Mill and that he had a daughter who showed uncommon musical promise. The name he left with the shipping address indicated that he is a fellow countryman of Paderewski. A wageworker who will blow more than a thousand dollars for a piano is certainly some spender!

"Perhaps this experience impressed me especially from the fact that personally I'm paring down expenses with a sharp knife. I've not only operated on the major part of our household budget but I've gone clean through to the smaller things. For example, the other day, when rain was threatened, I was told that the one decent umbrella in the house had been lent to a guest and not returned. Instead of buying a new umbrella, I made a search of the house and dug out of hiding nine umbrellas in various stages of disability. Then I turned tinker and from remnants of those nine I resurrected five good respectable umbrellas, good for a year or two of active service."

Spenders and Savers Side by Side

"I'M NOT buying any new shoes, hats or clothes this year, and I've almost fogotten what the inside of a theater looks like. I'd like a new piano; and, of course, I could have one at the manufacturer's price. But here comes a mill hand who puts down a thousand and fifty dollars for an instrument that is good enough for any home on the Lake Shore Drive! I'm glad we could make that sale; but when it comes to the matter of thrift among the workers in the steel mills I'm unconvinced."

The weak link in this chain of logic, however, is a failure to consider that the expenditure for the piano represented less than two months' wages of the steelworker and that there is every likelihood that this laborer has a fat savings account, a nice little stack of Liberty Bonds, and perhaps a house and lot—not to speak of a flat-building—back of the piano. In the small farmhouses of this country are hundreds of thousands of pianos. How many of them have been paid for with only two months' profits from the farm?

The typical thrift exploit of the steelworker, however, is the story of home buying and home building. Hundreds of examples might be cited. The setting of the first act of these inspiring domestic dramas is almost invariably a shack that would shame a river-bottom squatter or a mountain moonshiner; the second act is staged in a four-room frame or brick cottage on the rear of a sand lot; and the third is set in the magnificence of a modern apartment building, with a wide sleeping porch, a cushioned swing, electric lights and the latest plumbing.

In some cases the transition is made more abrupt by cutting out the second act and moving from the scrap-lumber shack into the brick apartment building. There are hundreds of instances of this sort in Gary; and their number would have been multiplied if war building restrictions had not curtailed and finally suppressed nearly all speculative operation in the building of ready-made homes by

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WHITE OWL
Invincible Shape
8c
OWL
Square-end
7c
WHITE OWL
Banded for your protection
Branded
Christmas 1918
OVER two million Yanks will celebrate the day in France and another one million-plus in the camps at home.
A military Christmas, yes, perhaps it is—yet one that brings a sense of purpose and accomplishment such as America has never felt before.
A soldier's Christmas of service! A parents' and wives' Christmas of service, too! A children's Christmas—above all—a Christmas that marks the noble sacrifice of men and women of today to protect the heritage of the men and women of tomorrow!
• • •
There is still time to send to your dependable boy in American Training Camps a box of OWL or WHITE OWL Cigars. It is a gift which is greatly appreciated.
DEALERS
If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us
GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc.
119 W. 40th Street
New York City
OWL 7c
white OWL 8c
TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

(Continued from Page 24)

enterprising real-estate men. Here is one of this brand of thrift dramas that is thoroughly typical of hundreds of others:

In 1910 a Russian peasant, with his wife and two children, landed in Gary and went into a shack that had been located for him by a friend already on the ground. Though he had inherited an eight-acre farm, he was obliged to give it to his brother for the reason that he could not sell it. His funds were barely enough to land him on the job, which paid him thirty-five cents an hour. The next year he left the construction gang and went into the sheet mill as a common laborer. He was willing to make a sacrifice in order to learn a trade. In this period of his experience his wages averaged about fifty dollars a month.

His next advance was to the big mill, where he started at sixteen cents an hour. At the end of a year he was raised to eighteen cents.

His family increased quite as rapidly as his wages; but he stuck to the shack and contrived to save something from his pay each month from the time when it was raised to eighteen cents an hour.

About fifteen months ago he had reached the dignity of a machine operator in the open-hearth department of the mill and his pay averaged one hundred and forty dollars a month. In February of 1918 he bought a two-flat building in one of the best foreign parts of the town at a cost of three thousand eight hundred and eighty dollars. Though he had then saved eight hundred dollars, he explained to the real-estate dealer that he did not wish to pay down more than five hundred, because he wished to use the remainder of his savings to "fix up home nice for wife and babies."

Russians Who Know How to Manage

IN SHORT, he proposed to improve his scale of living to fit his new surroundings; and this he has done quite consistently. The squalid meagerness of his shack days seems to be only a memory despite the fact that he still owes about twenty-five hundred dollars on his home. In addition to paying thirteen hundred and eighty dollars on his place he has contributed to the Red Cross and has two hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds, with a cash fund of three hundred dollars held as a reserve against bad luck.

As he has buried one child this year and his wife has been through a serious surgical operation, he seems to have had his share of misfortune. But bad luck will have to hit him hard and quickly if he is to be prevented from paying for his new home; for he is now receiving an average wage of two hundred and sixty dollars a month, with a net rental from his upper flat of twenty-five. His family now numbers seven, and the progress of his children in school is as keen a concern of this transplanted peasant as is the lifting of the little mortgage.

Another Russian furnishes an example of a common variation from this abrupt transition from shack to apartment. Just before the outbreak of the war he was receiving about one dollar and a half a day and living in shanty barracks along with a score of his fellows. His impulse for thrift began with the first glimpse of a family budget; for he married first and began to economize afterward. When he had saved four hundred dollars he bought a sixteen-hundred-dollar house and left the shack life of his honeymoon behind

His agreement was to pay twenty-five dollars a month on his place; but he played the home-budget game so well that he was soon able to increase and even double his payments.

Then came several wage increases, which helped wonderfully. His pay check was close to seventy-five dollars a fortnight. Before making the final payment which gave him a clear title to his home, this young man from Russia had become saturated with the idea that the way to keep one's money was to be paying out on something worth owning. Again, he had absorbed enough of the American spirit to feel that better wages should mean better living conditions

Therefore, he had no sooner made his final payment on his place than he made credit arrangements for funds with which to remodel his house

This was done thoroughly, and when he faced his bills for electrical and other fixtures they presented a rather formidable total; but he only grinned and went at the budget game with greater zest than ever

To-day his improvements are not only paid for but he has considerably more than one thousand dollars in bank, Liberty Bonds to the amount of five hundred dollars and also three children

Though it would be idle to contend that the alien does not, as one Gary pioneer expresses it, "put it all over the American when it comes to applying the cold-pack process to canning money," it would be an unwarranted conclusion to assume that every dyed-in-the-wool Yank has been allowing his war wages to run through his fingers like water The thrifty Russian whose story has just been told has to pass each day at the Ætna Powder Plant a sergeant of the guard, who is American to the bone, but still some little thrifter in a modest way. He will probably never see sixty again.

When he and his wife came from downstate, about nine or ten years ago, he worked at a common laborer's wage. They soon bought a cottage and made a small initial payment. To get it clear in the shortest time possible was their consuming ambition; so they lived in one room and rented all the others. A year later they sold this place at an advance, bought a lot in a better location, and put up a good building, living in the basement and filling the remainder of the structure with roomers. Then the adjoining lot was bought and another brick house built. On renting the one in which they had been living for fifty dollars a month, this frugal middle-aged American moved into the new house and lived more comfortably than before.

He still stuck to his job and his wife continued to keep roomers of the better class.

In 1915 he bought more ground, fronting on a popular street, and put up a substantial two-family house, which he sold a little later at a good profit. This year he has built two houses in a town near the powder works, from which he gets a good rental; for the housing problem is acute in the steel and powder districts. A close friend of this thrifty American sizes up his situation in these words:

"I'm not his auditor, but he's worth more than fifteen thousand in the clear and has a property income that is mighty respectable. What's more his holdings are increasing in value every month. If he hangs on to 'em he'll be rich. And he'll keep his grip on his property, all right, just as he has on a good job and a paying line of roomers. He earns at least one hundred and forty dollars a month and his wife has an income of one hundred dollars a month from the roomers. They could both quit now and live on what their property brings in. But this is their harvest! Besides, his work isn't hard and his wife enjoys looking after the roomers in a motherly way. When you hit a regular American who is a natural saver he can hold his end with the alien—and live a lot better than they while he's doing it."

Some of the star savers in this strange Indiana steel town are women—and they rank among its shrewdest investors too. Possibly a certain Austrian woman is without a peer in this class. A few weeks after she had bargained for a lot, on which she had paid two hundred and fifty dollars, she returned to the real-estate dealer and declared that the price of the lot was too high. Instantly he took two hundred and fifty dollars and her contract from his desk and handed them to her. As quickly she exclaimed, in her own tongue: "You're too willing!"—and went out.

The frame house she built stood on stilts; but this did not prevent her from filling it with profitable boarders. She was a shining success as a housemother and in a few years was able to build a two-story brick building, which returns a net rental of five thousand dollars a year.

From time to time she has bought other lots from her savings until now she is receiving six thousand dollars a year, net income, from her property. She has a son in Uncle Sam's Army, a daughter who has received a good education, and has thirteen hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds.

Thrifty Croats and Saving Serbs

FEW nationalities can outdistance the Croats as home builders. They are natural thrifters, but seem to demand a home as a basis of operations. Here is an example of how the people of this Balkan race save and build:

Among the shacks that were built upon the sands of the company tract in 1907 was one which housed a Croat and his family. As an example of packing-box architecture it was a thing to delight a drunken Cubist; but its occupants called it home while they were getting a toehold in the New World. Its builder started with a wage of one dollar and seventy-five cents a day, which was almost unbounded wealth from his viewpoint. He had not passed many pay days when he asserted his national trait and bargained with Tom Knotts, Gary's first mayor, for a lot.

Even in those early days in the steel town you couldn't buy much of a sand patch for six hundred dollars, which is what this lot cost the ambitious Croat He lived on the tail of his pay check and applied the body of it to the lot, with the result that he paid out almost before Mr. Knotts realized that he had really started.

His next move was to finance the building of a two-story building of four flats. His wages improved a bit and he had his building clear of debt in an astonishingly short time Apparently he had found the pastime which exactly suited his disposition, and that was the game of paying out. So he bought the lot next to the one on which he had built and repeated the digging-out process.

On this, by again using his credit, he put a four-apartment brick building. This gave him a rental income of a hundred and fifty dollars a month, with no coal to buy for his tenants. But his little private landscape had one defect—there was unoccupied space on the back of these lots. He decided that ground should yield something more profitable than sand burs. Therefore, he put up a two-flat building which increased his rent roll by fifty dollars. Though he is now worth at least twenty thousand dollars in the clear, he is still at his job in the steel mill, one which now brings him about six and a half dollars a day.

The attitude of the Serbians toward the war is well typified by the action of a laborer who draws the minimum wage paid to men at the mills, and who is paying out on a lot. When the Fourth Liberty Loan drive was on he came forward voluntarily and paid cash for a fifty-dollar bond. Then, through an interpreter, he anxiously asked whether he might have seven buttons for his seven children. When the buttons were placed in his hands his swarthy face lighted with joy. Quickly pinning a button on his coat he threw out his chest proudly and exclaimed: "Kids, this way!" And then he marched away, tapping the emblem of patriotic investment.

In the matter of systematic saving it is difficult to outdistance a Serbian who really strikes his stride. One of them, who has a wife and two children, has put away seven hundred and forty dollars in a savings account in seven months besides buying three hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and contributing to the Red Cross. His wage is a hundred and sixty dollars a month, and his wife and babies are kept in a degree of comfort that seems like opulence to them. The baby carriage he pushes on Sundays would be an object of envy to the average bank clerk with a young family.

One feature of the savings-account situation in all industrial communities that, like Gary, have a large population of enemy aliens is little understood and appreciated. This is the almost universal belief among those who come under this technical classification that the Alien Enemy Property Custodian is waiting to pounce upon any money they may deposit in a bank in the form of a savings account. Only the most patient and persistent education by word of mouth has been able in any measure to overcome this wholly mistaken and erroneous notion.

Theoretical Enemies and Practical Friends

AS A RULE, it requires the missionary work of an educated man of their own race to make any headway against this ill-founded fear, which is so general among Austrians, Hungarians and Bulgarians that it would easily appear to be the result of a systematic propaganda. As a result of this, there has been a steady flood of wage money flowing back to relatives in those countries. Another cause which has contributed to this flood of Europe-bound foreign exchange is the fact that workers of these races are accustomed to deposit in government-owned banks or, at least, they are educated in the belief that only banks of the Government are safely to be intrusted with savings.

Oddly enough, steelworkers classed as enemy aliens have been, as a rule, eager buyers of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and as Red Cross contributors they stand in the front rank. Russians are ready depositors in savings banks and apparently have more faith in a pass book as a symbol of property than in a greenback. This arises from the fact that the sensational decline in the value of the Russian ruble has gone far toward shattering their faith in money. However, Gary banks seem to be doing fairly well in educating the polyglot public of toilers to put their money into savings accounts; for, with a population of less than seventy thousand, they have a little more than thirty-five thousand savings accounts.

If the money in hiding in the Steel City of the Dunes could be brought out from under cover there is little doubt that it would be able to break all savings records. True, the Liberty Loan drives have exerted a powerful pressure in forcing this hidden money to the surface.

For example, when a gang of mill hands were called upon for subscriptions one enemy alien was asked whether he would take a Liberty Bond. The captain of the drive was astounded when the man promptly answered: "Two t'ousan'!" Asked what arrangements he wished to make about "pay out," he rather contemptuously replied that he would bring the money in the morning. A few minutes later he asked the foreman for permission to go home.

"All right!" laughed the foreman. "I understand. You think you'd better dig up that money now while the digging's good. But, just to be safe, I'm going to send Mike along with you."

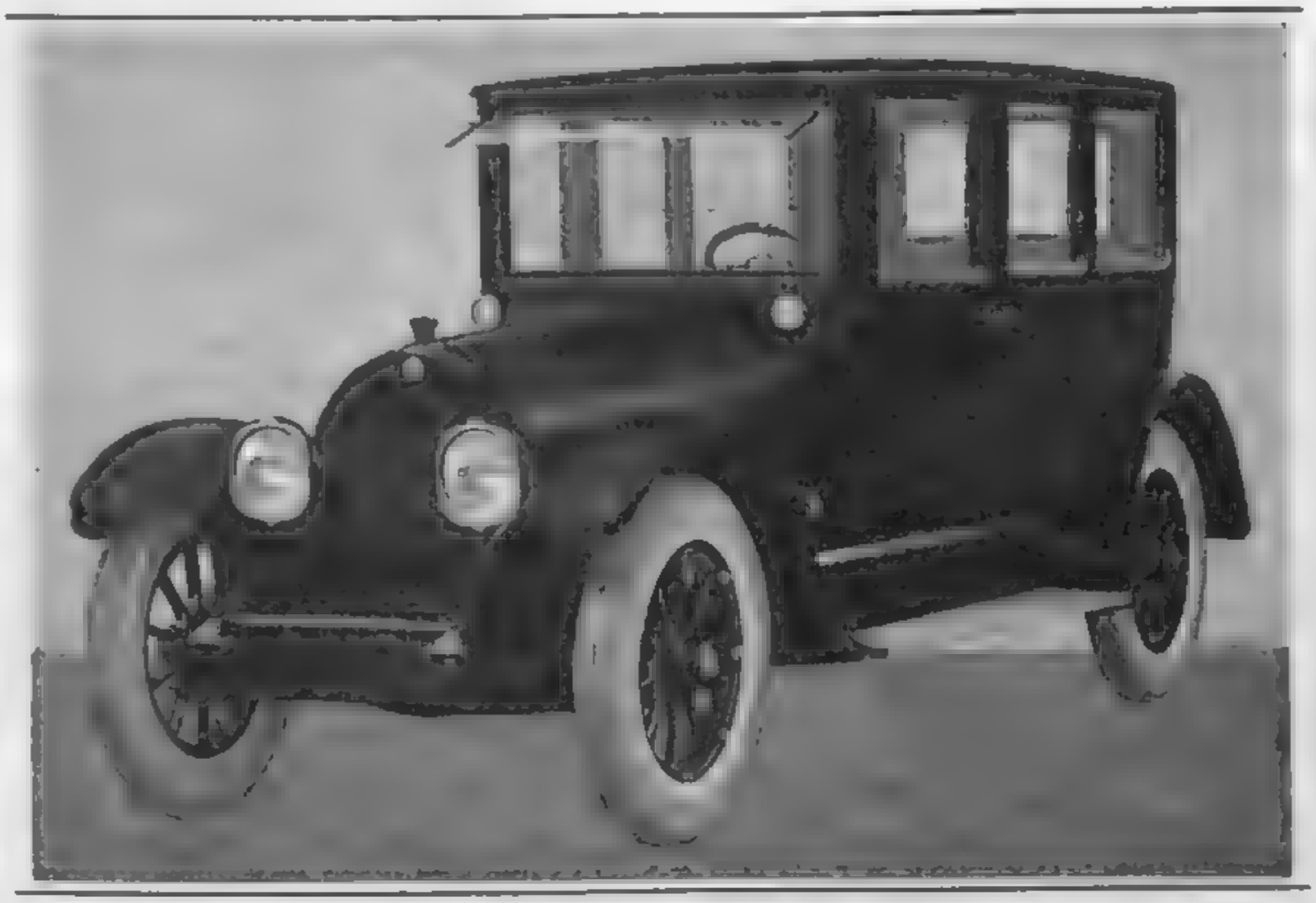
When they returned Mike explained that they had pried up a floor board of the shack and literally dug up a buried coffee can which contained the two thousand and a few odd dollars—the balance being deposited in a savings account on the way back to the mill.

"I told John," explained Mike, "that he'd better let the gang who heard him make his break about getting the cash see that he had a pass book."

When a certain Italian, with brothers and cousins in the Army of the Piave, was asked to take a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond, he laughed, delighted, tossed his hands in a gesture of contempt, and exclaimed:

"Hun'd dol'? Oh, hell! Two t'ousan'! I make heem on spot!"

(Continued on Page 29



THE eagerness, everywhere, to secure the few Cadillacs being built, is not solely due to their scarcity.

There is also a growing consciousness of the hardiness of the Cadillac and its consequent economy.

War has bred in America, a sober habit of buying things which endure.

In that respect, of course, the Cadillac—with its standardized construction—is unique.

This has been splendidly shown, on an extended and dramatic scale, in the terrific wear and tear of war-service on the French front.

And here at home, it is proving one of those essential and reliable agencies of transportation which Americans have learned to appreciate so keenly.

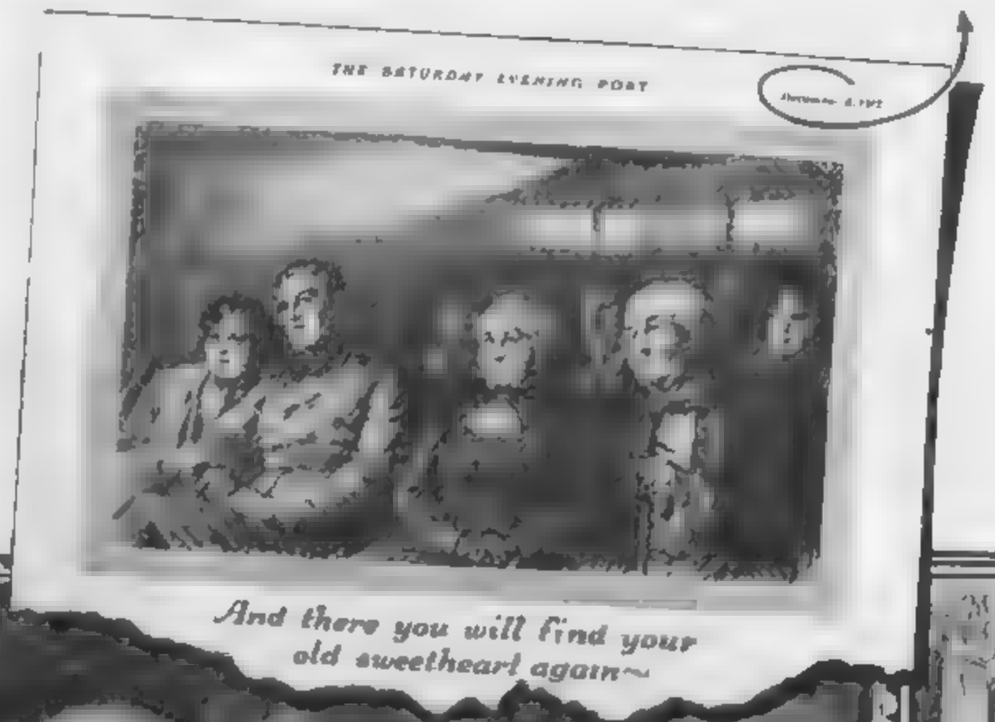
They have always valued the Cadillac as a magnificently smooth and steady piece of motive-power.

Now, with a newly-awakened sense of conserving their resources, they look upon it likewise as a prudent investment of uncommon value.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY - DETROIT, MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Last December and this



And there you will find your old sweetheart again~

He's over there now!

And soon will be on his way back, victorious!

LAST December you could pick *him* out, and a million like him, in thousands of theatres, enjoying the great motion pictures distributed by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, *Paramount* and *Artcraft*.

You saw him with his sweetheart, with his folks.

But the twelve terrible and magnificent months since then have not been desolate for those he left behind, or for him either.

Why?

Look at their faces! Talk about morale! And the same Paramount and Artcraft Pictures that they have seen over here *he has seen "over there,"* right within earshot of the thunder of the guns.

The motion picture screen has become one of the greatest factors in the fight for democracy. It entertains, it educates, it makes life a richer thing for all of us.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are the finest examples of screen art. They have risen to mountainous popularity in war-time.

In peace, they are the chosen entertainment of fifty million Americans.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

The following new pictures, listed in order of their release, will be shown in December. Watch your local newspaper for dates at your theatre. Save the list.

Artcraft

Elsie Ferguson *in*
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"

Douglas Fairbanks *in* "ARIZONA"

D. W. Griffith's Production
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"

Wm. S. Hart *in*
"BRANDING BROADWAY"*

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"THE SQUAW MAN"

Paramount and Artcraft Special

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"SPORTING LIFE"

Paramount

Enid Bennett *in*
"FUSS AND FEATHERS"*

Wallace Reid *in*
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"

Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex *in*
"GOOD BYE BILL"
(A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production)

Charles Ray *in* "STRING BEANS"*

Ethel Clayton *in*
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"

Dorothy Dalton *in* "QUICKSAND"*

Marguerite Clark *in*
THREE MEN AND A GIRL"

Dorothy Gish *in* "THE HOPE CHEST"

Bryant Washburn *in*
"THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID"

*Supervised by Thos. H. Ince

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you have seen and liked is a good one to see again.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Continued from Page 26)

Instantly a belt was drawn from under his clothing and the two thousand was placed in the hands of his boss, who laughingly asked:

"Tony, where's the stiletto that goes with the belt?"

And the laughing Italian knowingly tapped the region of his outer belt and remarked:

"You bet! I keep heem here. No mak' monkey biz with Tony."

A few weeks ago a Gary business man went to his safe-deposit drawer to get a legal document. As he was looking for the paper an alien mill hand stepped to a neighboring drawer, pulled it out, and threw back the lid.

"I couldn't help seeing that the drawer was literally jammed full of currency," said the business man; "and the bills on top were not ones or fives either. Evidently the Hunkie had just cashed his pay check, for he drew a roll from his pocket, stripped a twenty from the outside, and crammed the balance into the drawer—and it took quite a bit of manipulation to make room for it too!

"Just then another mill hand entered, and I confess I fussed longer than was necessary with my papers to see whether he also would hand me a surprise. His box was close to mine and it was packed almost as full of bills as the other. The keeper of the deposit boxes told me that what I had seen was the rule rather than the exception. Being in the real-estate business, it didn't take me long to figure that when the lid is lifted from home-building business there's going to be something doing in real estate and in building here in Gary!"

Keep It on the Move

"Of course it has been possible to do a little in that line all the time, but there has been so much restriction and red tape that building has been slowed down to a crawl. The big companies have been able to do something as a straight housing proposition, but the restrictions have made the private individual, and especially the foreigner, timid about trying to build. But when the ban is lifted I can see those bulging safe-deposit boxes being emptied into brand-new homes. The foreigners who hide their money in tomato cans and safe-deposit boxes have no hesitation about investing in homes. I can see a building boom coming—as big as a Liberty Loan drive."

When I detailed this money-hoarding situation to Mr. Franklin Hobbs, one of the ablest analytical statisticians in America, he made the illuminating reply that if every person in the country were to carry a twenty-dollar bill about with him for a month, or withhold it from circulation in any other manner, not only would the business of the Government be completely paralyzed but that of the commercial and industrial enterprises of the country as well.

"I am credited publicly," added Mr. Hobbs, "with the statement that every dollar in circulation in the United States must actually be spent and change hands one hundred times every year—which is virtually twice every week—in order to maintain the business health of the country at normal. The hoarding of money at this time is one of the most unpatriotic acts of which a man can be guilty—without any intention of being unpatriotic. It is a matter of service to the common good to discourage such hoarding as you have described by every possible means.

"Personally I appreciate this necessity of keeping money in circulation so keenly that I make it a rule not to carry more than five dollars in currency with me unless I know that my immediate wants will require more than that. Right now the money supply of this country is the greatest in its history. On October first it totaled $5,721,000,000, which is $53.82 a head. We must keep this money at work.

"Slacker money is like slacker men—a national burden. To force money into a state of slackerhood by sidetracking it into safe-deposit vaults and coffee cans is an economic crime."

Talks with many bankers who have demonstrated more than ordinary visions carry the conviction that one of the big jobs cut out for the banker by present conditions is that of charming the scared money out of its holes and hiding places into savings accounts, where it can be made to do its share of general circulation work.

But to return to the problems of the individual thrifters and their racial traits and eccentricities as savers and spenders:

If you want a hard job try to keep a husky Hungarian who lives in a bone-dry state from getting ahead. The true Magyar is a man of pep and he puts a regular Kossuth kick into his economy. He works as hard as he saves. Something is bound to give way when he sets himself to any task, whether shoveling coal or saving American dollars. And he has such an itching for doing business on his own hook that he seldom sticks to a pay-roll job after he has money enough to make a start in trade. Before the historic liquor drought hit Indiana the saloons of Gary were largely in the hands of Hungarians. Now they own butcher shops, stores, and other business enterprises galore, and make them pay.

A representative Hungarian adventure in thrift is the following experience of a Magyar who is now between forty and fifty years old. In his native Hungary he was a farm hand. Rumors of the golden opportunities open in Gary reached him through relatives and he threw aside his wooden pitchfork and made the long ambitious journey. In 1909 he found himself earning a wage of almost two dollars a day—which was about all he would then have received in cash for a month's toil on the farm at home.

Instead of seeing how much American liquor he could consume, he determined to have the full fruits of his long journey and his wonderful opportunity. So he lived on the small end of his pay check and put the even money into a lot, on which he built a four-room boxlike affair that looked a little more respectable than a shack, but lacked the dignity of a cottage. When this was paid for, at twenty-five dollars a month, he moved it to the back of his lot and put another four-room box on top of it. This he rented.

Then on the front of the lot he put a two-story brick building and opened a butcher shop. This was about five years ago. His meat market, with groceries as a side line, is not much to look at, but it does a bustling business with Little Hungary. Its mainspring is a seventeen-year-old daughter, who handles its finances and even drives the delivery wagon when necessary. Incidentally she is training her younger sister in the mysteries of bookkeeping.

Poles Who Get Ahead

A little while ago the father bought a corner lot, one hundred and twenty by ninety feet, and put up a one-story brick building. To-day he is worth at least sixteen thousand dollars, and has about seven thousand yet to pay out. Until that is accomplished he will continue to live in the square cottage shack in the rear of his shop. It is quite possible that, with two children helping in the store, he may hasten his possession of a clear title to his latest property by going back into the mill for the time being and getting his share of the bloated pay checks of the war period.

Another Hungarian came to Gary in 1912 and went into the steel mill at two dollars and eighty cents a day, living in a shack the ground rent of which cost two dollars a year. He did not share the fear of the Enemy Alien Property Custodian common to his compatriots; so he promptly started a savings account and made the acquaintance of a banker who spoke his tongue. By midsummer he was able to make a substantial payment on a lot.

Then he borrowed a thousand dollars and put up a house. In nine months he had paid that debt, and promptly built another house—this time a better one. Then he took on a much more ambitious task—the building of a six-flat brick apartment house costing a little better than sixteen thousand dollars. To-day this Hungarian, who is barely forty years old, lacks only forty-five hundred dollars of having his property clear, and has Liberty Bonds to the value of about eight hundred dollars.

The Polish mill hand makes the Magyar hustle to hold his own in the thrift contest. One Pole, who is more than sixty years old, furnishes a practical illustration of the fact that one may make a fair showing in the matter of getting ahead though he has passed the season of youth.

This quiet plodder came to Gary in 1906 and began at a laborer's wage that now seems microscopic.

After taking temporary shelter in a typical shack he bought a lot on a payment of twenty-five dollars. On this he built a shack of real lumber. On the front of his lot he has put a building worth twenty thousand dollars, and the extent of his indebtedness is said by those who know his circumstances to be about five thousand dollars. Like all other Poles, he has some Liberty Bonds—from four hundred to six hundred dollars' worth—and has given generously to the Red Cross and the Polish Relief funds.

The roll call of representatives of the Balkan countries would be incomplete without the name of Rumania. Though Rumanians may have the reputation of being born wanderers, they have certainly made records as stayers in the Steel City on Lake Michigan. Here is a representative experience of an alien from the traditional home of the gypsy. A few years before the war a Rumanian earning one dollar and seventy-five cents a day bought a cheap lot in the woods and built a little frame house at a cost of four hundred dollars.

When he had paid out on this he acquired an adjacent lot, on which he put a modern flat-building at an expense of ten thousand dollars. Next he build a business structure costing four thousand dollars. The lots on which these buildings stand cost eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Then, on the rear of these lots, and fronting on another street, he put up a two-story four-room apartment building. His net rental income is now at least two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Patriotic Greeks

About eighteen months ago he became ill and concluded that his health demanded retirement from the steel mill. Having been a farmer in Rumania, he bought a farm of one hundred and sixty acres costing twenty-six thousand dollars. The mortgage on this is not big enough to give him any great anxiety. The chances are that he will pay for the farm before all of the boys come back from the war.

In fourteen months another Rumanian steelworker has paid more than sixteen hundred dollars on a four-thousand-dollar home; and he feels that he hasn't had a fair show, because the shortage of materials in the tin mill has kept him on about half time.

Gary enjoys the unique distinction of having a Greek who has executed a will making Uncle Sam his legal heir. And this would not be an empty honor for the land of his adoption, either, if this son of the Ancient Republic were to pass his affairs into the hands of an executor. This new citizen is as full of patriotism as Greece is of historic ruins, and he feels that he doesn't know of anybody better entitled to his property than Uncle Sam, to whom he owes a new realization of liberty and opportunity.

This ardent patriot's savings account has long since reached the dignity of four figures. The fact that its owner has no family to save for, however, doesn't hinder him from being a most energetic thrifter. The month in which his savings account is not increased by at least a hundred dollars is considered a failure.

Another Greek, having a wife and three children, and earning about a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, has banked nearly seven hundred in six months, besides buying Liberty Bonds to the extent of several hundred dollars and helping out measures of war support.

Passing a flat-building from which floated the largest flag I had seen in the steel town's residence section, I remarked that a regular home-grown American must live there.

"Guess again!" returned my guide. "That belongs to a Persian, and that flag stands for his hatred of the Turk as much as for his love of America. Until a short time ago this Persian lived in a dilapidated shack. Then he bought this four-flat building for eighty-three hundred dollars. Already he has reduced his debt by twenty-four hundred; and, with his promotion in the mills from bricklayer to open-hearth worker, he'll eat up that mortgage in short order. His earnings are about two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month now, and his net rental income—which means rents without any bills for heating—is a hundred and fifty dollars. Has he any bonds? You bet he has!

"Every Persian here is backing the Allies to the limit. The Turks have given the relatives of some of our best Persians a taste of some rank atrocities, and so about twenty-five Persian boys have gone into the Army from here. Had a hard time getting in—those who were not naturalized; but you couldn't keep them out. All Persians here are either bricklayers or interior decorators; and when the home-building boom opens here, after the restrictions are removed, these Persians are going to get their share of the money that's now resting in safe-deposit boxes and tin cans."

A remark to a steelworker that the African seemed to be about the only breed of mill hand who lived on the theory that money would spoil if kept longer than a week met with this reply:

"Don't you fool yourself! It's true that the negro is the grocer's delight and the pet of the butcher shop—not to speak of being the unfailing joy of the clothier and the dry-goods merchant; but some of these colored boys are getting mighty wise.

"I had my eyes opened the other day when the Liberty Bond captain was going through our shop. Some time ago the head of our gang had dropped the remark that a negro had less sense about money than any of the thirty-two races represented on the pay roll. A black boy in our crew had overheard this backhanded compliment.

"Well, when they called for bond subscriptions Rastus—which is not his real name—rolled his eyes and asked: 'Whut de boss done take?' When told that the white man to whom he referred had subscribed for two hundred-dollar bonds he promptly said: 'Gimme three hundred!'

"On the occasion of the next loan he repeated his question; and on being told that his superior had subscribed four hundred he responded:

"'I takes five hundred!'

"When the Fourth Liberty Loan drive reached his part of the shop Rastus came forward with the same question, and was informed that the boss had subscribed five hundred dollars.

"'Gimme six hundred!' exclaimed the negro. 'I done show dat white man whut he don't know 'bout niggers!'"

In one Gary bank are more than seventy-five savings accounts that bear testimony to the increasing thrift of the Negro race. On the other hand, it is true that the typical negro is the gayest spender in Gary—with the exception of the young white American who has an ambition to make a record as a leader of the fast set and pass into history as the star cut-up of the Steel City in the days of its wartime glory.

But the youth who nourishes this ambition is working under severe handicaps since Indiana was lifted bodily upon the water wagon. Experts admit that it takes the pep out of the pay-day spree when the celebrant has to go to the big city for his high jinks and is thereby defrauded of the privilege of showing the home folks how fast he can step.

Eighty Per Cent are Savers

The amount of malice aforethought required for this kind of orgy is declared by the remnants of the Steel City fast set to rob the festivities of much of their spontaneity and charm. Consequently a cloud of discouragement has settled down upon the ambitiously gay young sports of Gary and many of them have morosely settled down to the tame expedient of saving.

They lose no chance, however, of reminding the visiting stranger of the days of Gary's former glory, when the keeper of a fairly popular saloon was obliged to visit the bank four times each pay day and get twenty thousand dollars in currency at a clip in order to take care of the pay checks that came over the bar.

According to an observant banker at least eighty per cent of Gary's workers are systematic savers after one fashion or another, but he admits that too many of these have not yet been educated to the good sense of using the local savings bank as a depository instead of a tomato can, a safe-deposit box or a bank back in the old country.

This authority declares that the only class of workers who are immune to the practice of systematic thrift are the girls and younger women in the mills and offices.

When it is considered that the average earning of the Gary mill hand—including the cheapest girl or water boy and stopping at the man whose duties are supervisory instead of manual—is now probably not far from six dollars and a half a day, it is not difficult to realize that, with liquor expenditures eliminated, a high average thrift showing is easily possible, along with no small degree of freedom in buying.

One member in a family is not enough

EVERY man and woman in the country, not in khaki or navy blue, should answer "present" to the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call the week of December 16–23.

A message of good cheer will be sent overseas this coming Christmas Eve, to hearten our fighting boys and our Allies.

That message must be complete—there must be no room for doubt that we stand behind them—it must bear the word that there is *Universal Membership* in the Red Cross—*their Red Cross.*

Let us make our second Christmas at war a Red Cross Christmas—with full membership in every American home.

All you need is a Heart and a Dollar

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

December 16–23

Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

So far as the rank and file of the workers is concerned, no kill-joy has yet been able to make a dent in their complacence by introducing the topic of "the jolt after the war." The grin with which this suggestion is greeted is eloquent with this sentiment:

"We should worry! Our belts, coffee cans, safe-deposit drawers and pass books are stuffed with more money than we ever saw before; and our homes are stocked with more and better food, clothing, furniture, bedding and luxuries than all our forefathers together ever owned. Besides, the world isn't going to stop using steel and peace isn't going to set the brakes on the wheels of progress—not in America!"

This is the typical attitude of the worker. The professional pessimist and agitator occasionally makes a valiant effort to get a hearing; but he has about as hard a time of it as does the village cut-up who yearns for the good old times when he could impress the natives with real pay-day exuberance drawn from a home bar. The audience isn't interested. Bank accounts, fat rolls, houses, flats and Liberty Bonds have dulled the ears of the mill hand to this stale brand of eloquence.

The feeling among the executives of the steel interests is undeniably one of confidence that peace is not going to give the industry any jolt which it will be unable to survive.

Perhaps the sentiment these cautious and uncommunicative men are unable wholly to conceal is that any country which can absorb all the recent revolutionary and unprecedented conditions and meet all the emergencies that have been met since Uncle Sam took his place among the fighters at the European Front is entirely able to take care of any trouble a world peace may bring; and do it without throwing any of the industrial or economic machinery out of gear too.

In all the annals of wartime spending that a considerable research in this interesting field has brought to the surface I have found no incident more typical of the influence that has brought a new and energetic generation of spenders to the front than the following. It is an experience which has hundreds of parallels in every town and city that has had a taste of the sweets of new war money:

Last summer, when the mercury was hugging the hundred mark, a certain Chicago husband, supposed to be absorbed in his evening paper, heard his wife exchanging confidences with her closest woman friend.

Days of Easy Money

"I'm simply crazy about silk underwear," she declared. "It's my definition of real honest-to-goodness luxury. If we ever get rich I'm going to celebrate by buying an outfit that will have a rustle in every square inch of it. When I hear anyone talk about having things 'soft,' that's what comes to my mind—first thing!"

When the caller had gone the husband remarked:

"Honey, do you know to-morrow's going to be a-big day in your calendar? Well, it is! You're going to go down to the big store and move up into the silk-underwear set. Last year I cleaned up a little better than three thousand dollars, but I didn't make any noise about it or boost our scale of living to any great extent, because it looked to me as if there were big opportunities just ahead, and in order to cash in on them I'd need all the money I could scrape together.

"It was a good guess. I got a war contract for making a simple little trick that Uncle Sam needs by the million and that few people think of as having any connection with the war. I've made a killing beyond anything I really expected. It's only summer now; but so far this year I have cleaned up better than twenty thousand dollars net; and the going is getting better every day.

"So the lid's off and you're under orders to come home to-morrow with an outfit of silkies that are just a little beyond anything you've ever dreamed about. The lid is off; but if I find you've blown less than three hundred for that line of fluffy ruffles I'm going to make you go without a certain set of furs I've been looking at."

This wife accepted his orders literally and returned on the following day with a line of lingerie that some of her new-money friends are now trying to outclass. One of these is the wife of a cartridge-clip manufacturer, who before the war had a little shop that yielded them only a modest living. But a contract for three million of these little brass clips has turned the shop into quite a respectable gold mine and the wife into a shopper whose welcome at the stores is of a warmth not exceeded by that given to the wives of millionaires whose names have long shed luster on the charge ledgers of the most exclusive merchants.

The only reasons why the cartridge-clip king and his wife are not riding in the latest model high-powered car is that public sentiment frowns upon expensive new cars and the local dealer from whom this car is to be had has now a waiting list that he will do well to fill in seven months after the factory has resumed pleasure-car production. But those who have new money burning in their palms are able to find plenty of openings for expenditures that are not in the deferred list, and they are making the most of their opportunities.

Merchants everywhere are giving the glad hand to strangers who have been swept upward from a lower trading level on the flood tide of war industry. If it were not for the new faces at the counters and the new money they bring, merchants and shopkeepers would, they freely confess, be in hard lines to-day; for the man of established position, well seasoned in luxury, has turned economist with a will and is reducing economy to a system.

About the same instant, not long since, two men entered a haberdasher's shop in Detroit. One was a workman from a shop now making airplanes; the other was a professional man who has, for several years, enjoyed an income of about twenty thousand dollars. The workman had never before earned half his present wage.

Two Deals in Shirts

The professional man has a beautiful suburban home near a large city and a farm of a hundred and sixty acres. Until the United States took a hand in the big job of cleaning up autocracy his farm had served as a plaything; and so had the yard of his suburban home. He indulged his refined horticultural tastes to the limit at both his home and his farm. An experienced gardener from Holland tended his flower beds at his residence, and an expert in rare and beautiful shrubs made the farm a show place in that specialty.

When we went into the war this man took his budget in hand and overhauled it from the viewpoint of a wide-awake patriot. The Dutch gardener was given his choice of seeking employment elsewhere or going to the farm, with the promise of being recalled to the flower beds at the close of the war. He chose the farm.

The elaborate plantation of shrubbery was sold piecemeal to parks and large private estates and the proceeds put into a herd of thoroughbred hogs. Other equally radical changes were made to transform the farm from a show garden into a food factory.

All told, this man cut his personal expenditures about five thousand dollars, and is still applying the knife; which brings us back to the moment when he entered the haberdasher's shop and asked for a make of shirt for which he had been accustomed to pay two dollars.

That a quiet Oxford-cloth shirt retailing at that price had been his limit in the good old peacetimes may be taken as an indication that this customer was not a reckless spender before he began to reduce his personal budget.

"I'll have to charge you three dollars and twenty-five cents for that shirt now, sir," said the shopkeeper.

As the man with the twenty-thousand-dollar income hesitated and made mental calculations as to whether he would raise his limit on shirts, the machinist brushed elbows with him and asked the clerk to show him some silk shirts. From the rather dazzling array placed before him the machinist hastily picked five of the most eloquent patterns and tersely asked:

"How much?"

"Sixty dollars."

Silently the workman flicked the money from his roll, tucked his silkies under his arm and hurried away, leaving the man with twenty thousand a year still undecided as to whether he should break over his limit and buy two shirts at three-twenty-five each. But as a Liberty Bond buyer he has been a plunger.

A man who confesses to having had for several years an income of twenty-five

(Concluded on Page 32)

More than Eleven Million Bottles Sold Last Year!—

Every day brings its piling-up, ever-mounting quota of new buyers from city and country—sensible men and wise women who are learning of the qualities of

"BIXBY'S JET-OIL"

SHOE POLISH

FOR ALL BLACK SHOES

This simple clean method of shining shoes is the logical method for everyone. You merely cover your shoes with "Jet-Oil," using the dauber attached to the stopper. Allow this to dry and you have the "new shoe" shine preferred by most women. Should you desire a more brilliant polish, rubbing with a brush or soft cloth will give it to you. No paste is required.

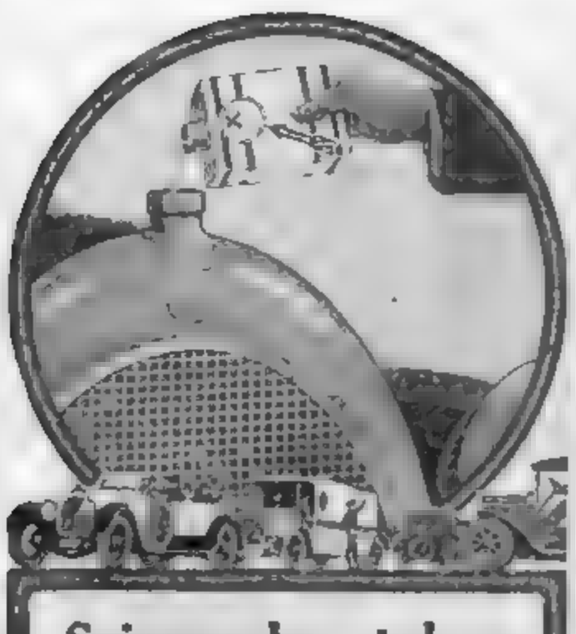
"Jet-Oil" will not crack the shoes, nor leave a gummy, sticky film that spoils the appearance and injures the leather; it is especially good for fine leather such as vici kid and kangaroo.

15c *Sold by grocers, notion stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, druggists, shoe stores and repair shops.* 15c

SHU WITE
SHOE WHITE
A CLEANER AND WHITENER FOR WHITE CANVAS, BUCK AND SUEDE SHOES. WILL NOT RUB OFF. 15¢

S.M.Bixby & Co., Mfrs.
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

DOUBLE A BROWN
FOR DARK TAN SHOES AND PUTTEES. A LIQUID POLISH REQUIRING NO PASTE.
Military Kit 50¢
Extra Bottle 25¢



Science has taken the *guesswork* out of repairing leaky radiators

WHY doesn't it occur to some car owners that "guesswork" is ancient history around a motor car?

They ought to know that soldering a leak is a risky job. The high heat of the soldering torch *weakens* the radiator. If the leaks are hard to get at they are never repaired *right*. And after laying up the car for three or four days—and paying a bill anywhere up to $25—what guarantee is there that the radiator won't leak again—soon?

In addition to the *economy* of it—an "X" Liquid repair is *quicker*, and *more scientific* than soldering. It gets to the places that solder *can't reach*. Whether there is *one* leak or a *thousand*—whether these leaks are in the radiator, pump, connections, gaskets, waterjacket, etc.—"X" Liquid makes a permanent repair in *10 minutes*.

And if "X" Liquid is left in the water it positively *prevents future leaks everywhere in the cooling system*.

Improves Engine Performance—Reduces Upkeep Costs

The same "X" Liquid left in the water after the leaks are repaired—will *loosen* the Rust and Scale already formed. "X" absorbs all the free oxygen in the water and prevents new rust from forming. It also prevents the Lime and magnesia in the water from depositing scale on the metal walls.

In this way "X" keeps the narrow water spaces free and clean. It eliminates considerable over-heating. It helps the motor work much better. It reduces the consumption of oil. And helps get more mileage from gasoline.

Use "X" Liquid *before* using an anti-freeze. The "X" seals all the small holes that are present in your cooling system—and prevents the anti-freeze from leaking away. This saves money and *protects your engine*. "X" Liquid is the only repair product that works in alcohol or other reliable anti-freeze solutions.

Not a Radiator Cement

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with radiator cements, flaxseed meals and other guesswork preparations—many of which clog the cooling system and ruin it. "X" is a scientific process for *improving* the cooling system—for making it LEAKPROOF—RUSTPROOF—SCALEPROOF—and *troubleproof*.

Large Size, $1.50
will do a $25 repair job!

Ford Size, 75c
will do a $10 repair job!

Guaranteed to make good or your money back!

At your dealer's—or we will mail direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"X" LABORATORIES
640 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

"X" LIQUID
makes all water cooling systems
LEAKPROOF-RUSTPROOF-SCALEPROOF

(Concluded from Page 30)

thousand dollars joined the Budget Carvers' Club promptly. He sold his big high-powered car and contented himself with the older and smaller car used for service purposes and bad-weather driving. His wife was undisturbed in the possession of her electric. Then he dispensed with the services of a man about the place.

Next he started on a still-hunt in the clothes closets, shoe boxes, bureaus and dressing tables. Among the spoils of this raid were sixteen pairs of shoes and almost as many suits of clothes. Most of the clothes and shoes were still capable of giving service after overhauling. He has bought only one pair of shoes and one suit of clothes since he started to pare his budget like a true patriot, and these were taken on only because he was short on those needed for a certain kind of wear.

On the theory that a hat is the most conspicuous object of a man's attire, and the one which perhaps is most subject to style changes, he has bought two a year. Ordinarily he would have taken on from four to six.

In underclothing, socks, shirts, collars and neck scarfs he dug up a supply sufficient to last for some time. His only purchases in these lines have been when away from home and short of laundry.

He cut his meat bill in half and his entertainment expenses still more deeply. To cope with the coal shortage he closed the big house for the winter and went to a relatively inexpensive place in the Far South. Only one servant is now employed in the house.

Like many men of property who have reached middle life, he has found himself the supporter of several dependents—relatives to whose comfort he is a most cheerful ministrant.

Naturally, however, it has been impossible for him to extend his economy to these families in the background. Their cost of living has increased rather than diminished, because it was always on a frugal scale. His income, unlike those of his beneficiaries, has been as visible as a smokestack against a sky line; but Uncle Sam's new income-tax appetite has certainly taken a big bite out of his current resources.

"But," he remarks, "don't imagine I have any kick on that score. I pay my income tax with more satisfaction than any other expense. It goes straight to Uncle Sam and stands as a recognition of the wonderful benefits and privileges of citizenship in the United States."

He hasn't confined his expression of appreciation for the privileges of American citizenship to paying income tax, however, for he has bought more than sixty thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds.

This man's income has not materially increased since we went into the world war; it has, in fact, remained at about the figure it held for a few years preceding that event. With the pressure of the increased cost of all living commodities, and with several new and radical calls for outgo—like increased income tax and war-support contributions of every kind—he has kept his expenses down to the customary eight thousand dollars a year, and likes the new national game of budget beating. He considers clothes with a little shine to them as a badge of honor, and regards cobbled shoes as a pledge of healthy patriotism.

A newly wed man who started housekeeping about a year ago began his experiences with a monthly budget that looked like this:

Insurance	$20.00
Table	30.00
Rent	38.50
Laundry	10.00
Phone	2.00
Savings	50.00
Entertainment	10.00
Business Expenses	17.50
Surplus for clothes and other personals	22.00
Total	$200.00

The amount of his salary was two hundred dollars a month when the budget was started.

"The only trouble we had," he confesses, "in living up to this schedule was with the two items of Surplus and Entertainment. At first, when we sat tight on one of these the other would swell; and when we shifted the weight of repression the one we'd been keeping down would get the best of us.

"This, of course, made trouble with a third—that of Savings. We had to rob that rather consistently, sometimes for only a few dollars; and occasionally we were forced to bite quite a bit out of it. But we were determined, and after a time we seemed to get the hang of the game and held it right down to the rules.

"Just as we had succeeded in doing this I had an unexpected raise of fifty dollars. I knew this was going to put us to the test and determine what kind of stuff we had in us.

"We held a solemn council of war and determined that the budget was not going to be revised, and that the raise was going to be our Liberty Bond velvet. And that's just what it has been.

"It has been an experience that will be worth thousands of dollars to us if we live to a reasonable age. For one thing, it has taught us not to be ashamed of economy. We're tight—and don't care who knows it; in fact, we're just a little proud that we can turn down the temptation to put up a front in the face of old and more prosperous friends.

"And, speaking of friends, I don't know of any test that is better calculated to determine who are one's real friends than a budget which is screwed down to the squeezing point and not loosened a single turn to save one's pride. This sort of thing is the best spine developer I've ever found. It calls for real grit at times—not to mention constant watchfulness.

"Another element that has developed is good teamwork between the two of us. I believe a home budget is one of the best home-building influences with which a married couple can start family life. Those who don't begin with a little budget in their home are surely missing something!"

THE LAND-SEEKERS

HERE is the story of a land seeker who had a little nest-egg money, which he wanted to use in buying a farm. Telling his troubles to a friend, he said:

"I went out to Dakota one winter and dang near froze to death. They told me not to mind it; I'd soon get used to it, because it was such a dry cold! Next summer I went down to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and I dang near roasted had an electric fan to keep the bed sheets from going up in flame. 'Oh, don't mind this!' they told me. 'You'll get used to this and like it—it's such a dry heat!' Then I went over into Louisiana, where they have fifty inches of rainfall, and I was dang near drowned. 'Say, don't it do nothing but just rain down here?' I asked; and they said: 'Oh, it rains a little once in a while; but you won't mind it—you never get wet in our rain!'"

There you have Secretary Lane's most serious trial in the administration of his reclamation proposition—the local hazards are waiting for the soldier, as they always have since 1492, 1783, 1815, 1848, 1865. But I fancy he will carry a loaded jeppard gun. He looks like that sort of man.

As it chances, I have traveled more or less in every state and territory of the United States, including Alaska; and I confess it has not always been possible for me to agree with local estimates as to the dryness of the cold or heat, or the wetness of the rain. I have been over thousands of acres of Michigan jack-pine lands, sold by Chicago agents to the South Chicago foreigners—land that was bought from the state for the taxes and later retailed as high as twenty dollars an acre. It may be useful some day; but failure and despair already have marked many attempts to make it go. What will local interests say to any such statement as that? It is not hard to guess.

There is good soil under the roots of a lot of slashed lands, pine or hardwood. I have, of course, seen that soil in more than one country; but, again, I have marveled at the wasted life that went into clearing some of those lands, which were underlaid with bowlders. I have marveled at the stone walls north of New York and in New England—five hundred dollars an acre they must have cost; and it makes a woodchuck hustle to keep himself alive there now on some of that land. It is a wonderful country—to photograph! But every ex-lumberman with slashed lands to sell, every real-estate agent, even the college professors, perhaps, or the immigration bureaus, or the boards of health, would promptly declare in unison that their state had been maligned if we should localize such statements.

The truth is—and why be afraid of the truth or try to blink it?—that any state has a lot of worthless lands to-day as well as a lot of good lands. The problem is to make worthless land into good land, to put the right man on the right land, and not let him waste his life and starve a good, game woman to death, and rob his country of the greatest asset it can have—an educated and taxpaying family, close to a good road into town.

But the Department of the Interior is organized for trouble. The more you study the Lane proposal to sell cheap land on easy terms to returning soldiers, the better it looks, though it surely is a man-size job. Of course we must make an end to callous profiteering in more than one commodity besides land or this country will go broke.

Our stream of money must come from somewhere. The one thing we cannot afford to do is to bilk our soldiers or waste their lives in peace. We have seen the world set back a century by war. We have no more time and no more life to be spent in failure or destruction.

There is the ring not only of a cheering altruism and optimism but also of sound, constructive statesmanship in the words Mr. Lane spoke in his San Francisco address at a time before this work was as far forward as it is to-day:

"Let me say a word to you about the time when the tumult and the shouting shall die; the time when the boys will come home, and what our duty toward them will be. You know, the problem always is, What can you do with an army when it returns? Will it take over the Government to itself? Will it wish to be master of the situation? How can it be thrown into the economic life of the nation without bringing about disaster? I think we can solve that problem easily; I think we can solve it much as we solved our problem after the Civil War, but in a new and scientific light.

"We have fifteen million acres of arid land that can be irrigated this side of the Rocky Mountains. We have fifteen millions of overflowed land in the United States that can be salvaged. We have ten million acres of cut-over land that can be made into farming land. We have water-power sites that need development. We have a great development in this country, that we have just begun to realize, because we have only taken off the cream. Why not let the returned soldier make America, and make a home for himself at the same time?

"Let us have those plans ready, so that we can say to a boy as he lands at an Atlantic port: 'Here is your opportunity to make for yourself a home; here are the plans for irrigating a great district, for reclaiming a great stretch of river land; here is your opportunity for economic independence now, for an assurance that you would not have had if you had not gone to war.' Do not treat them as if they were proper subjects of charity; treat them as men who have come home, after having saved civilization, to make a greater America."

It might cost Uncle Sam over a hundred dollars an acre to get a poor farm for a returned soldier in some parts of the arid West, or even the Middle West; the acre-cost originally is not the only factor to be considered. Last week I traveled over a county in Eastern Pennsylvania, farmed for over two hundred years; and you can buy land there, with fine barns, sheds, fences and houses on it, at a hundred dollars an acre.

The lands east of the Alleghanies will rise in value if this reclamation enterprise shall result in one more old-fashioned seething land boom, with the soldier at the Front and Uncle Sam behind him. Then will be the happy days—like unto 1886 and 1910!

Then—and Now

Civil War armies spent tedious weeks lining up their forces before big battles. They *marched*—each day plodding a few weary miles over rutty, dusty roads.

Contrast this with what happened at Saint Mihiel. It was the Yanks' first big, independent offensive. They planned a surprise attack.

Over night, 4800 motor trucks carried thousands of fresh, peppery fighting men from far in the rear to the front line trenches. They "went over" at dawn. And at once, Fritz developed a most wholesome respect for American mettle and the big, sturdy American trucks.

Motor vehicles represent one of the greatest advances since Civil War days. And because they are so vitally important, good tires—United States Tires—are more than ever worth while.

United States Tires meet alike the needs of a nation or individuals—at war or peace.

They have the wear resisting strength that means long life, greatest economy and utmost satisfaction.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Also tires for motorcycles, bicycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco'

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United States Tire Company
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MOTOR ROBE BEAUTY
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Robes
Stanford Mills
Famous since 1836—the choice today
Durable · Luxurious
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Chase Plush Robes will outwear, many times over, other woven robes remaining fast in color and intact over a long period of severe usage.
They Protect Like the Coat of Fur on Animals
Made of the choicest materials—nothing for dust or germs to adhere to—sanitary and easily cleansed. Scores of unique, wonderful patterns.
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NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO
Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847

The Campbells are Coming

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

"I SEE," I said to Bellamy, "that the riveters and the holders-on over in the shipyards on the meadows have asked for higher pay. What," I asked Bellamy, "is a holder-on?"

Bellamy is Captain Bellamy, of the Foreign Legion. For him the war was well-nigh over; he is a man with one leg, a man with frazzled nerves. He frequents the Barristers' Club, thinking and talking of one subject—men. Bellamy waxes eloquent over the importance of a man—of any man. He sees extraordinary value in a being with two arms, two legs, and some kind of a headpiece to top them off. Just now Bellamy is our one great hero at the Barristers'—he's a sort of demigod. We tell him all our troubles. We also worship at his shrine. We attribute to him all the virtues—profound knowledge with the rest.

"A holder-on," said Bellamy, probably stumped, "a holder-on ——"

He stopped. There came limping toward us a gray sort of man—gray and tired. He was immaculately clad. He had a keen and kindly eye—and a genial smile. It seemed to me that he was nearly sixty years of age.

"Oh, Campbell," sang out Bellamy, "what is a—er—holder-on?"

"What about 'em?" returned the gray man, squinting at us over his glasses. "What about 'em, now?"

"They want more pay," I told him.

The gray man nodded vigorously.

"They're entitled to it," he commented. "Don't know what raise they're asking, but it's not enough." Then he limped on into the reading room and disappeared from view.

I looked at Bellamy inquiringly. Bellamy nodded.

"David Campbell," he said.

"He's not a lawyer?" I queried.

"No," said Bellamy; "a Wall Street man. He's the kind of man that needs a club. Used to be a member of the Downtown until they dropped him."

"Dropped him?" I echoed.

"Nonpayment of dues," said Bellamy. "Discipline must be enforced."

"You know him?" I asked.

"Very well," said Bellamy.

"You've got some gossip," I persisted.

Bellamy laughed.

"We're a couple of scandalmongers—you and I," said Bellamy; "but here goes—about Campbell."

A year or so ago, said Bellamy, this man Campbell was the assistant manager for Marchbank, Moore & Company. You've heard of 'em. They blew up in the Pickax flurry.

"Pickax?" I repeated.

Ah, went on Bellamy, Picric Acid, Common. And Lonergan came near blowing up with them.

"Lonergan?" I queried.

Yes, said Bellamy, Lonergan, the young shipbuilder. The young shipbuilder—gorry, the old shipbuilder, you might say. We're making men fast these days. Lonergan, over on the meadows—that's the man. This man Lonergan is a born gambler—that's right! He started building ships on a shoestring. Just as soon as he got on a solid basis—well, he kept on building ships; but he went back to the Street and plunged. Going into the office of the Shipping Board and getting an order for a hundred million dollars' worth of steel freighters—that's drudgery to Lonergan. Winding twenty or twenty-five thousand on the Street—that's different. That's ecstasy to him.

Well, a year or two ago this Lonergan was Marchbank, Moore & Company's one best bet. He was getting small boat contracts only, at a million a clip in those days—small potatoes, you might say; but he made his custom very attractive to a brokerage concern. And he had the same thing on the brain that everybody did—war brides, of course. He wouldn't have speculated in his own stock—that would have been a tame-cat affair. No; everybody else's stock looked better to him than his. And Marchbank, Moore & Company egged him on—that is, Marchbank, Moore & Company in the person of Kleinfeldt, their clever, new live-wire manager.

Kleinfeldt looked on Lonergan, and he found him good. He marked him for his own. And he arranged a killing. Barkis was willin'. Lonergan had long relied upon the opinion of his brokers—he'd been lucky. Kleinfeldt had let him plot wisely and well with a few safe bets; and then he flashed on Lonergan this Picric Acid, Common—Pickax, as they called it on the Street. Mind you, I get all this from David Campbell.

"Where," I asked, "does he come in?"

Wall Street, went on Bellamy, is all shot through with Campbells—hundred-dollar-a-week men; specialists—men who know their Wall Street. This man David Campbell was one of them. Wall Street was his middle name. He was an expert—he knew! He'd been Marchbank, Moore & Company's assistant manager for a quarter of a century. And he'd made it his business to study war brides. He knew well enough at the start what we all learned later—that it's one thing to get an order for fifty millions' worth of munitions; it's another thing to fill it.

Picric Acid, Common, was cleverly exploited. Behind it was the big plant, the big orders, the big financial backing. Besides, the Pickax men believed in themselves and in their plant. All that meant nothing to David Campbell unless he could assure himself and his customers—or rather Marchbank, Moore & Company's customers—that the Picric Acid plant could deliver the goods and get its money for them. Until it could deliver according to plans and specifications it couldn't earn profits. If its processes failed—if it couldn't deliver—good night!

So Lonergan, nibbling at the bait that Kleinfeldt dangled so seductively before him—Lonergan just happened one day to talk to Campbell about Picric Acid, Common. David Campbell, without the slightest hesitation, rendered an opinion adverse to Pickax and all its works. Kleinfeldt happened to overhear the tail end of his remarks. He swept in on the two men in a flurry that he couldn't quite conceal. And Lonergan jumped up.

"This is a hell of a house!" said Lonergan. "One man tells me one thing and the other another. I don't know where I'm at."

They knew where he was at, however. Inside half a minute they saw him, from their windows, emerging from their building, making tracks for another big brokerage concern.

He never came back.

"All over!" said Kleinfeldt, red-faced and infuriated, to David Campbell. "So far, I've tolerated an old man round the place out of respect for his memory—as just so much deadwood. But you're worse than deadwood. You're wormwood! You've lost us our best customer; and you've lost us over a hundred thousand dollars on this deal."

"A hundred thousand!" spluttered David Campbell. "Why, our commissions would have been only a small fraction of a hundred thousand on this deal."

"Never you mind!" said Kleinfeldt. "I tell you that you've lost us big money on this deal. More than that, this was a deal that had to go through, you understand. It had to go through! And now ——"

Campbell thought it over.

"Now," he said, "I begin to see ——"

"You'll begin to see the door!" said Kleinfeldt—or words to that effect.

He meant what he said. He was an upstart; he was anything you please, this Kleinfeldt. But he was David Campbell's immediate superior. And David Campbell went.

He went home. Next day he did more. He went over the head of Kleinfeldt and appealed to the head of the house. That man declined to interfere. He was not interested in the merits of the thing. The mere fact that there was friction was enough. Kleinfeldt had been selected for his live-wire qualities; he was their manager; they must stick by him. The house declined to reverse Kleinfeldt in the matter. David Campbell refused to resign. He was fired—doubly fired, irrevocably fired. Again he went home, beaten.

The day after that he started to make the rounds to get a job. He was fifty-five, you'll understand. That wasn't all. Kleinfeldt saw to it that he was blacklisted on the Street. Nothing but deaf ears were turned to his appeal. It took him ten days to realize the fact that Wall Street had nothing for him; he was through.

But every day he kept on going, ostensibly to work. So far he had said nothing to his wife; nothing to his son. David Campbell lived in a little high-class sociable suburb over in New Jersey. He lived comfortably. He lived up to the top of his income—it's a trick all Wall Street men have.

And now this income suddenly had been cut off, you'll understand. But he couldn't tell his family about it—not yet. And he didn't.

And then, one day, after another weary round of the possibilities on the Street, he got home, his shoes freshly polished, seemingly as jaunty as ever. He got home and plunged into a hornets' nest. His wife met him on the front porch.

"David," she cried, "where have you been all day? I've tried, and tried, and tried to get you on the phone."

"On the phone?" repeated David Campbell, quivering.

"The stupidest lot! They said you weren't there any more."

"Not there any more!" gasped David.

"Please don't stand there gaping," implored his wife.

"Please come in and shut the door. Think what Davy's done—Davy has disgraced us all!"

"Davy!" cried Campbell, wondering. Davy was David Campbell Junior. "Davy!" cried Campbell. "Disgraced us! He hasn't gone and got drunk? He ought to try it once," said Campbell; "it would do him good."

You see, Campbell was a bit disappointed in his son. Disappointed how? He really didn't know.

Davy was good, quiet, considerate—domestic. Good-looking too. But colorless—hopelessly unindividualistic. David Campbell's a classy sort of individual, full of angles and oddity. But Davy ran to the commonplace; and his father didn't like it.

"If he'd only get drunk—just once," Campbell used to say; "it'd do him good."

So he repeated this virtuous sentiment now to his good wife, as I've told you.

"Drunk!" almost shrieked his good wife. "It's worse than that."

"Worse!" cried Campbell. And suddenly he found himself enveloped in the tearful agonized embrace of Davy's mother.

"Oh, David, David!" she cried. "Davy's married; he's married a—a Creole!"

"A Creole!" yelled David Campbell.

Now, you see, David Campbell knew his Wall Street, but he didn't know much else. And when it came to Creoles—well, there arose in his imagination the vivid picture of an octoroon.

"A Creole!" he yelled again. "How do you know? Where did you get this dope?"

"Don't yell, David," she whispered hoarsely. "They—they're in the dining room."

Well, they were. They were in the dining room, holding on to each other for dear life. It seems they'd gotten through a good part of their interesting narrative and had reached a point where Davy had informed his mother that Leonie was a Creole! That was the last straw. And it nearly broke Mrs. Campbell's back—and Campbell's too.

"A Creole!" David Campbell was saying over and over to himself while Davy was pumping his right arm up and down. "Well, well!"

He felt, perhaps, that marrying a Creole was just a shade spicier than getting drunk. Young Davy caught the point at once.

"What's the matter with you, father," he yelled; "Leonie, here, is half Spanish and half French."

"Of course she is," yelled David Campbell back; "half Spanish and half French! That's the idea, mother; half Spanish and half French. And now where is she, Davy?"

She was hiding behind Davy; and she came out, one of the prettiest, winsomest black-eyed little girls that ever drew the breath of life.

(Continued on Page 37)

Made to Answer Household Demands
—*Not to Fit a Price*

The thrifty housewife finds her discriminating needs fully supplied by

Peet's Crystal White
The Perfect Family Soap

The safe, economical soap that means greater satisfaction. Made of the purest ingredients—absolutely free of any element harmful to hands—yet not lacking in quick cleansing energy.

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War Savings Stamps
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THE general lack of experienced motor car repair labor is a source of little, if actually any, inconvenience to Hupmobile owners.

They rejoice in possession of a car so simple, and so sturdy, that it gives the utmost of good service *day after day*, with the very least of expert attention.

The Hupmobile is indeed *The Comfort Car* because of this satisfying reliability—and further, because of its really *unusual* gasoline economy and the *low level* of all upkeep costs.

(Continued from Page 34)

"I'm afraid you-all are a l'il' bit surprise'," she said, holding out her hands.

Well, of course, David Campbell just took her in his arms; and, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Campbell, Senior, is a very fine woman, still, I haven't a doubt that David sort of wished he was standing in young Davy's shoes.

Well, anyway, it soon came out. Leonie was a stenographer at the same place where Davy was a second-rate bookkeeper. And—that was all, they said. It just sort of happened. They just sort of had to get married; it couldn't be helped. And as to why they had done it on the quiet—well, Davy felt there'd be a fuss; and he'd felt afraid; and —— Well, there they were!

"But," wailed Davy's mother, "if you'd only let us know!"

"Now, mother," said Davy's father "now, mother, here's the vital thing: They're married. That's the point; they're married. And they've married young—while it counts. Mother," he went on, "you and I've gotten on right well together, haven't we? But remember what we missed by not getting married young. We missed it, mother. Don't say we didn't. We should have run off when young—and got married. That's right!"

You see, I think he felt that Davy would have been different somehow if they'd taken time by the forelock and adopted that general program. However, Davy had a whole lot more to say; and he said it.

"I've just handed in my questionnaire to-day," he said, "and I've waived exemption. Leonie doesn't want me to claim exemption; I don't want to claim any. So when I come to go," said Davy, "I'll leave her here with you."

Leonie, it seems, was quite alone in the world, and Davy had brought her home for his father to support while he, Davy, was at the Front. It was all quite simple. Davy had no dependents save his newly acquired wife. At least, so he thought. And he would be a private soldier and would send home to Leonie half his pay; and the Government would give her just as much again. Thirty dollars a month in all. You see?

David Campbell didn't say anything. He didn't want to say anything. He wanted Davy to go. By gorry, it would be Davy's one big best bet! At least, so his father thought. But all along, you'll understand, he'd had Davy and Davy's bookkeeping job sort of tucked away back somewhere in the recesses of his mind as one way out; as a means of tiding over.

And now —— David Campbell now owed over two hundred and thirty-five dollars and had a balance of twelve dollars in his bank. And he was over fifty-five and couldn't land a job!

"Darned funny!" said Davy. "We went round to your office—Leonie and I—to-day; but they said you weren't there any more."

"Weren't there any more?" yelled David Campbell. "They must be crazy!"

Well, anyway, Davy went away to war. He got into training just as the War Department was in full swing. They put Davy through his paces and sent him off. Meantime Campbell had borrowed money; and he started off bravely enough every day, and came back, gray and old, every afternoon. It was no go.

There are things he might have done—for a time. He could have become a tipster; advertised in the papers; gotten out a daily letter advising half his clients to buy a certain stock and the other half to sell it. There were shady brokers to tie up to; but not for David Campbell. He wasn't of that stripe. And he was all in; he couldn't land a job. Too old! Too old!

It was after Davy had gone that Campbell told them at home—told his wife and Davy's wife, Leonie. He told them all about it. When the post mortem was all over, Campbell's wife and Leonie had to dissect the situation: had to shred it into a frazzle. After that they got down to cases. Leonie was a trained stenographer; yet she couldn't take a job—not just now. She and Davy had been married for some time before they'd told about it. And when Davy left her he left her with a new light, a new hope shining in her eyes.

Well, they were in for it. The Campbells moved out of their comfortable suburban cottage; moved into a tiny flat over in Arlington, on the edge of the big shipyards. And David Campbell, for the first time in his life, proceeded to perform heavy manual labor. You know what Mark Twain says about working with your hands. Well, Mr. Campbell had a few remarks that cast Mr. Clemens' well into the shade. He had many things to say about it when he wasn't too tired to say them.

He started in at three dollars a day. Three dollars a day! He earned this by the sweat of his soul. There was no help for it; they had to live. Then, three and a half. Then he held on, and hung on as a holder-on, at four. All this, too, was in Lonergan's yards—Lonergan, the young millionaire shipbuilder. Once in a while, at a ship launching, Lonergan would saunter through the yard; once in a while even brush against Campbell. But he didn't know him.

And then, one day Campbell accidentally dropped a heavy piece of steel on his own foot. You see, the limp sticks to him yet. That sent him to a hospital. And the dickens was to pay!

The day he got out of the hospital, discharged as cured—that day Leonie's baby was born. And Leonie's eyes were bright with young motherhood.

"Another li'l' Davy!" cried Leonie. "This is great war year, an' we jus' had to have another li'l' Davy. Yes; we did."

Well, they had a little Davy, anyway; but that didn't pay the doctor's bill. And it didn't cure David Campbell's maltreated foot. And they had to have money; they had to have it!

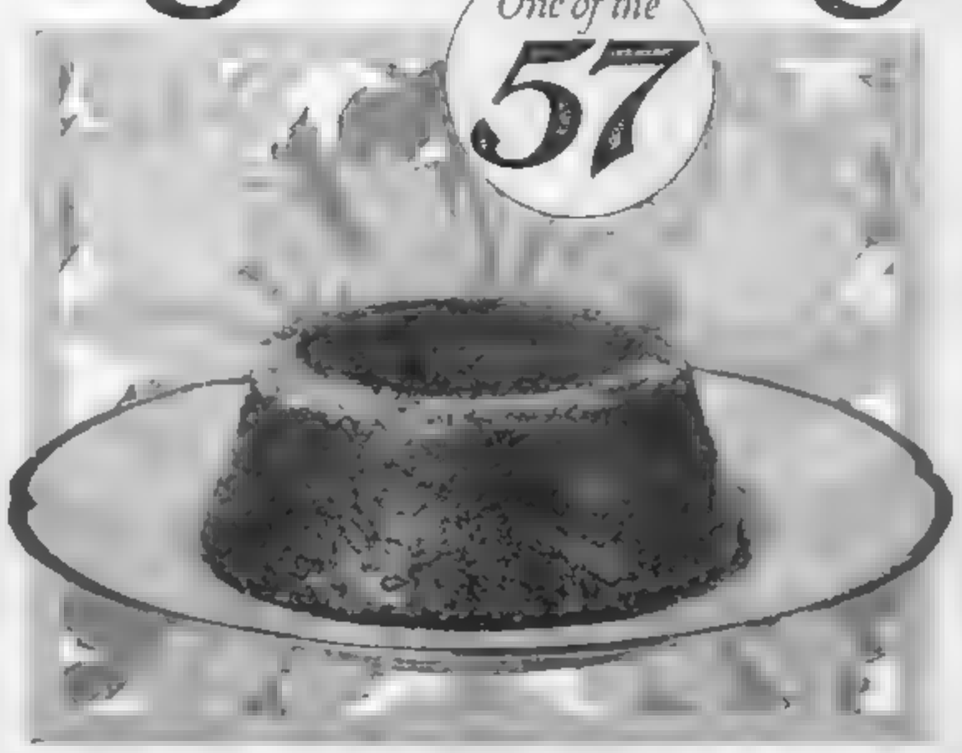
It was Campbell's wife who saw the advertisement in the New York papers. This is what it said—David Campbell carries that ad round with him in his pocket:

WANTED—Immediately; office boy over fifty years of age. X 280, TIMES.

You get it? Office boy over fifty years of age! And in New York! So Campbell dropped a note in at the Times office and got an answer. He was directed to call at a certain room in a certain New Street building the next day at nine A. M.

Eight-thirty next morning found him there, with his limp and all—the first man in the line. He was as spick-and-span as ever. Before the door opened there were

HEINZ
Fig Pudding



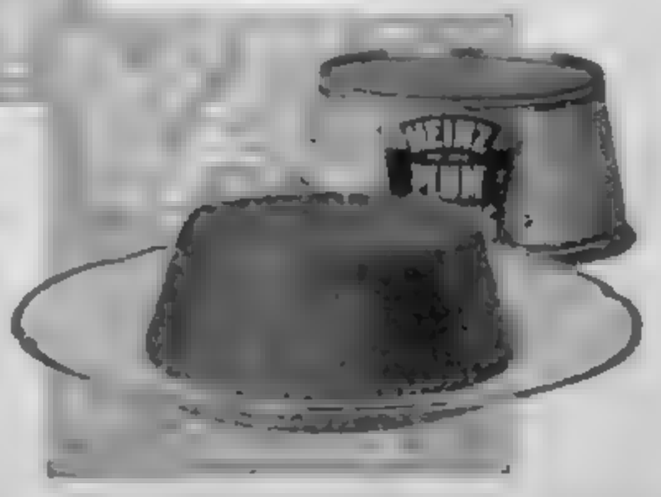
HEINZ Fig Pudding is a new dessert that will always be remembered with delight once it has been tasted. The fig itself is a delicious fruit, especially well adapted to the making of confections that are rich, yet light and wholesome, and "pudding" is a synonym for all that is toothsome in desserts.

The name "Heinz" insures right preparation and is your full guaranty that all the qualities suggested by the word "pudding" have been realized to the utmost in this supreme delicacy.

HEINZ
Mince Meat and Plum Pudding

Some people have Heinz Plum Pudding only at holiday time, but it should be served oftener, it is so wholesome and so delicious.

Mince pie is, as it should be, the foremost American dessert when it is made with Heinz delicious Mince Meat. Sold only in glass and tins—never in bulk.



All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Trailmobile

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

The Motorless Motor Truck

Thousands in Use

SIZES
1,250 lbs.
1,500 lbs.
2,000 lbs.
3,000 lbs.
7,000 lbs.
10,000 lbs.
Also semi-trailers

Bodies for every business.

Orders filled subject to Government requirements and restrictions.

Cuts Delivery Costs

A ONE-TON Trailmobile and a light, fast truck equip C. A. Brown & Co., of Louisville, to deliver lumber promptly at a minimum of expense.

The Trailmobile fully loaded tracks perfectly at automobile speeds and withstands all the strain of fast travel. More deliveries are made in a day—one man does more work. Service is prompt and the radius of delivery is increased.

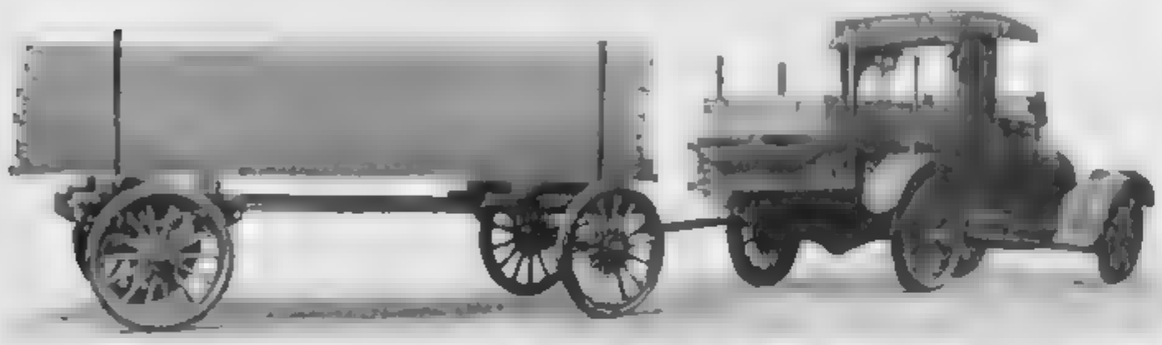
In most businesses the Trailmobile doubles the capacity of a truck. First cost is low, likewise every item of operation and maintenance.

This is why thousands are in use.

Write for Booklet, "Economy in Hauling".

The Trailmobile Co., 503 523 E. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
Contractors to the U. S. Government

The Trailmobile proposition is as attractive to the dealer as to the consumer Trailmobile distributors are doing an ever-growing, profitable business.



War Conditions Bourjois

Ashes of Roses Rouge

SHIPMENTS of *Java Powder*, in common with other French goods, have been interfered with on account of war necessities. However, sufficient quantities arrive to enable us to look after the pressing needs of dealers to a fair extent.

Your particular dealer may have sold his allotment as the demand has been increasing steadily. It does not necessarily follow, that *Java Powder* is unobtainable. Possibly some other dealer in your vicinity may be able to supply you.

Use White for Babies and Children.
Naturel for Men with tender skins after shaving.

A. BOURJOIS & CO. inc
OF PARIS, FRANCE
35 WEST 34th ST NEW YORK

JAVA POUDRE

at all dealers fifty cents

sixty-three men in line. Campbell, as I've said, was the first. He was ushered into a private office and spent fifteen minutes in swift conversation—questions on the one side, answers on the other. Finally his young inquisitor nodded.

"You are hired," he said.

"How much?" asked Campbell.

It was eighteen a week. Well, it was money—and almost as much as he could earn in a shipyard, at that.

"Who," queried Campbell, "gets me?"

The youngster told him. It was Sears, Callahan & Company, big Wall Street brokers. Campbell knew them well.

"Glory be!" cried Campbell.

And then he shivered. Office boy—in an outside office, for all Wall Street—his Wall Street—to see! It was different in the shipyards; there a man could disguise himself with one smear of a gloved hand across his face. But here ——

He came near backing out. Think of it; he came near backing out! And if he had —— He didn't. Eighteen a week was money, and they had to have it. He took the job.

"Tell me," he said to the man who hired him, "why do you advertise for an office boy over fifty years of age?"

The other man smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"*C'est la guerre*," he answered. Then he opened that morning's newspaper and handed it to Campbell. "We've set the fashion," he went on. "Look at the Help Wanted column; everybody's doing it."

And they were. All New York was out after grandfathers. It was the war.

Campbell started in, a new article in office boys. He gave his new employers something they hadn't had so far in office boys—dignity, distinguished deference. He lent éclat to Sears, Callahan's outer offices. He oozed respectability. You can see, yourself, that Campbell has a way with him—that trick of his of looking over his glasses and reflecting; his method of swinging his glasses on his forefinger like a family physician, as though he was figuring out just what was the best thing to do for you; considering carefully your own individual case. It gets you. It's class.

That wasn't all. Campbell knew the Street; he knew it better than Sears or Callahan. They were both young men. And he knew the market. All through his purgatory in the shipyard he had held his grip on the market. He knew what was going on. At the instant he stepped into harness as Sears, Callahan & Company's office boy you can bet your bottom dollar that David Campbell was up to the moment on market information. But he had to suppress this knowledge; he had to crowd David Campbell into an outer-office office boy. He did it.

He spent the first day shivering and shrinking, for fear somebody would remember him; but most of them didn't. If they knew his face they'd forgotten the name and the man behind it. He breathed more easily the second day.

And then on the third day Lonergan breezed in—Lonergan, the hundred-million-dollar shipbuilder; Lonergan the plunger. He breezed in. Lonergan saw Campbell first.

"Well, by gorry, man!" he cried. "I've been looking all over Wall Street for you for the past twelve months. You're the very man I want to see. I want you to give me the straight dope on Tri-State."

And, without more ado, he pushed Campbell into the nearest private room, which happened to be unoccupied, and closed the door.

"What about it, Campbell?" he exclaimed. "Tri-State—all the dope."

They were at it, hot and heavy, over Tri-State when a head popped in at the door.

"Mr. Campbell," said a girl with a pencil in her hair, "you're wanted p. d. q."

It was young Lonergan who answered her.

"You go to thunder, sister," he said genially, "until Campbell and I get through. Mr. Campbell's busy—extremely busy; and with me. You can tell 'em that from me. Now go on, old boy, from where you just left off."

Inside of two minutes Sears, of the firm, burst into the room. And Lonergan jumped up and shook hands with him.

"Gorry, Sears," said Lonergan, "congratulations! You've annexed the best and safest discretionary broker in all New York. He saved me half a million dollars once. Kleinfeldt—that rascal who wrecked Marchbank, Moore—you remember him? You remember Pickax, Common? Kleinfeldt was speculating; he was long on Pickaxe. And he couldn't unload—unless he could unload on me. He picked me for the sucker—only Campbell, here, saved my life in the very nick of time. Sears, I wish you'd let Campbell swing this Tri-State deal for me."

Well, Sears did. And Campbell swung it. Sears couldn't very well help himself. He couldn't tell his star boarder, Lonergan, that this man Campbell was an office boy and nothing else. He excused himself and sat on pins and needles in his private office until Campbell finally came in to him, alone.

"Look here, Mister So-and-So," said Sears, "I don't even know your name."

Campbell told him.

"And you used to be with Marchbank, Moore?" mused Sears. "In what capacity?"

Campbell told him the whole story. Telling him, he shook from him the office boy forever. He kept at Sears until Sears was satisfied that he knew the game—knew Wall Street from the graveyard to the river, inside out and upside down. He told him, further, just how he had advised Lonergan with reference to Tri-State and the solid reasons on which he had founded that advice.

Then, carelessly, he placed in Sears' youthful eager hands the biggest order Lonergan had ever directed any brokerage house at any time to execute. Needless to say, the hind end of this interview was infinitely more effective than the first.

That's David Campbell's story. Maybe it's the story of a good many other David Campbells. Who can tell?

As Bellamy finished, Campbell limped past us once again. I stopped him.

"A holder-on?" I queried.

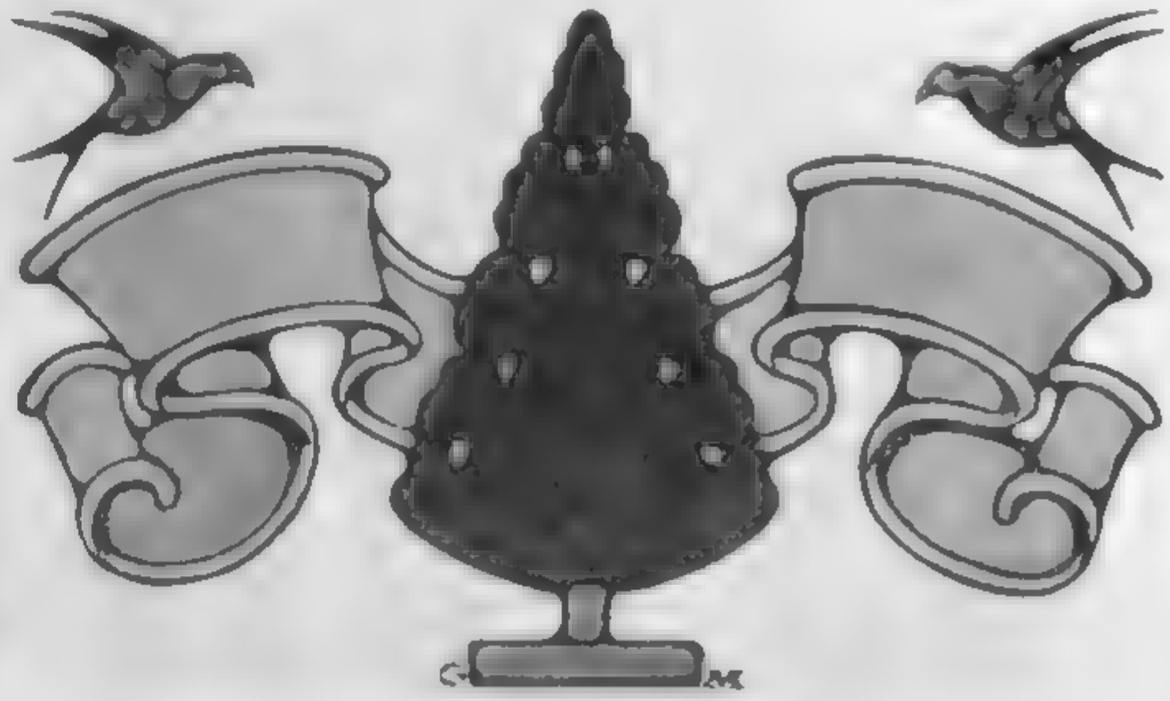
"Ah," he repeated; "I don't know how much raise they ask, but it's not enough; it's not enough."

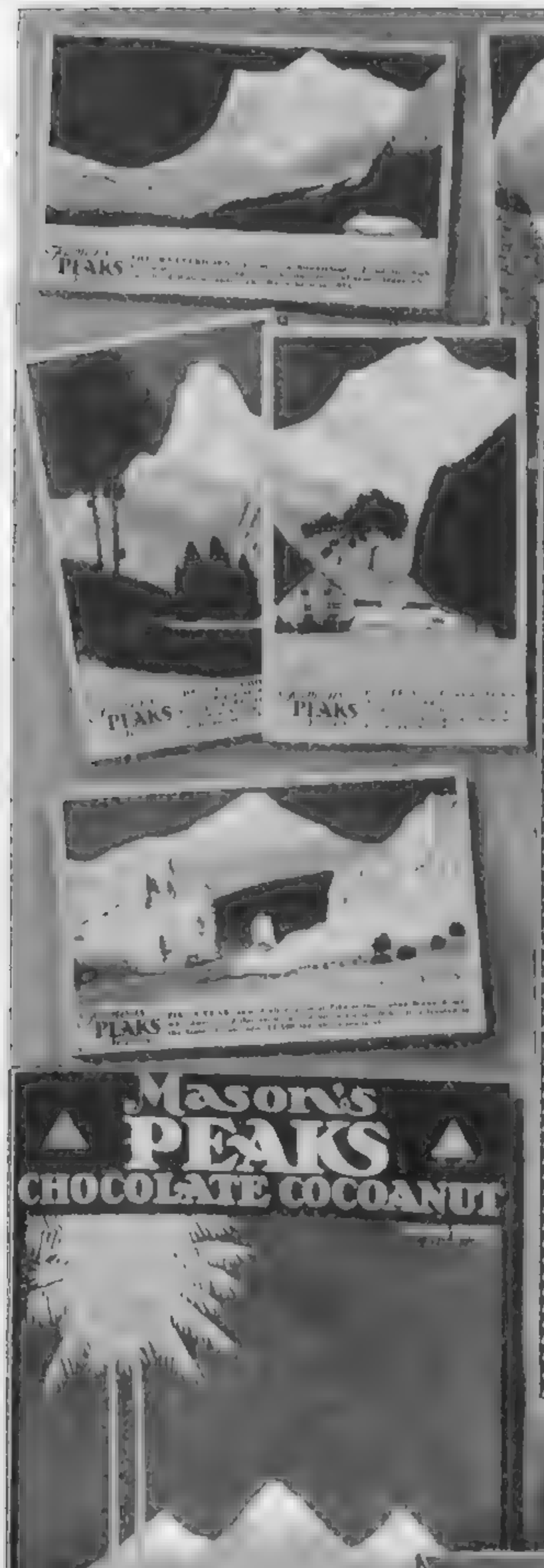
He kept on his halting way.

"But," I persisted when he had disappeared once more, "what is a holder-on?"

Bellamy doesn't know everything. He hedged.

"Campbell's a holder-on," he returned; "and he's pulling down ten thousand a year from Sears, Callahan & Company. But it's not enough; it's not enough, my boy."





MOUNTAINS OF PURITY

Mason's Chocolate Cocoanut PEAKS

PEAKS—Crisp, creamy mountains of Cocoanut, covered with that rich, chocolate coating, delicious and alluring to the taste.

Most confections have sugar as their main content; Mason's Chocolate Cocoanut PEAKS' main ingredient is cocoanut, with its natural sweetness, combined with molasses as a flavor, produces a Patriotic Confection that conserves sugar.

Food value is based on calories which are the degrees of food value. Each individual piece of Mason's PEAKS contains 200 calories, or 2000 calories to the pound.

Each individual piece of Mason's PEAKS is wrapped in waxed paper and tin foil, thus retaining their freshness and assuring their cleanliness.

In two flavors—Molasses and Vanilla.

Ask your dealer for Mason's PEAKS.

Established 1864

Mason, Au & Magenheimer

Confectionery Mfg. Co.

22-28 Henry Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

A beautiful set of 10 Post Cards printed in eight colors of the Famous Peaks of the World, all from original drawings, in poster style will be sent prepaid on receipt of six cents in stamps to anyone filling out and mailing the blank in the lower right hand corner of this advertisement.

Mason, Au & Magenheimer
Confectionery Manufacturing Co.
22-28 Henry Street Brooklyn, N. Y

Name

Street

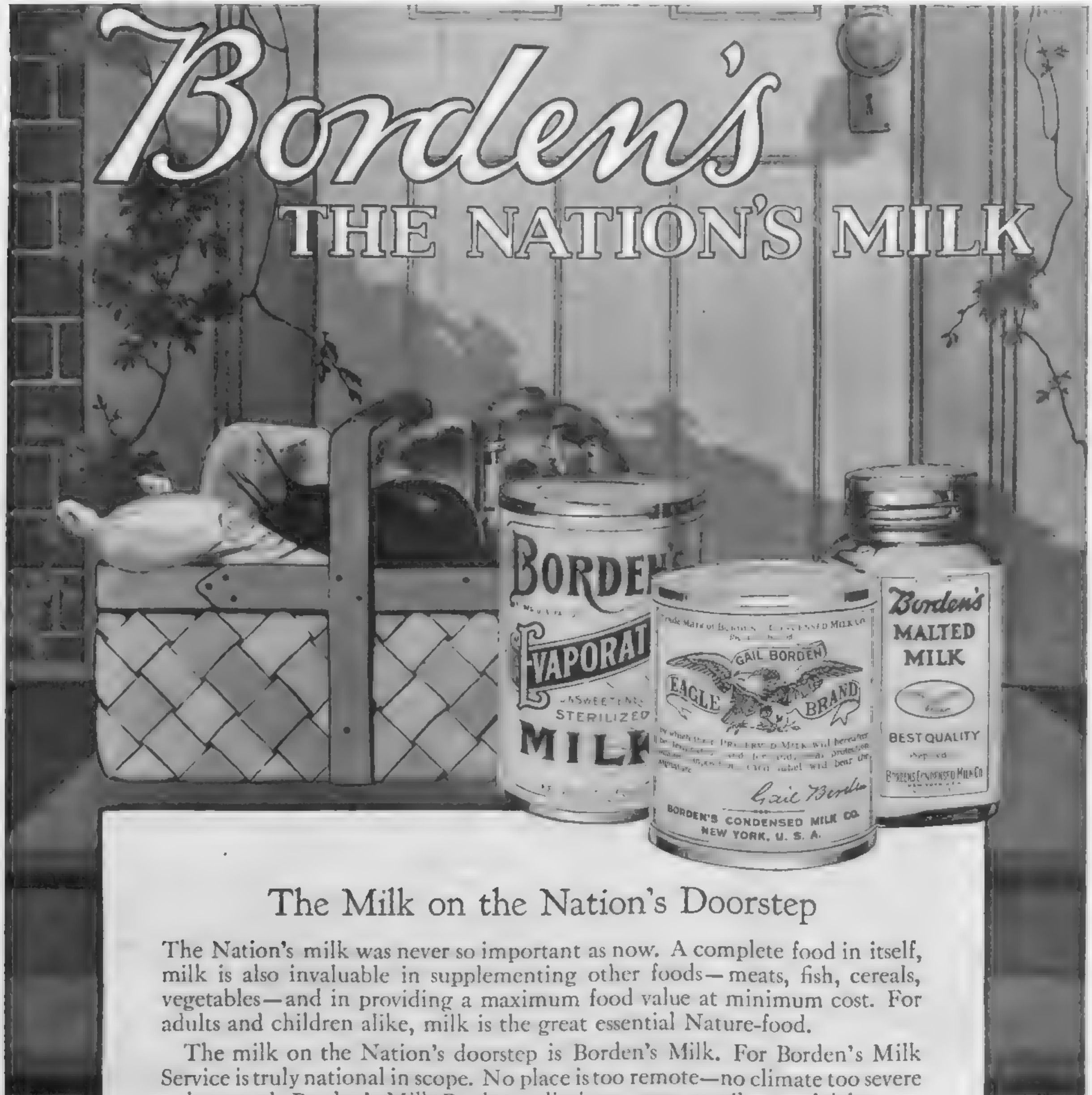
City

Nearest Confectioner or Druggist

Name

Street

City



The Milk on the Nation's Doorstep

The Nation's milk was never so important as now. A complete food in itself, milk is also invaluable in supplementing other foods—meats, fish, cereals, vegetables—and in providing a maximum food value at minimum cost. For adults and children alike, milk is the great essential Nature-food.

The milk on the Nation's doorstep is Borden's Milk. For Borden's Milk Service is truly national in scope. No place is too remote—no climate too severe to be served. Borden's Milk Products eliminate waste, spoilage and delays.

Borden's Service guarantees pure, rich milk—handy economical milk—a milk for every purpose. This is, and has been for more than three score years, the aim of the Borden Institution.

At better groceries and druggists.

Borden's EAGLE BRAND Borden's Evaporated Milk Borden's MALTED MILK

The Growing Channels of Commerce

By R. D. CHAPIN

Chairman Highways Transport Committee, Council of National Defense

OUR nation is facing a new era in transportation over the highways. Highways transport is coming to be recognized as a vital auxiliary system to the railroads and the waterways, and without this third medium we do not have a really effective transportation system—one that will insure adequate facilities for all requirements.

It has come to be recognized that the transportation over the highways is as vital, as real and as essential as the transportation over the rails. For if you think a moment you will realize to begin with that practically all shipments originate over the highways. The whole problem of highways transportation is not a new one, but its organized development is but a recent matter. Its growth has been so rapid, in fact, that it now bids fair to outstrip the highways over which it must move, and in some instances is even now waiting for the development of the highways to catch up.

We have only to turn to France to find examples of the invaluable aid her highways have been to her in the present war. But for the wisdom and foresight of Napoleon in building permanent roads to the east for his own conquests Paris to-day might be in the possession of the enemy; and it is certain that Verdun would have fallen.

The story of that continually moving line of trucks in and out of Verdun which saved the city, often running under heavy shell fire over the only highway to the city, furnishes one of the most interesting incidents of the war. But for this steady stream of trucks, running forty feet apart day and night, and with the single line of railway cut off and destroyed by shell fire, it is not hard to conceive what would have been the fate of Verdun.

To Victory via Good French Roads

Again we have the instance of how the First Battle of the Marne was saved because of the quick wit of a certain French general and the fact that he could quickly commandeer several thousand taxicabs, fill them with soldiers and rush them out to the Marne in a life-giving flow of reënforcements to meet the boche at dawn.

These two instances, however, are but isolated ones, for the highways are carrying a tremendous part of the war burden, whether from the wheat fields of America or to the battle lines in France. Here in America is the beginning of a large part of the supplies that are flowing through France, largely to the armies. This country is to-day furnishing our allies with a very large portion of their supplies, besides keeping our own men equipped. And to perform that duty properly there must be adequate transportation—not alone rail, not alone water, and not alone highways, but full assistance from all three.

Some instances exist to-day of a coördination of all three of these mediums of transportation. For instance, there is a steamboat line running from New Haven down to New York. From a large radius round New Haven motor trucks bring down the freight over the highways to the dock, shipping this down to New York by boat at night, where it arrives in time to go out on the morning freight trains for the West. This is an instance of a coördinated system which might be likened to the venous system of our bodies and which will doubtless be the field for tremendous growth. The lesser veins of the highways and waterways feed into the main veins—the railroads, and occasionally a canal or main waterway—which are met in the same way at the other end. The principle is the same, for the main veins are dependent upon the smaller ones.

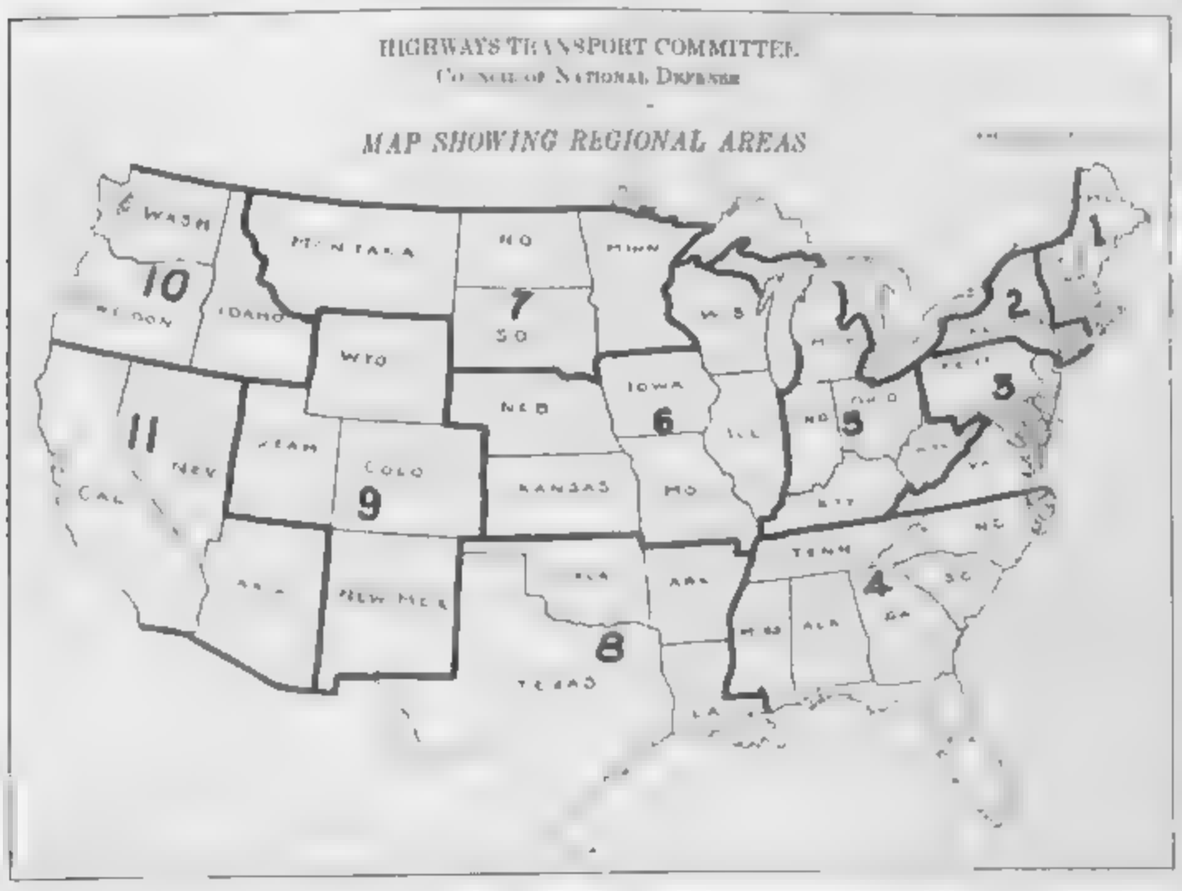
The Rural Express

The demands of the war program have called for the development of an efficient auxiliary system or systems that shall fit in with and render maximum aid to existing transportation facilities. And with this idea in view, for the purpose of developing transportation over the highways, the Highways Transport Committee was appointed by the Council of National Defense last fall.

One of the most interesting things we have met with in our work is the rural express. This is essentially the furnishing to the farmer of adequate transportation for his farm products, generally by someone in the neighborhood. This is something he has never had before—regular and dependable service to enable him to market his produce without leaving the farm.

Our first survey of the subject began in Maryland, where a typical Maryland farmer by the name of Barnsley was already operating one of these expresses into the city of Washington from the town of Olney, about twenty miles away. He started this service about four years ago, when he bought a truck to haul his own milk into the city of Washington. It was not many days before his neighbors saw the advantages of this means of marketing produce, and he was besieged with their requests to carry their produce along with his. It was not long before Mr. Barnaley had to add another truck, and still another, and yet the demand for facilities increased.

Every morning his truck would start out from the farm with some of his own produce—milk, eggs, butter, vegetables, and



THE man who grinds risks his eyesight unless he takes the proper protective means. So do thousands of other men.

In spite of all the approved safety appliances on machinery to protect the body men must wear safety goggles to protect their eyes. Willson Goggles afford this protection.

And in addition they afford *comfort*. They fit snugly on the face—without binding or chafing. And they are light.

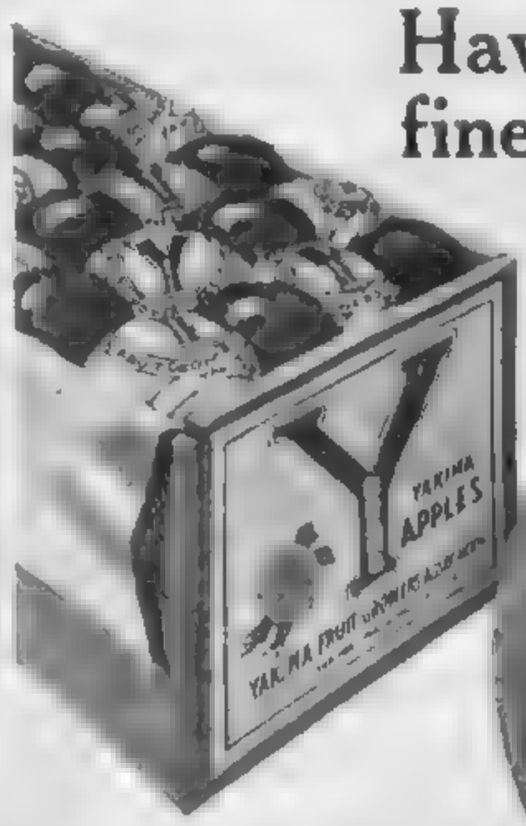
Each Willson model is scientifically designed and constructed to give the right kind of protection under all circumstances where eye protection is needed, whether it be from dust, from glare or from flying particles.

A special Willson safety model has been perfected for extra-hazardous work. It has a safety flange construction which helps to keep fragments from flying toward the face should the glass be broken.

Our special industrial service department will gladly investigate conditions in your factory and tell you which particular Willson Goggle is best adapted to your needs.

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.
Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870

Have one of these fine "Big Y" Apples



It's a delight to bite into one of these "Big Y" red Winesaps or golden Winter Bananas — crisp, juicy and full of flavor.

"Big Y" Apples are from a famous valley in the Northwest, where cool nights and tempered sunshine produce the finest flavored and most perfectly matured apples in the world.

Have your dealer send you a box or more. "Big Y" Winesaps are fine keepers — they mature and ripen in their individual paper wraps. Splendid bakers, too!

Save sugar—save wheat—*eat apples!* Your dealer can get you "Big Y's." *Buy 'em by the box* – they cost less this way

"Good to the core"

Yakima Fruit Growers Ass'n
Yakima, Washington

"Big Y" Apples

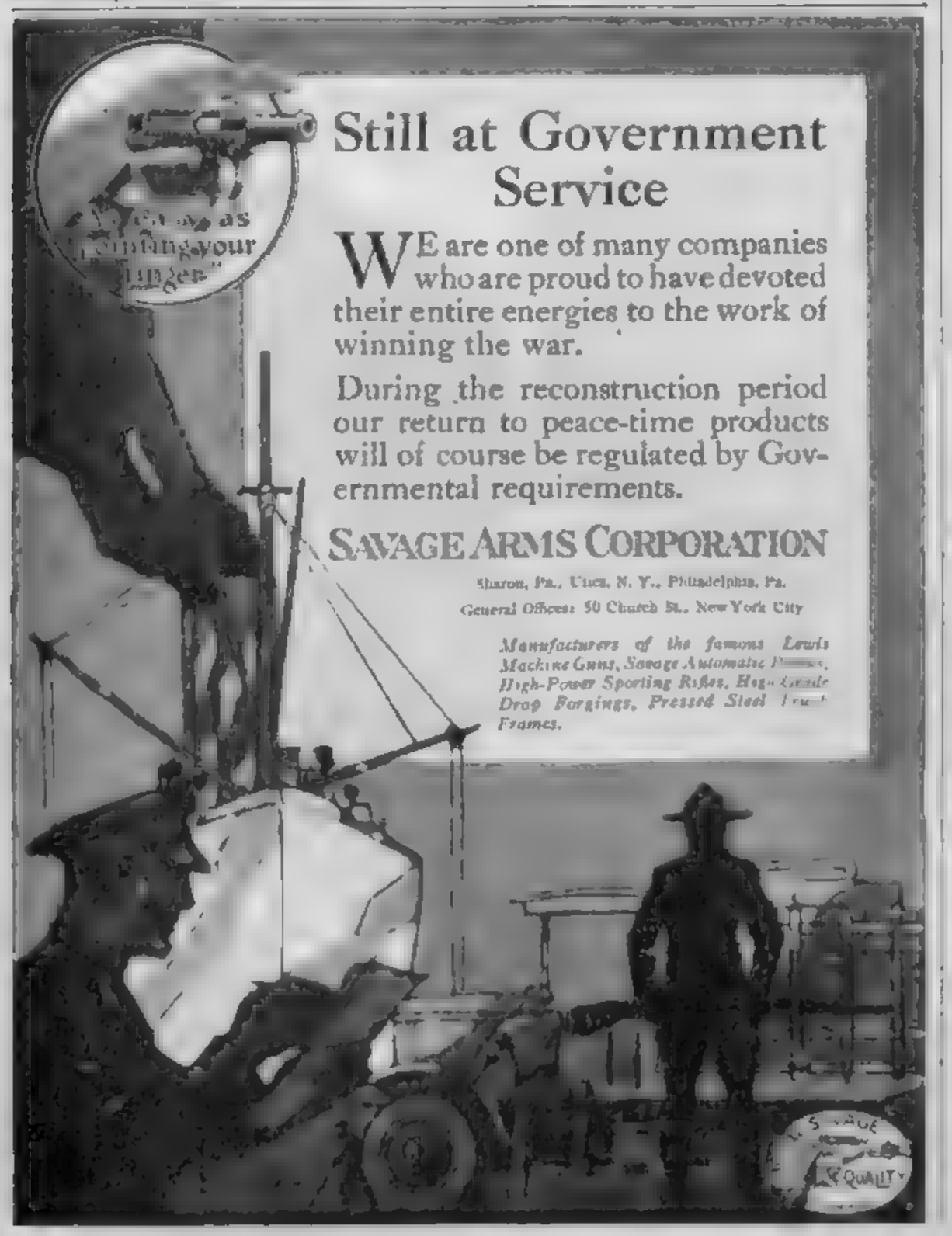
Say it with Flowers

This year your Christmas giving must be influenced by motives of patriotic conservation. Plants and flowers combine magnificence and beauty with appeal to the higher senses. They are more able conveyers of true sentiment than any man-made creations.

Plants and flowers are *nature's* product. To send them this year as Christmas gifts or New Year's remembrances is practical patriotism. It preserves, *even increases*, the Christmas spirit—it interferes with no government program—it aids your *thrift* efforts, since plants and flowers are comparatively modest in cost.

Visit your florist's shop. See for yourself the exquisite gift creations of the floral craft. You'll be amazed at what may be purchased at a trifling cost

Do you know that by the use of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service you can have your order delivered in any city anywhere in the United States or Canada in a few hours?



Still at Government Service

WE are one of many companies who are proud to have devoted their entire energies to the work of winning the war.

During the reconstruction period our return to peace-time products will of course be regulated by Governmental requirements.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

Sharon, Pa., Utica, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa.

General Offices: 50 Church St., New York City

Manufacturers of the famous Lewis Machine Guns, Savage Automatic Pistols, High-Power Sporting Rifles, Hess-Bright Drop Forgings, Pressed Steel Truck Frames.

so on—and pick up small shipments from his neighbors on the way into the city, so that he would have a full load of various kinds of farm products to carry to market. His market was already established, so he simply had to drive into the city and deposit his load. However, he did not then turn round and drive back empty, but started out to fulfill the commissions which the farmers of Olney had given him. One wanted a new pump, another a repair part for some of his farm machinery, another some groceries he could not get in Olney. In this way the express carried back a load, establishing return communication and making an efficient operation by putting into practical use the return-load idea.

Mr. Hoover has stated that probably fifty per cent of the perishable foods raised in this country is wasted because they lack means of transportation to points of consumption. It is in reducing this waste of perishable foods that the rural express perhaps finds its most valuable function. We found that along Mr. Barnsley's route a man who had half a bushel of tomatoes, some corn, a can of cream or a few dozen eggs could simply leave them at the side of the road in front of his house—in other words, at each farmer's shipping platform, his front gate—and when the rural express came by it stopped and took on his small shipment.

This phase of picking up produce on the regular route is not the only means employed. Many farmers will drive over to Mr. Barnsley's place mornings with small lots of produce or whatever they want carried into Washington, because they know his truck leaves regularly every morning and they can be sure their produce, if such it is, will go with the truck and be marketed.

Just an instance of the ability to ship by this regular service at any time, which comes in so handy for utilizing extra produce: Last fall one of Mr. Barnsley's neighbors found he had three or four trees loaded with apples which he had no means of marketing. Someone suggested to him that he send them in to Washington by the rural express. He profited by the suggestion, and incidentally to the extent of a considerable sum of money more than he would have had had the apples rotted as he expected they would. And Washington itself was ahead by having this supply of apples made available from near-by territory, saving the freight-car space which would otherwise have been used.

Various Beneficial Results

But to get a broader view of the operation of this express service it will be seen that there are these outstanding advantages: Most important from the farmer's point of view he finds a market for a large quantity of small produce which formerly went to waste, but is now returning him a nice revenue through the express service. The consumer in the city gains because he is able to have a great many more fresh foodstuffs for his consumption than otherwise, and by having a greater quantity brought into the city, which in turn, by the law of supply and demand, lowers the prices or secures superior produce at the same price.

So it is that these highways are channels not alone for the traffic that passes over them but for the nation's food supply that passes over them, and converging from the surrounding territory to a consuming or shipping center. The milk and farm produce flow from the hills and valleys over the highways toward their proper level, so to speak, which is the consuming center. Likewise from the wheat fields of the West the stream of golden grain pours into the elevators and shipping points, and in the East army supplies and munitions fill these channels in steady streams. We have but to watch the beneficial results of uninterrupted movement to touch the pulse of this commerce.

When the State Highways Transport Committees were organized in each state under the Council of Defense they immediately set about to see where this auxiliary system of highways transport could be used to most advantage. They wanted to find where it needed strengthening and increasing to render the greatest possible benefit to the nation. In some states these rural express lines were already found to be existing, though on a very small scale, and it was found that this service is as applicable to other sections of the country as to Maryland.

Our highways have been regarded merely as local conveniences until within the past few years. But little attention has been paid to the tools for these highways or the proper use of them and the beneficial results obtained through their use. There has been a limited conception of their relation to highways in other counties, in other states and other sections of the country, and the relation of the traffic over them in the same way. Without this broader conception of their usefulness we shall be unable to help them fit into the whole scheme of transportation as they should. We shall fail to make them of the utmost usefulness to the railroads and the country. We must all appreciate the fact that they are links in the chain of our national internal communication.

Significant Instances

Picture to yourself a great reservoir with the immense pipe lines feeding into it. This will give you an idea of what these highways leading into consuming and shipping centers are doing. They are the pipes—the blood vessels, as it were—while the rural expresses with the farm produce are the streams flowing into the reservoir of food for local consumption and for our forces and allies overseas. These streams of perishable produce mean the releasing of more concentrated foods for longer shipment, and the greater the flow of this farm produce and other foodstuffs of a perishable nature into local centers, the greater will be the supply of concentrated foods available for longer movement. For this reason the condition of these food highways can be compared to the condition of the pipe lines, and the amount of pressure that can be applied to the movement of that which they carry is in proportion to their condition.

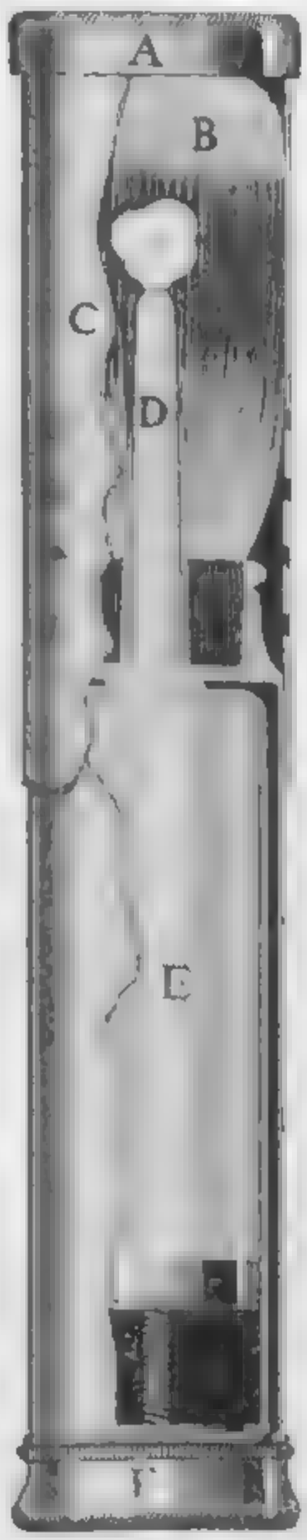
Just as the amount of water flowing through that pipe into the reservoir can be regulated by the force behind it, so can this supply of farm products be regulated at the source. Upon the roads themselves depends the linking-up of consuming centers with the farms, but upon the farmers and fields depends the amount of food to originate from there.

And thus it will be seen that the amount of labor that can be put on the farm is the faucet controlling this flow. By means of the rural express the farmer can get his produce to market and still remain at work, putting all his effort and the efforts of his work animals into producing, not consuming. One instance will illustrate this: Along Mr. Barnsley's route many of the farmers who were shipping milk were getting up at a very early hour in the morning to do their milking and get the milk to an early train three or four miles away. When Mr. Barnsley's service came into effect they found they could save a great deal of time and labor by meeting the express and shipping their milk in this way. These farmers oftentimes come down the side roads with a horse and light wagon and meet the truck at the main road, transferring their load, and then going back to their farm work. This express meets five men in the same way, taking their complete loads and proceeding to the city at eight times the speed, virtually giving back to the farms the equal of the services of forty men.

The State Highways Transport Committees are now concerning themselves with these same matters, and it is an easy matter to see how a great increase in our food supply can be effected, and farm labor be conserved at the same time. The truth of this plan is found in the carrying out of their slogan to get more "food from the byways over the highways," to where it is needed. Important as food is, we all realize that we had to depend on many other things to help win the war.

Supplies must reach our forces regularly. And to help in this, our industries must be served with raw materials as well as transportation for finished material. Down in Tennessee we found another interesting development of highways transport. On their return journeys wagons and trucks would stop and pick up a load of coal at "wagon mines," as they are called, where the coal is taken from the ground near the surface and hauled into the cities in this way. Thus a great deal of capacity was utilized and is being utilized in a vitally necessary manner. In one instance an entire war industry is being supplied by thus moving its coal a few miles over the highways, releasing a great deal of rail capacity and labor for urgent needs elsewhere.

(Concluded on Page 44)



Phantom View—Actual Size

A—Removable Vulcanized Cap for Guard
B—Rubberset Brush
C—Hollow Handle
D—Tube for feeding cream to the head
E—Warner Shaving Cream Control
F—Warner Feed. A turn brings cream to heart of brush

Brush and Cream in One!

Everywhere Hailed as the Greatest Shaving Aid

NOW wherever you go you will hear men discussing this better and easier way to shave. A way which ends the last shaving inconvenience—which brings as much comfort as did the safety razor.

Here is all you need do to lather—feed the cream to the heart of the brush by a mere turn of the thumb—dip it into water and lather. You don't even dampen your fingers.

Compare this with the way you lather now. With the fussing you must do when soap and brush are separate. In the Warner Fountain Brush your shaving cream and brush are one.

Four Reasons Why You Want It

There is the quickness! Only with this brush is the cream fed at the right place—the bend of the bristles. There is a scientific reason for this. At this place, cream turns to lather quickest. And no way of shaving has ever been so handy.

There is the convenience! One compact unit, cream and brush together. A genuine Rubberset Brush with bristles vulcanized in a bed of rubber so they can't come out. The shaving cream is Mennen's—conceded to be the finest.

This Warner Fountain Brush comprises all your shaving outfit except the razor.

There is the cleanliness! No other shaving brush is half so sanitary. The brush-end can be easily detached; so whenever you like you can drop the bristles in boiling water and sterilize. This one point led to the adoption of this brush by the barbers in some of America's finest hotels and clubs.

There is the economy! One or two clicks of the Warner control feeds enough cream for a shave. You never waste cream and always know just how much to use. The brush is a one time investment, because it lasts for life. You pay as much for only 16 shaves with tips at a barber shop. That's why men consider this brush a bargain at $4. And it is.

Get One On Free Approval

Everyone who holds this beautiful, self-lathering shaving brush in his hand and sees how it simplifies shaving wants to shave no other way.

So be sure to go to your dealer's at once and ask to see this brush. If his supply has not yet arrived mail us his name on the coupon and we will send him a Warner Brush for your free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied, pay the dealer the regular price, $4, and the brush is yours. But if for any reason you don't want it after examination, you are not obliged to pay any money whatever.

When you order your own brush remember the soldier and the sailor. There's no other gift they'd rather get than this Warner Fountain Brush.

If your dealer can't supply you, send direct.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 902 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

MENNEN'S Shaving Cream
Genuine RUBBERSET Brush
Combined with Warner Feed

WARNER FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH
"everything but the razor"

FREE APPROVAL COUPON

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
902 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

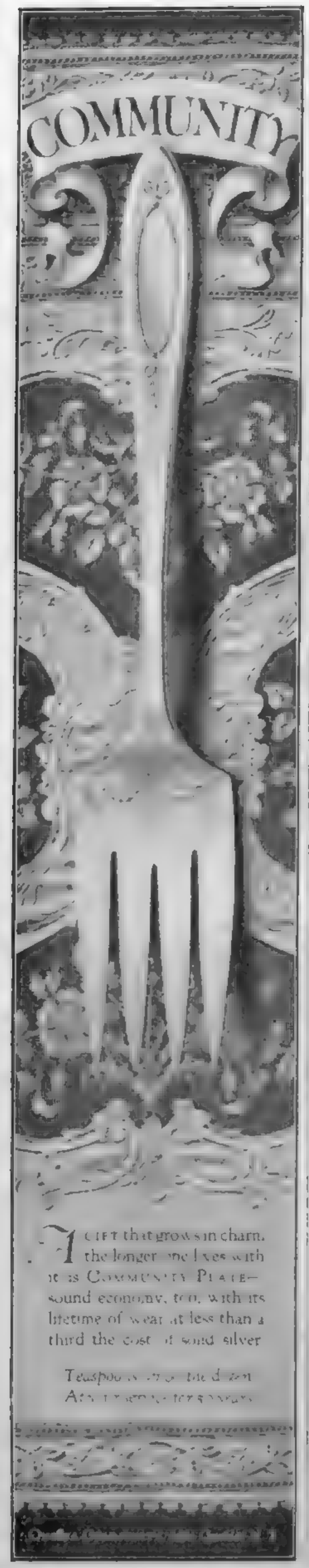
Send a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush in care of the dealer named below for my free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied I agree to accept the brush and pay the dealer $4. This does not obligate me to pay any money if after free examination I decide I do not want the brush.

*My Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Dealer's Name*_____

*Address*_____


COMMUNITY
A GIFT that grows in charm, the longer one lives with it is COMMUNITY PLATE—sound economy, too, with its lifetime of wear at less than a third the cost of solid silver
Teaspoons

(Concluded from Page 42)

A large percentage of the war industries is located in the eastern region. Rail transportation there is naturally taxed to carry the tremendous volume of war supplies as well as ordinary freight, and during the past winter a considerable overflow necessarily went on to the highways. Some of this moved by the highways through several states to shipping points or points of embarkation, where it was loaded for shipment abroad. One of the best instances of this is the movement of army-truck convoys from the manufacturing points in the interior to the seacoast. During their journey these trucks of course pass through many different states, and problems are encountered which are of interest to all these states alike. Snow removal was one problem encountered last winter, and solved through the efforts of the states concerned acting as a whole in clearing the highways of snow and keeping them clear.

Looked at from the viewpoint of the state alone, many difficulties rise which have a vital bearing on the situation in other states and throughout the nation as a whole. Take for instance the unduly stringent restrictions placed on highways transport in some states, the irregularity in the reciprocity of truck and automobile licenses, the inability of some states to provide adequate highways or maintain them for the traffic which must needs be permitted to move. For movement means life, and none or little means stagnation or even retrograde movement. Many communities can be gauged as to the part they have in the world's events or the good they are rendering humanity by the condition of their highways and the movement over them, for this is oftentimes the only means of communication of people with the outside world and contact with other people. The only outlet or the most efficient outlet is in many cases over the highways, and if they are not in shape to accept this responsibility adverse conditions rise in that section and hinder national progress as well as local.

We find that to-day the movement by highways transport has become as truly interstate commerce as rail transportation and these two hinge together. The passing of a state line or boundary by this commerce, whether over the highways, the railways or the same commerce moving over both in the accomplishment of this end, is but an incident in the journey and not the signal to stop and change a plan or alter some detail to fit the different locality. To make highways transport a big achievement there has to be a regional viewpoint, as it were, taking in groups of states and helping them help themselves through a broader understanding of the problems encountered in each one.

To assist in correlating this work regional chairmen have been appointed for the eleven regions into which the United States has been divided as shown by the regional map. These men came together in conference with the Highways Transport Committee in Washington recently and were addressed by high officials of the Government and assured of the Government's vital interest in the development of highways transportation. They were imbued with the spirit and vision of such men as Secretary Lane and Secretary Redfield, and made to feel that theirs is a work of real value to the nation.

By the holding of this conference recognition is given of the Government's conception of the growth of highways-transport problems to a regional viewpoint, and the necessity for meeting the situation from this position.

These regional chairmen are now back in their respective regions, ready to assist with their best efforts in increasing the nation's resources through increasing the efficiency of highways transportation, especially as relating to our war program. Their efforts will not be alone. They will be coördinated with the efforts of representatives of the War Industries Board and representatives of the Railroad Administration. This might in a way be taken as significant of the relation highways transport is assuming to the war program and to the railroads. These regional chairmen are symbolizing an advance in thought, a step forward in our conception of highways transport and the solution of a real problem. It is recognizing the need for applying the principle of a regional viewpoint to highways transport, even as it has already been applied to war industries and the railroads.

It is not to be expected that because of this regional viewpoint of looking at the situation that transportation over the highways must necessarily be for long distances, for practically all transportation originates over the highways to begin with. It merely means that whereas this idea has been dealt with in a small way—because our conception was small—we are now beginning to appreciate the bigness of the whole problem and to treat it accordingly.

And this regional organization of volunteer service means the exertion of the best effort and force of business men of broad vision in the building up of an adequate system of highways transport, of rural-express development, and so on, coördinating it with other mediums—the railways, electric and steam, and the waterways—into an efficient and adequate system of transportation, which is a trinity, indeed, and constitutes a completed chain of communication, with every link equal in strength.

FREE

(Continued from Page 4)

was next in succession to her desk. The dethroned one set immediately to work removing a vanity case, six personal letters, a back copy of The Unshackled and a half-eaten mess of candy from the top drawer. When Miss Carhart passed through on her way toward promotion Hortense never looked up. But she could have killed herself for the irritating tear which trickled down to the end of her little nose. Even slaves are jealous of their carlocks in the galley.

Sauljer had warned her that her ravings against capitalism and the down-crushing of the working gel was third-reel stuff, and her sensations were undoubtedly cinematographic as she came back to her apartment in Thirty-second Street, opened the door and went desolately in. A martyr's exaltation had sustained her up to now, but the place had the uninviting appearance of a self-kept apartment in midmorning. No sooner had she closed the door on the inside than she spied a white envelope on the rug.

At first she thought it was another of those bills she had been keeping for Lulu, but she picked it up to find that it was worse. It bore the large elaborate trademark of the Lummox Film Corporation; it was addressed in Lulu McCabe's hand, and Hortense just knew it would carry bitter tidings.

"Honey Kid," it began—which was bad, because Lulu always began with a pet name when she wanted to put something over—"Honey Kid, that sweet, wicked, adorable Hubbins of mine is going to be the whole camera in Captain Killdevil, which is going to be some spectacle, believe me! I'm going to have a fine part. It's going to be grand. Now don't get mad, you darling, but I just simply can't get away from Newark for at least three months. I don't suppose you want to get some nice girl and run the flat yourself, do you? Or if you think it would be too much trouble, why not the Kelleys? I told them about the place and they're crazy to move in any time. Just temporary. But don't disturb yourself, dear, if you really want to stay. Will you please express trunk to me, care the Lummox Corporation, Newark N. J., and oblige? Come and see me sometime. It's going to be a grand film.

"With dear love, LULU."

"Now that's all arranged," thought Hortense with one of those monosyllabic laughs which sound like short, heavy bumps along the road to disillusionment. It was all so simple for Lulu, who had a way of simplifying her troubles by complicating other people's. Just ship her trunk to Newark and go on paying all the rent. It was now the last week in April and the lease terminated in another year, come May.

The insurgent slave sat for a long time in the midst of that untidy studio room, a copy of The Unshackled folded loosely under her listless hands. Undoubtedly she had chosen an unpropitious day for her revolt against capitalism. Possibly, with the aid of Sauljer, she reflected, she could return even now and eat humble pie at the shrine of the offended if offensive Saulser. No. Starvation were better than such hateful nourishment. With the world full of such high-minded thinkers as she had seen and heard at the Button Molders' rally was it possible that a girl in her position must still be compelled to humiliate herself before capitalism in order to gain for herself a bare livelihood?

As though in answer to her question Harriet Pebbles Cull's editorial on Slaves stared up at her from her lap. "In the New State . . . no such thing as inequality of service. . . . The Slave Driver is as obsolete as the stegosaur. . . . Work . . . a fair and happy partnership."

Clouds of comforting incense! Here, then, lay the remedy for all her woes—Harriet Pebbles Cull, editor in chief, twenty cents the copy, eight dollars the year, to any address in the United States or Canada.

It was a fateful convenience that Hortense Troutt at that moment still retained her hat and coat. Had she been compelled to put them on she might have had time to reconsider. Details cramp decisions. Cæsar's assassins never stopped to change their togas. The hat and coat did the business for Hortense Troutt, who was off in the jiffy of her impulse; and it seemed no time at all ere a green bus had delivered her at the arched doorway in lower Fifth Avenue which bore the card Unshackled Publishing Company, Third Floor. Thus easily did Alice pop through three and a half dimensions, down the rabbit hole and into the presence of a magic bottle labeled Drink Me.

She found herself in a waiting room which was like any other waiting room save for the fact that the pictures on the walls were about equally divided between photographs of mobs being violently handled by the police and paintings which, to Hortense, conveyed no clearer message than that somebody's children had been messing in a box of water colors. A girl in an apron-like garment, a girl with stringy hair above a stringy neck, glared up from her desk to inform her that Mrs. Cull was busy just now. Over in a corner an untidy gentleman with a Vandyke beard sat cross-legged, huddled diagonally against a dapper person of the commercial-drummer type. Hortense hoped that the dapper one was a new convert being instructed in the code of the unshackled, but her straining ears were disappointed to find that they were arguing in a strange, commercial jargon, bandying stock terms over the increasing cost of white paper.

"Harriet Pebbles Cull," announced the distinguishing label on a glazed door. This door swung open and a fattish, rather good-looking young man emerged, pulling a golf cap over a wealth of bushy curls. He wore a soft shirt open at the throat above a blue suit which was shiny and spotted. Hortense reflected that he needed sponging. His grayish shoes seemed to spurt dust as he walked. She was to know him later as Larry Hoden, the Harvard-bred tramp; but this morning he merely represented to her a symbol of the newer freedom beyond.

Feeling for all the world like Alice about to be spoken to by the rabbit with the white gloves Hortense blushed when he turned and would have addressed her as comrade, no doubt, had not her freshman shyness unnerved him. He looked up at the clock instead and said in the most refined tone possible: "As I live, it's time to hit the trail again!" Thus his exit.

"She's ready now," said the stringy girl, giving Hortense a sour smile as she followed meekly and faced the owner of the great name upon the door. Her guide clicked the latch behind her and left her alone with the prophetess of a better dawn, who showed no intention of either seeing or hearing her visitor. On closer view Harriet Pebbles Cull looked more forbidding than she had last night on the rostrum, when she had opened her arms to the working gels of the world and bidden them be of good cheer. With a long, fine-pointed pencil she was counting the words of a typewritten manuscript; the violet eyes were not unkind but merely concentrated.

"Well?" asked the editor in chief at last without looking up.

"I—I'm Miss Troutt." As soon as she had said it she knew that this was no way to begin. "I—we met—I met you at the Button Molders' rally."

(Continued on Page 47)

The full native flavor of the fresh-picked peach!

Gathered the moment they reach the perfection of ripeness—

And packaged immediately by Libby chefs right where they grow—

Libby's Peaches come to you with their full native flavor—a wonderfully *fresh* flavor you will notice at once.

They are the choicest grown in the famous peach orchards of the Golden West—big, plump, solid peaches, every one, and exceptionally sweet, tender and juicy.

Served as a dessert in their rich, heavy syrup, Libby's Peaches are a delicacy that will delight the palate. Ask to have them for dinner tonight.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 512 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

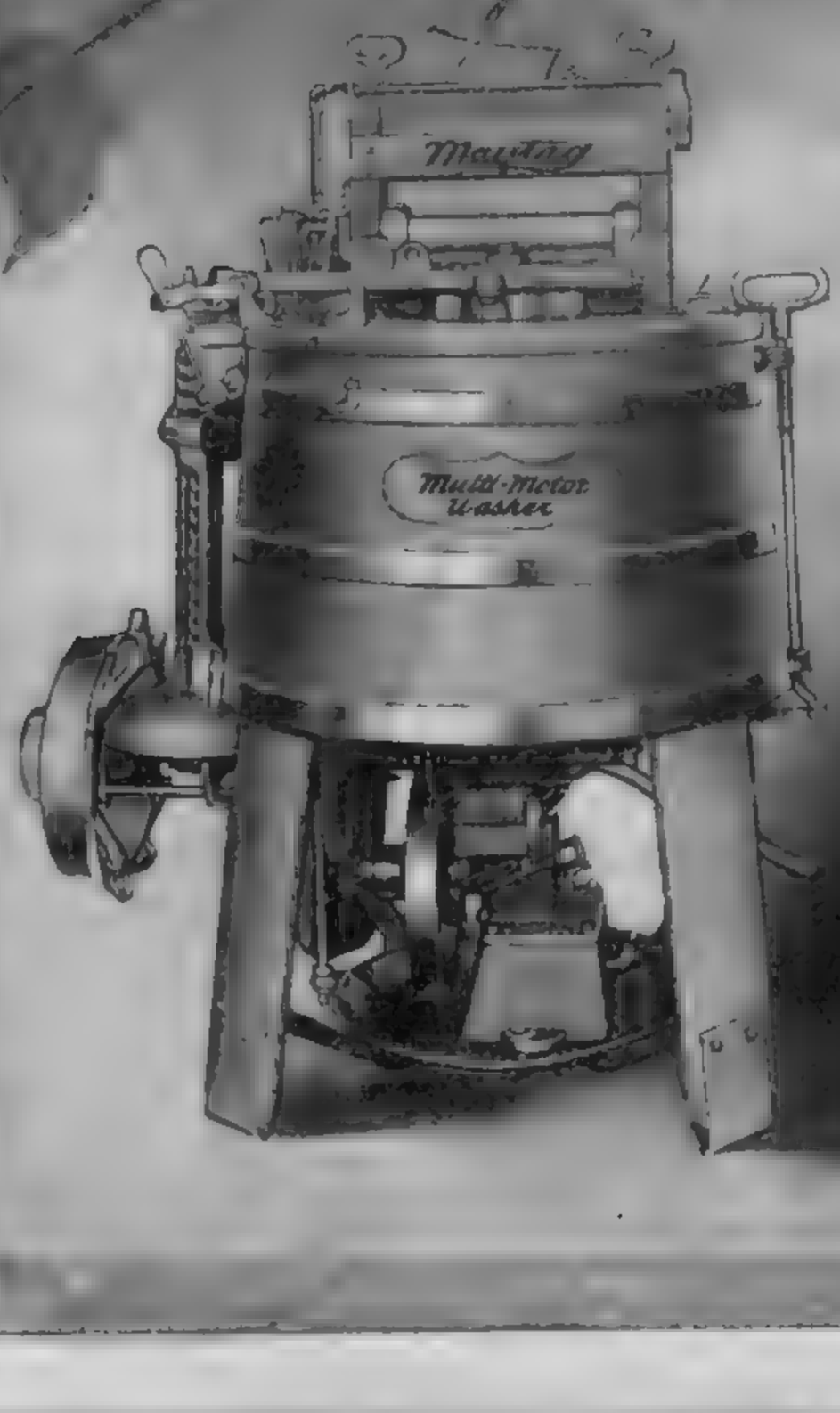
Maytag

For Her

What could better express the spirit of practicability in war-time Christmas gifts than a Maytag Multi-Motor or Electric Washer and a Maytag Positive Suction Cleaner.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY
DEPT. V293 NEWTON, IOWA

Canadian Branches:
Collingwood, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man.



(Continued from Page 44)

"Miss Troutt?" The seeress knitted her brows; then she took a good look at Hortense, and apparently liking the view assumed a smile which was as comprehensive and general as any of her theories.

"No, you're not Miss Troutt," she corrected with the air of ineffable kindness which Buddha must have used toward his less brilliant disciples. "There aren't any Misses here. What is your first name?"

"Hortense," replied the confused one.

"Comrade Hortense—that's better. And now, Comrade Hortense, what is it?"

"Why, you see, Mrs. Cull ——"

"Comrade Harriet, if you please. We are all equals."

"Comrade Harriet"—it was like meeting Elihu Root for the first time and calling him Uncle El, but Hortense was game—"Comrade Harriet, I'm only a working girl and ——"

"A working gel, yes." Comrade Harriet's accent was wonderfully civilized. "And you wish to identify yourself with the cause?"

"Oh, very much! I heard your speech, and I've been reading your paper; your fine views on everything made such an impression on me that this morning I went right down to the office and resigned my situation."

"I see." Comrade Harriet's pure brow was all but haloed with an expression of divine guidance. "Another slave arising against his driver. I am very happy to hear this, comrade. Our work is spreading."

"And I've come to you because you have such a wonderful mind and can advise me about getting a job somewhere where I won't have to be bossed round by the boor joysey."

"Boor-zhwah-zee," corrected Comrade Harriet. She didn't laugh or make light of Hortense's bad French. In fact, it seemed impossible for her to make light of anything. "I distinctly see what you mean. You refuse to remain a slave to the capitalistic system."

"That's it!" Hortense was wildly glad that she had come. "You see I'm an expert stenographer and business secretary. If I could get away from those capitalists I'd work for quite a reduction."

"Stenographer and business secretary," mused Harriet Pebbles Cull. "A profession which will become obsolete upon the dissolution of the commercial hierarchy."

"I was thinking that you might have some job for me round your office."

This came all in one breath.

"My dearest child!" Comrade Harriet's look was honey-sweet. "The work of the Unshackled office is largely a labor of love. Comrade Elsa, my associate who sits outside, and Comrade Larry, whom you may have seen just now, have small incomes from the capitalist class, from which they have been converted. All of our contributions are in the nature of propaganda and are of course supplied without charge. Won't you sit down?"

Comrade Harriet eyed her curiously during a pause in which she held her pencil by its long point and caressed a handsome eyebrow with the rubber.

"Comrade Hortense," she said at last, "I approve of the brave stand you have taken against the spoiler. H'm. And yet secession is sometimes inopportune before a definite program is indicated. Do you understand me?"

Hortense supposed vaguely that it meant you shouldn't quit one job before another was in sight.

"But rather than expose you again to the capitalism from which you are now free, let me suggest an idea of my own. How would you like to enter with me into a partnership based on the equality of reward?"

"That's awfully kind of you, Mrs. Cu—Comrade Harriet," replied the shattered being, thinking that she was being offered a half interest in the Unshackled Publishing Company. "But wouldn't that be giving me too much?"

Mrs. Cull waved a shapely hand which was ringed with carved jade set in old silver.

"To us there is no such expression as 'too much.' Participation is the very heartbeat of communism. Have you ever done general housework?"

Hortense was now swimming fast to keep up with the rising tide of suggestions.

"Why, yes. Aunt Hen keeps a boarding house back in Rockinock. She's taught me quite considerable."

"Excellent! Then you will fall in very nicely with my program. I have a studio apartment—the task of direction would fall most properly to me. The work of production—no less important and dignified—would constitute your half in the equal partnership."

"What would I be expected to do?" asked Hortense, who was already half hypnotized. At the direct question Mrs. Cull braced two slender forefingers against two white teeth and sat a while in thought.

"Your work would consist largely," she defined at last, "in converting raw material into terms of human comfort, the nutriment of strength, health and intelligence. There is an almost priestly dignity attached to the office of the cook and houseworker—a dignity seldom appreciated by the bourgeoisie. See what alchemic changes can be wrought in the produce of the butcher or greengrocer, turning the fruits of the earth into the fruits of the mind! So you will have complete province over the ordering of our domestic habits. You, in fact, will be the home maker, while I will be the home sustainer."

"Well, as I understand it," upspoke Hortense, "you want a girl who can live with you, sort of like one of the family, and run things while you're away at the office."

"That is very well put, in its way," conceded the lecturer. Apparently she guessed that her caller was awaiting other particulars, for she explained: "And about the arrangements. Among our emancipated thinkers, you know, we have tried, so far as is practical under the capitalistic system, to do away with the clumsy monetary exchange which has done so much to ruin this beautiful world. As an equal-sharing partner in our home you will receive exactly what I receive therefrom: attractive sleeping quarters, nourishing food, pleasing surroundings, adequate clothing, and companionship with the finest minds in the world of modern thought."

"Would you like me to go right to work?" Hortense asked breathlessly.

"What was that?" It was evident that Mrs. Cull's larger vision had already reverted to its problems.

"Do you want me right away?"

"Oh, yes, yes! To be sure!"

Scarcely looking up Mrs. Cull reached into a small drawer, and with one motion of the hand brought out a key to which a card had been attached by means of a pale pink ribbon.

"The address is on the card," Hortense heard her telling the typewritten manuscript. "We dine at seven. I think you'll find a list of tradesmen in the frame by the telephone. Better lay places for two extra, as Comrade Elsa and Comrade Larry may come in. Excuse me, won't you?"

In the outer office Hortense looked upon Comrade Elsa with eyes of a new reverence; she must be one of the Finest Minds. Hortense wondered if, now that she was in the circle, she hadn't better smile and say "Good morning, comrade!" as Comrade Larry had done. But Comrade Elsa, who was now busily beating a typewriter, never looked up.

II

AND that is how in the course of an hour Miss Hortense Troutt moved across the border of Philistia and took a flat in Utopia. She found that Mrs. Cull occupied the top floor of a three-storied house within short pistol range of Gramercy Park; the floor was sublet, she later found out, by a young lawyer named Green, whose plump little wife, two well-nurtured children and economical town car combined to proclaim him and his tribe as boor joysey in the extreme. The Greens occupied the two floors below, kept fairly good hours and enjoyed only a dumb-waiter speaking acquaintance with the comrades in the upper realm.

On the morning of her first enchantment Hortense found the keyhole of the third-floor apartment and walked timorously into the strange life. Her impression of the big room which first she entered was that Comrade Harriet had been dry cleaning and had pinned innumerable fragments of Chinese and Japanese clothing to the wall in order that they might retain their intended shape. This theory was abandoned, however, when upon closer inspection she found that the embroideries were quite dusty and that some of them served as backgrounds for the curiously splashy pictures of which Comrade Harriet had a great many. On the marble mantel, directly under the enlarged photograph of revolutionary corpses lying before the gates of Tsarskoe Selo, a baker's dozen of froth-streaked glasses sat in gloomy conference as though last night's discussion had seriously disagreed with them.

Hortense raised the shades and threw open the big windows. She was sure she had never before seen such a variety of cigarette butts. Hand-rolled, machine-rolled, white, yellow, brown, black, a mangled army of them cluttered the fireplace, piano, bookshelves, table. Cigarette papers lay strewn like autumn leaves along the rug over a sifting of fine-chopped tobacco.

Comrade Harriet had no doubt spoken true when she had confessed that the pursuit of large problems had unsuited her for home-making. Hortense approached the priestly dignity of the kitchen and found an expanse of that dreary yellow woodwork once fashionable for service quarters. A family of resident cockroaches scrambled over mountains of greasy tinware, which lay about like wreckage in the wake of a defeated army. The sink was overflowing with crumpled napkins of Japanese crêpe, and on the draining board tottered a soiled stack of those cardboard plates which one associates with pie-serving at country barbecues. The gas range was a pyre of meaty sacrifices. As home maker there was no doubt that Hortense had her work cut out for her.

Behind a door she found an all-enveloping garment of calico, and with this on and her sleeves tucked back she set to work, beginning at the front of the apartment and progressing slowly toward the back. The homely effort of wiping down neglected shelves, mobilizing cigarette stubs, carpet-sweeping the vast gray surfaces of the studio room, wrought in her a very fury of exaltation. Back in Rockinock she had never liked housework; but here there was a difference which brought charm. She might work twice as hard as ever she had worked in her life; every swish of the dusting rag was a blow for freedom. Comrade, coworker, partner!

Powered by such thoughts she plunged through the surrounding rubbish like a ship in a high sea—like some wonderfully contrived ship, designed to head through a storm and leave orderly calm behind. By noon she had polished, swept and tidied the big room until it looked all but comfortable. Then she had rung up a hurry call to one Cosimo Pelligrino, grocer, green, wet and dry. By the same means she had notified the butcher; and in a pause she had telephoned Mrs. Kelley, who, as it proved, had been in correspondence with Lulu McCabe and was overjoyed at the chance to take over the Thirty-second Street apartment.

It was all like a dream to Hortense. Out of the dull ledger of the commonplace she had stepped into a picture book: a poetically written, wonderfully illustrated picture book whose pages, if somewhat rumpled now, could be smoothed out by her hand.

She lunched on the nub end of a loaf which she found in the bread box. Staring at her from the pantry shelves she beheld stack after stack of new paper plates, bale after bale of fresh crêpe napkins; and in these she admired the wisdom of the emancipated who had no time for scraping china or scrubbing linen. She was just finishing with the pots and pans when Cosimo Pelligrino sent over a fat Italian boy with a laden market basket. He was Cosimo's son, it turned out, and though obviously unemancipated he seemed eager to fraternize. Indeed he lost no time in interviewing Hortense on the subject of her aims and aspirations, with a view to proving, as he confessed, that some likes one lady and some another.

"Do Mis' Cull need-a some more rad-ennk wine?" he inquired at last; and in answer to his own question leaned under the stationary washtub and brought out a demijohn, which he shook close to his ear before restoring it to its place of hiding.

"Plenta for one more time," he decreed, then looped the handle of his basket so high on his biceps that the edge was level with his shoulder. "Lasta girl Mis' Cull had was a Swede. She verra good girl named Heeld. She go craza."

Hortense would have loved a more detailed account of the Craza Heeld, but young Cosimo departed as though in the wake of that demented spirit. In one disturbing flash Hortense wondered if her forerunner had entered the Cull household on the basis of equal participation; but the day was all too short for psychopathic speculations, and Mrs. Cull's new partner was already searching her mind for a few of her aunt's standard boarding-house

(Continued on Page 49)

In Active Service

Edwin P. Kohl, whose picture appears above, although still in his twenties, has been *in active service* for eleven years—one year with Uncle Sam and ten years with us.

In his one year in the Navy he has already climbed several steps up the ladder of promotion.

And in his ten years with us, he developed a *spare-time* Curtis subscription business that finally paid $100.00 a week profit for himself.

$8000 Profit

The $8000.00 in salary and commissions that he earned as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* paid his way through two universities and established him in the law business, which he gave up at the call of war.

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This roll will recall memories of those bygone moonlight nights.

Ask for our complete illustrated catalogue

Q R S COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 47)

recipes. She worked it out finally from veal cutlets to rice pudding. This ought to sustain the finest thinkers for another night, she thought, then went forth to explore the bedrooms.

There stood off the kitchen a little dark alcove, once no doubt the lurking place of the Craza Heeld. Here she found a spirit cabinet which had once held clothes and behind whose horridly striped calico curtains there remained a leaky pair of overshoes and an empty flask fancifully labeled Old Comfort Gin. The bed, which was of iron, was as hard and narrow as any nun's could ever hope to be. Beside the yellow oak bureau a wonderfully glazed brewery calendar displayed a pampered beauty clad in the style of 1898 and drinking beer alone under an exotic linden. The priestly dignity of Craza Heeld's office had not included clean sheets obviously; and the search brought Hortense to Mrs. Cull's bedroom across the studio.

This chamber was not without charm, if you discount the Russian Messiah with the middy blouse, who stood framed at the head of Mrs. Cull's four-poster. This photograph was autographed with a signature which looked ever so much as though its owner had taken a pen in his left hand and written his name backward. Hortense reflected that it would do no harm to take down, wash and press the pretty chintz curtains; but the floor was comparatively well polished, the woodwork comparatively white, and Mrs. Cull had chosen for her art intimates some landscapes that were comparatively sane. In digging her knuckles into the tufted mattress it was impossible for Hortense to refrain from the thought that the thinking end of this establishment might be a trifle fussy in the matter of sleeping luxuries. That the reflection brought no sting was but another tribute to Mrs. Cull's ability to hypnotize at a distance.

It was a radiant moment for Hortense when Comrade Harriet, coming home with her associates that evening, put a protective arm round the girl's slim waist and led her before her guests.

"Comrades," said she, "this is Hortense. She has voluntarily abandoned the bourgeoisie to fight for us."

Despite the fact that this was all said in the tone of a missionary who exhibits a Papuan child recently rescued from the tribal bake ovens Hortense was so overwhelmed with love and adoration for her kind deliverer that she could have fallen to her knees and touched the hem of that peculiar baggy walking skirt.

Comrade Elsa twisted her watery face into the approximation of a smile and said something with comrade at the end of it as she thrust forth a clammy flipper; but Hortense admitted she was thrilled when the Harvard tramp took her hand almost hurtfully in his warm broad palm.

"Shake, sister!" said he. "You can't keep the good guys off our dump!"

This rough-hewn speech was delivered with the broad *a* fashionable in Cambridge, and sounded the keynote of his character. For the patois of the dusty road was to Larry Hoden just as much an acquired trait as were the soiled blue suit and hobgoblin shoes which rather set off than detracted from his cultivated appearance. It was as though an actor, nicely shaved and bathed in scented soap, had temporarily disguised himself as a tramp.

They were in the midst of a discussion. Hortense had yet to learn that discussion with these people was synonymous with social intercourse. Heaven to Harriet Pebbles Cull was an extensive place where a multitude of souls could sit through the aeons defining their various attitudes. Comrade Harriet especially relished discussion because, after picking her own crowd, she usually managed to monopolize the floor.

To-night while dinner cooled they were right in the midst of one. Two or three times Hortense was on the point of suggesting that they sit down while the soup—a last-minute inspiration out of a can—was still hot. But it seemed there had been a protest on the part of somebody somewhere in Wisconsin, and the three Finest Minds were going at it from three different angles. Comrade Larry accused Comrade Harriet of being an Opportunist, which caused Harriet to flush and discover that Larry was a Decembrist; and in the midst of a general engagement Comrade Elsa opined that as a Fabian she would hang them both. Larry wanted to know how Elsa could be both a Fabian and a Maximalist, and it was in the heat of analysis that Comrade Harriet suddenly turned upon her unshackled partner—who was crouched in a corner wondering which of these heads, if any, she would come under—and inquired: "When will we have dinner, comrade?"

"It has been waiting twenty minutes," retorted Hortense, a trifle hurt.

"Oh, so it has," replied the home sustainer, twirling her glasses on the end of their black cord and making no move to rise. Larry, it seemed, had discovered something called chauvinism, which was the worst yet.

They agreed on this at last and all advanced upon the table, which Hortense had set as daintily as cardboard plates and paper napkins could make it. Before sitting down Mrs. Cull focused her absent-minded eyes and said: "My dear, not cocktail glasses for claret!"

"Oh!"

Hortense scurried toward the kitchen. She could feel the blushes, redder than Cosimo's demijohned beverage. She brought back goblets and Comrade Harriet wasted but the fraction of a glance upon the home maker ere returning to the really weighty problem of wage-slavery among the creosote workers. Lingering in the stuffy kitchen during the process of pouring claret into a carafe the girl resolved to ask her partner for some easy books that would tell her all about these great questions. Once included in the debate, she thought, the illusion of freedom would be perfect indeed.

Nobody commented on her dinner, save once when Comrade Harriet called for more oil in her salad and twice when Comrade Larry requested another large helping of veal cutlets. All during the meal the Finest Minds stuck to their favorite brands of cigarettes, which may be superficially described as white, yellow and brown. After dinner they moved their debate to the far end of the studio, where Mrs. Cull, stretching herself at length on a chaise longue, got complete control of the caucus, going on and on and on in one unbroken editorial, full of mighty adjectives and entirely lacking in paragraphs.

From the kitchen, where Hortense worked long and faithfully tidying things for the night, as Aunt Hen had taught her to do, she caught the cadence of those beautiful periods without being troubled by their meaning. From this far vantage she enjoyed the dream of being at one with these mighty souls. At last she heard the lecturer pause, clear her throat and call her name.

"Hortense," she suggested when her partner appeared, "will you please bring me a glass of water? And open some of the windows. It's fearfully stuffy. Comrade Larry, how would you define group consciousness?"

The tired girl must have fallen asleep on a divan at the outer edge of the discussion, for when she opened her hazy eyes she was aware of a deep, pleasant voice in her ear. Comrade Larry was leaning over her, and the sight caused her to leap hastily to her feet.

"*Qué linda!*" he chuckled. "That's what they say in Guatemala when they find the Sleeping Beauty pounding her ear."

She was refreshed to see that his eyes were clear and much more humorous than those which beamed from the other Finest Minds.

"I'm afraid we haven't given you a chance to define your attitude," he was going on. "We're a noisy lot of bindlestiffs when we get into action"

"I—I was all tired out, I guess," she faltered, not displeased by his confidential attitude. She could see Comrades Harriet and Elsa browsing over a pile of drawings in the big bedroom.

"Masterly inaction," came the smile of the rather too small mouth. "I suspect you of being a Fabian—aren't you?"

"Honestly, I don't know what I am," confessed the novice.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, comrade." He gave one quick glance toward the bedroom before resuming. "If you'll come and sit with me in Washington Square tomorrow afternoon I'll help you clarify your attitude."

It's just the way young men act when they want to teach you to swim, she thought, and was pleased again.

"That will be ever so kind of you," she said in her politest tone. A little of the Rockinock snobbery lingered and she found herself wishing he would sponge his suit

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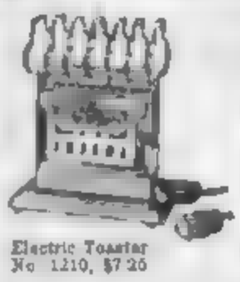

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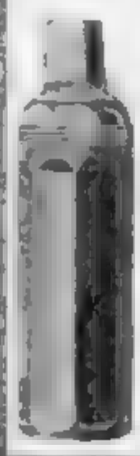

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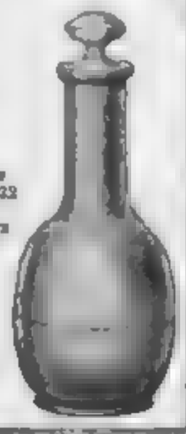

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Scores of our workers earn a *dollar an hour* for all the time they give us.

Their positions are permanent. As local Curtis representatives they receive equal profits on both new and renewal business, so their incomes, while always dependable, grow steadily each year.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
684 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

and shine his shoes. Back in Rocknock even the roughest young men took pains with such particulars before going out with the girls.

"I'm not sure whether Mrs. Cull—Comrade Harriet will let me," she qualified, and earned his guffaw.

"Can that bunk! There's no such thing as let me in our philosophy. Our restraints are our inclinations, nothing more. Of course, if your inclination forbids your sitting in the square and learning how to clarify your attitude—why, very well. Freedom of choice is our watchword."

He flushed slightly and turned half away. The other comrades were now emerging from the bedroom.

"At what time?" asked Hortense breathlessly.

"Half past one," replied the finest mind, speaking out of the corner of his mouth quite as furtively as Sauljer might have done when papa was threatening. Then he joined the others hastily with a feeling comment on the Civic Forum and the pernicious anti-tea-room statute. Hortense permitted her hand to linger in his as he departed, giving her a conspiratorial smile. She had a feeling of taking her first step out of the novitiate into the priesthood.

"And how do you like us by now?"

It was Comrade Harriet who thus inquired as with all the caution of a landed proprietress she bolted the studio door for the night.

"I think you're splendid!" What else could she say?

By way of good night Comrade Harriet planted a cool kiss upon the unworthy forehead and said: "You mustn't permit any of the old chains to dangle—the intellectual chains and prejudices. You must cast aside slave-thinking and be free as we all are. Slavery is a habit of the mind—see how often a convict, released from unjust imprisonment, longs again for his cell. Remember the wide spaces, the upper air—be free!"

"Yes, Comrade Harriet," said the meek disciple.

"Then to bed, my dear." The voice of Harriet Pebbles Cull was like that of a singing seraph. "And don't forget that freedom of choice is the very essence of our belief."

"Yes—I won't," she promised somewhat sleepily.

It reminded her of what Larry the tramp had just said in that furtive aside. She was on the point of taking Comrade Harriet into her confidence in the matter of that Washington Square rendezvous of the morrow; then she remembered that there were no chaperons in Utopia, so she held her peace.

"You are doing very well," Mrs. Cull allowed herself as she stood removing the pins from her back hair. "I think the soup was a trifle cool, but you will learn. I always have chocolate, a hot roll and a four-minute egg brought to my room at eight o'clock. And oh, yes!" She walked rapidly across the studio to a battered Italian desk. "Here are some revised chapters of my new book which I must have typed before the end of the week. There is a new machine in its case under my bed. I wonder if you'd mind, in your odd moments ——"

"Oh, will you let me?" So, after all, her training as a typist, stenographer and business secretary would bring her in closer link with the cause.

"I knew you wouldn't mind. Good night, comrade!"

And the heavy door at last slammed on the studio.

III

A WEEK later found a curiously revised Hortense Troutt dusting, ironing, sweeping and cooking between spells of typing a manuscript which was obscurely annotated and entirely composed of hard words. But in all this flurry she was not too busy to think almost constantly of Larry Hoden. In that first Washington Square meeting he had, by way of clarifying her attitude, proposed marriage to her.

That had been an act of splendid renunciation on his part because, as he had taken time to explain to her, he didn't believe in marriage as an institution. But as a concession to her bourgeois upbringing he was willing to appear before a capitalistic marriage-license bureau, sign his name to a contract, and if necessary submit himself to the rites of a priest, rabbi, rector, preacher or Christian Science practitioner. In his dusty garments and scraggly haircut he had appeared to her like some love-inspired young prophet as he had made his self-submerging proposal. She was sure he had a broader vision and finer spirit than any young man she had ever met—and yet ——

Back in Rocknock there had been a different way of looking at essentials. Aunt Hen had always referred to the institution of marriage as the holy bond of wedlock, despite the fact that Uncle James had been far from sanctified in his behavior and had died of lockjaw superinduced by tearing his foot on a rusty screen door which he had kicked while in a state of rage and ain. But Hortense had always associated weddings with Mendelssohn, roses, organdies and a ritual of holy joy. She remembered how Aunt Hen had always given prominent place among the hundred horrible examples to a certain wanton jade who had refused to say "I will" when the Reverend Mr. Potts had asked the promise to obey.

What was Hortense to think of a man who made no choice between priests, rabbis, rectors, preachers and Christian Science practitioners?

She thought of him a great deal. She didn't count it strange that he should have proposed to her upon their first meeting alone. She thought that love ought to come that way—suddenly, like a stroke of lightning or a bad attack of influenza. How much more noble, worthy and temperamental was this finest thinker's wooing than the calculated advances of poor Sauljer, now fortunately forgotten.

Such thoughts had sustained Hortense during this week; for she could not conceal even from her rosy illusions that she was working pretty hard. If her broad-minded and equal-sharing partner would only get into the habit of rising for breakfast or of picking up after herself things would simplify no doubt. As it was Hortense must be up before seven each morning, and the entertainment of assorted Finest Minds every night kept her busy until a late hour. Several hundred pages of her typewriting had come out wrong; the light in the studio wasn't very good, and she was suffering a great deal from headaches—eyestrain and lack of sleep.

But in the first pause of early afternoon, when her strength was beginning to fail, a little ring at the studio door always brought the roses back along the road to Arcady. To-day as she awaited his visit she thought that she had got over wishing that he would dress up in her honor; in fact, Hortense herself had taken to wearing one of Mrs. Cull's greenish creations which, though it gave to her the effect of a velvet bag tied round with a candy ribbon, yet also imparted the chaste satisfaction that a Trappist brother must feel when first he dons the gaberdine of his order.

Comrade Harriet, too, had taught her disciple how to do her hair in such a way as to take all the wave out of it and cause it to fall in loose, irregular avalanches round her face.

And sure enough, on this afternoon a week or so after her entrance into freedom, the hour of two brought Larry Hoden's familiar double ring; he was fairly regular in his calls, if Larry Hoden could be said to be fairly regular in anything.

As Hortense had her hand on the knob to open the door she had a vision of how he would look in a brand-new suit with a becoming tie and stiff collar. At what an inopportune moment this idea had clamored for entertainment! For the appearance of the materialized Hoden was dramatic by contrast. A diagonal trail of dust ran from his right shoulder to the second button of his waistcoat—or to the place where the second button had been before its last thread had broken from anchorage. His dark hair seemed Medusalike in its unbarbered riot, and the hand which he raised in the act of removing his shapeless cap was as dingy as though it had been shoveling coal. Which the hand of Larry Hoden would never do if it could help it.

"Howdy, comrade!" cheerily he bade her, his handsome eyes sparkling as he presented a hand which for the first time she was loath to press.

"Oh, Larry!"

It was a poor speech in this wordy atmosphere, but it must have had its effect, for he relinquished his hold and asked: "What's eating you now, comrade?"

"Nothing!" Some more of her eloquent inadequacy.

"Come off! Your attitude is Fabian. Fabians never get married, you know; because their masterly inactivity forbids it."

(Continued on Page 53)

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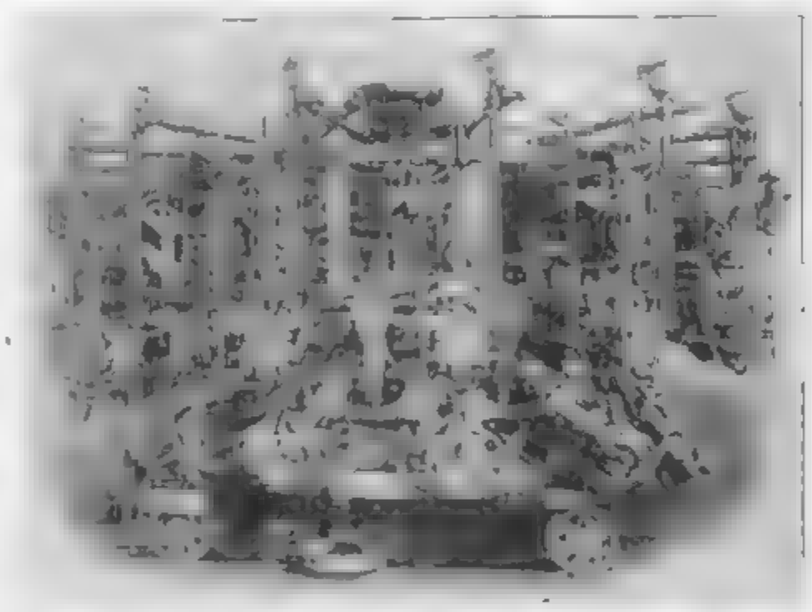

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DURUNDUM CLOTH
DURUNDUM COMBINATION

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY, INC.
FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 50)

"I think I'm tired."

"Bully!" he rejoiced. "What you need is a change of work. One of the most disgusting aspects of capitalistic slavery is its horrible permanence. Hell is a place where people have to stick to one job forever. We Maximalists hate monotony. Change of work, change of environment, change of government—that's our creed. Come on, Hortense—put on your hat and follow me."

"Where?" She took him seriously and was now quite breathless.

"First to the bourgeois headquarters where they deal in marriage licenses. Then to one of those gospel hucksters who will say a few lines of *cere libre* and declare us man and wife."

"Larry, I don't like the way you speak about clergymen," she declared, lengthening her upper lip. She was determined that this should be the point of departure.

"Holy alkali!" swore the Harvard tramp. "How like a birthmark our prejudice clings!" He thrust his dirty hands deep into his baggy trousers and took a few paces up and down before he again faced her. "Hortense, my dear girl—I'm desperately in love with you. You believe that, don't you?"

"Y-yes." She admitted even this with a reservation.

"You've got to believe it! If I weren't mad about you I shouldn't consider making these—these humiliating concessions to your prejudice. You say you want me to consider your religion. Have I asked you to consider mine?"

"I am perfectly willing that a clergyman of your religion should marry us," she decreed.

"Bunk! My religion doesn't include clergymen."

"Then it isn't a religion," she informed him in true Rockinock form.

"My Lord, if I weren't demented I should give you up, send you back to the bourgeoisie."

"Of course, you might ——"

"Look here, Hortense! Pick your preacher. If your so-called religion demands that I be married on a pile of fagots and burned afterward like a Hindu widow, I'm game."

His tone was light, but there was a touch of temper in the florid face as he stood sifting fine-chopped tobacco into a brown paper.

"Let's sit down," she suggested. She was terribly sorry that she had hurt him; but now or never, she thought, was the time to speak. Indeed, she had a program of her own.

"I think you're wonderful." She began with the sweet end first. "I think you're a great genius with awfully—awfully grand ideas about everything. You're the finest mind I ever saw. But if you're going to marry me I want you to understand it's a holy bond ——"

"Aw!"

He groaned and covered his face with his sooty hands. She wasn't sure whether he was laughing or crying; which certainly added to the difficulties of her subsequent speech.

"It's a terrible responsibility—I know, because I watched Aunt Hen and Uncle James. And I don't think any nice girl ought to go into it sight unseen without making the gentleman she is going to marry sacrifice a few things—just to prove that he really cares."

"What would you suggest?" asked the voice behind the hands.

"In the first place"—here she bit her lip, realizing the impiety of her forthcoming request—"I think you ought to slick up a little. You know. Get a new suit of clothes and necktie and things."

"I see. Array myself like the peasant bridegroom of the Balkans." This came through his dirty fingers.

"Something like that," she responded. "The clothes you have are very nice to wear when you're speaking at rallies and everything. When we're married you can keep them to put on when you go out among the propaganda"—she wasn't at all sure she had got this word right, but she continued full steam ahead—"and—and you must trim your hair, and manicure and—and sort of spruce up."

"Wash?" He put it monosyllabically.

"Well," came her oblique attack, "you've sort of got to stop being a genius when you're a husband."

"Do you know what you're asking me to do?" He lowered his hands suddenly and faced her. "You're commanding me to betray my class and put on the livery of capitalism!"

"Most capitalists are very nice dressers," she persisted.

"Anything else you require?" he asked, coming back to his amused smile.

"Oh, yes," she countered promptly. "If we're going to get married of course we'll have to have a place to live; and that means paying the grocer and landlord and hiring a girl to do the housework ——"

"A girl to do the housework?" he echoed.

"Certainly. It's all right to get along this way"—she pointed her little nose round the studio room to indicate where "this way" lay—"but if you and I got married on that equal-distribution-of-labor basis we'd find pretty quick that it didn't work for either of us. To tell you the truth I've been in partnership with Comrade Harriet long enough to want to do some bossing for myself. A Swedish girl at thirty dollars a month would save us money in the long run—I'd see that she did—and it would go a long way toward keeping us decent and contented ——"

"Decent and contented!" He groaned. "What a fate!" Bouncing to his feet with more energy than he usually displayed he set to pacing again.

"Hortense," he roared at last fiercely, "if I go to a department store and rig myself out like a penny clerk I shall entirely lose my effectiveness among the people I have chosen to lead. But if you ask me to throw away my dignity I'll do it. Women are an alien race." He calmed down to the analytic level as he stopped and faced her. "Women are all Circes—never satisfied until they've turned men into trained pigs."

"I saw a woman at a circus once," she digressed. "She had a trained pig. He was the cleanest pig I ever saw."

But Larry Hoden wasn't to be lured from his obsessing theme.

"By hickory, I'm crazy about you! I'll do all the monkeyshines you ask if you'll marry me. I'll wear a frock coat and a gardenia and ——"

"Will you?"

Utterly ignoring his satire she brought together her enraptured hands, thinking how handsome he would look in a silk hat.

"And to resume your program—how do you expect me to pay for these bourgeois splendors, since your tastes require them?"

"Well"—she hesitated, because the forthcoming statement seemed indelicate—"Comrade Harriet tells me you inherited some money from a rich uncle or something."

"Faugh!" He smote his breast in high disdain. "An old reactionary I've never seen was so impertinent as to remember me in his will. It's a hundred and fifty a month—we can't live in capitalistic splendor on that."

"Oh, yes, we can!" she spoke up. "Everybody says you're a real talented writer. If you go to work I'm sure you can make an extra hundred a month without half trying."

"I see. Sell myself to the Philistines."

This seemed all right to Hortense, who was unlettered in the phraseology.

"Yes, you could do that, if they paid well. Anyhow, if you only made a hundred extra we'd have two hundred and fifty altogether. I can chase the Kelleys out of the McCabe apartment—Mrs. Kelley rang me up last night and said she wanted to move again—and allowing thirty a month for the general houseworker and forty for the rent we'd have a hundred and eighty left for living expenses, clothes and movies."

"Will you marry me this afternoon?" He fairly spat the proposal through his clenched teeth.

"With a regular Baptist clergyman?"

"Anything in the world. Will you?"

As he stood there, tall and rather splendid looking in spite of his abominable disguise, she seemed to see him in a smooth grayish morning coat with braided edges, a sparkling tie knotted under his winged collar, pearl-gray gloves carefully held in his right hand. She would insist on a best man too. She hoped Larry would pick out a stylish one—she wondered if he would mind if she suggested Sauljer for the part? After all, Sauljer was stylish and he would look wonderful standing by the altar holding a wedding ring by proxy. Hortense, you see, was bred in the romantic school.

(Continued on Page 56)

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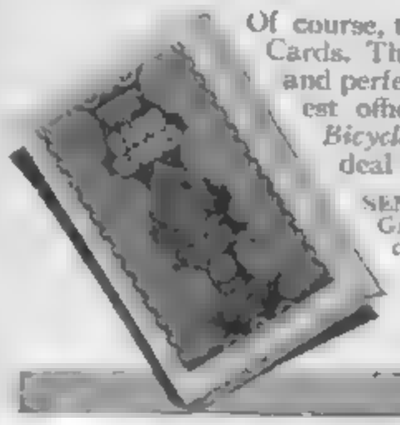

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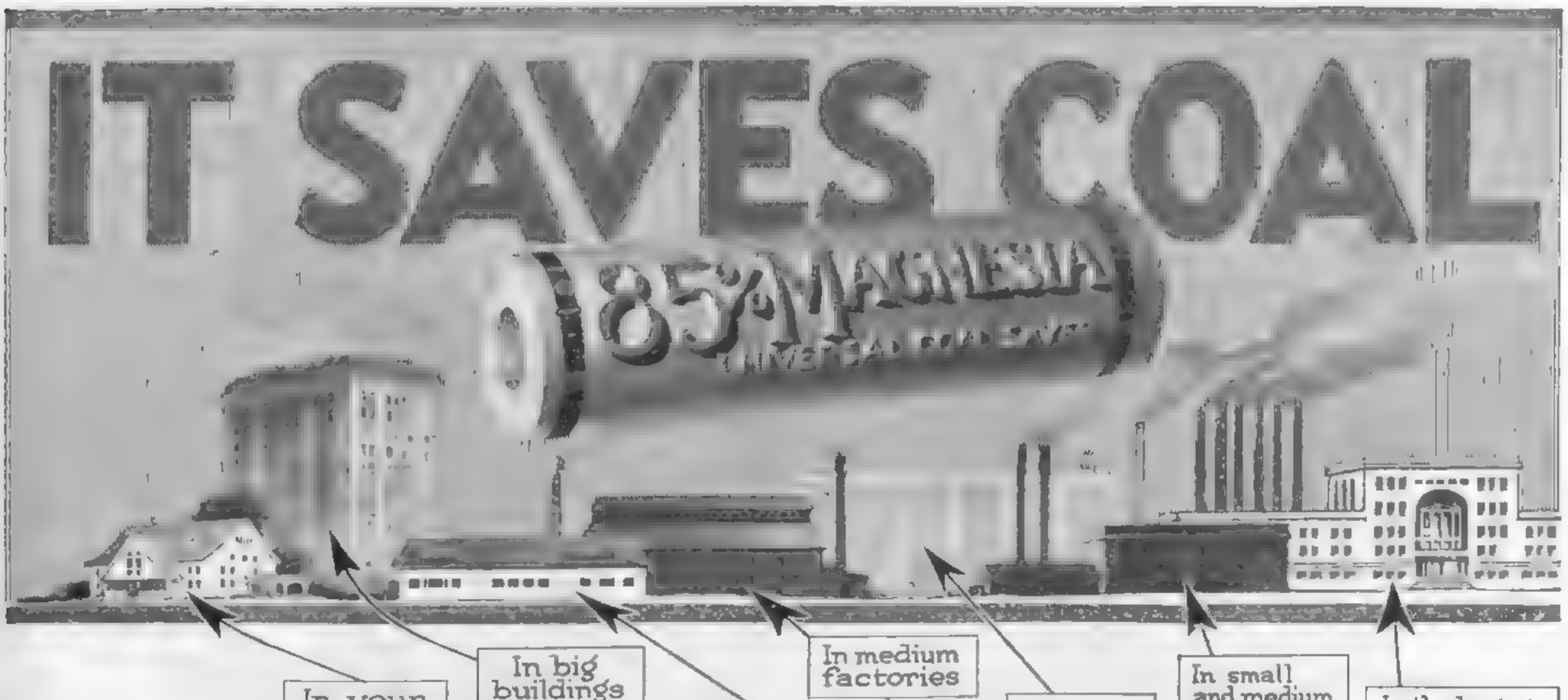

This table shows the Monthly Coal Saving, in Dollars and Cents *by using* "85% Magnesia" Pipe-Coverings

Size of Pipe Inches	5 lbs. Steam Pressure	10 lbs. Steam Pressure	50 lbs. Steam Pressure	100 lbs. Steam Pressure	150 lbs Steam Pressure	200 lbs. Steam Pressure	200 lbs. Steam Pressure 100° Sup-Heat
½	$1.44	$1.58	$2 20	$3.28	$3 66	$4.11	$6.80
¾	1.72	1.89	2 87	3 70	4 26	4 89	8 03
1	2.11	2 30	3 56	4 80	5 35	6 04	10 00
1¼	2.52	2.74	4.22	5 62	6 50	7 25	12.20
1½	2 86	3 10	4.73	6 14	7 29	8 17	1.3 70
2	3.53	3.74	5.86	7 63	8 93	10 11	16.80
2½	4.25	4 39	6 95	9 07	10 55	11 90	19 90
3	5 00	5 33	8.30	10 90	12 60	14 30	23 82
3½	....	6.22	9 60	12.40	14.40	16 32	27.23
4	....	7.06	10 60	14 05	16 40	18.40	30 85
4½	....	7.69	11 80	15 35	17.92	20 25	34 00
5	....	8 64	13 16	17 20	20.00	22 72	38 00
6	....	10 15	15 60	20 38	23 82	26.88	44 90
7	....	....	18 38	23.68	27 60	30 80	52 00
8	....	....	20 40	26 60	31.20	34 90	58 55
9	....	....	22.70	29 00	34 52	38 61	64 80
10	....	....	25.00	32 70	38 40	43 08	72 40
Boiler and flat surfaces per 100 sq. ft. 1½ in. thick	5.26	5.67	8.80	11.50	13 48	15 12	25.44

FOR months past, the Magnesia Association of America has been telling the American public about the remarkable coal-saving properties of "85% Magnesia" pipe and boiler coverings.

This claim is emphatically not a fanciful one. It is substantiated by the most carefully conducted series of tests ever made. These tests covered more than a year. They were made by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research—a scientific institution of the highest standing. They are borne out, in fact, by the lifelong experience of America's greatest engineers.

The figures given in the table above are conservative. They have been frequently excelled by the results shown by "85% Magnesia" in the service of many coal users. It will be readily seen that a marked saving can be effected by the use of "85% Magnesia" coverings on the pipes and boilers of *every* coal consumer, whether he be householder, owner of a sky-scraper, or the owner or engineer of the largest power plant or factory.

These figures concern *you* as an individual. They cannot be passed along to some indefinite third party. The need for saving is *yours*. Equally the means of effecting the saving by the use of "85% Magnesia" are at *your* disposal.

The value of "85% Magnesia" as a conserver of heat and saver of fuel is indorsed and emphasized by the fact that for over thirty years, it has been the official standard of the U. S. Navy. During this same period, it has been the choice of the leading power and heating engineers of the country. It is indorsed and approved by the U. S. Fuel Administration, by the U. S. Shipping Board and by the leading railroads and steamship lines. It is truly "the national coal saver."

Study the figures carefully

ASK yourself these important questions:—
Am I saving all the coal I can?

Are my pipes and boilers properly covered with the most efficient heat-saving insulation?

Is the covering thick enough for the greatest economy?

Is it "85% Magnesia"?

Based on present figures, the cost of thorough and efficient protection by "85% Magnesia," against heat losses, will repay itself, not in years but in *months*. It will continue to save indefinitely, not only in the actual money cost of coal but also by greatly increased *efficiency* in the operation of your steam plant, whether it be used for heating or power.

The coming world-struggle will be purely one of industries. The best equipped factories, with the lowest cost of production and the greatest economy of operation, will be the most successful. The basis of all industry is *coal*. To save coal is one of the biggest steps towards industrial supremacy.

Copies of this table will be sent free on request. The members of the Magnesia Association will gladly furnish further information if desired, on this vital subject of heat insulation. If you are an architect or engineer, ask also for the Specification for the proper application of "85% Magnesia," compiled and indorsed by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and issued by the

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721 Bulletin Bldg., Philadelphia, Penna.

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(Continued from Page 53)

"Yes," she said faintly at last, but stood him off as he came toward her.

"Please—wait till you get your new clothes and things."

"How much money have you got?" was Larry Hoden's sudden query; confusing under the circumstances.

"About thirty-nine dollars," she acknowledged. After all, there should be no secrets between them.

"I'm a little shy on kale until next Tuesday, when my allowance comes in. Suppose I make a touch until ——"

"Why, certainly!"

The favor seemed light compared with the concessions he had made for her against his conscience. She flew to Craza Heeld's room, rummaged in a wicker suitcase and found to her delight that her roll numbered forty-four dollars. Some instinct she had inherited from the forest woman prompted her to withhold five dollars when she presented the loan to her temperamental lover.

"I've got a new pair of kicks somewhere," he mumbled. "This'll be enough for a suit, a shirt, a shave and a marriage license. Happy days!"

He was swinging out of the door when she found voice to call after him: "You're not mad at me, are you, Larry?"

"Mad? Not at you but about you," he growled. "Otherwise I shouldn't be violating my creed for yours."

He rumbled away and left his sudden fiancée torn between triumph and misgiving. Love of her had caused a prophet to tear up his message and throw it to the winds. Being very feminine she was charmed with the idea. But she wondered if she wasn't killing something fine in him—something which would wash off, as it were, and be lost forever to the world of intellect which was his proper realm?

Her reflections were interrupted by a ring at the telephone and the didactic tones of Harriet Pebbles Cull:

"Comrade Hortense?"

"Yes, Comrade Harriet."

"Cosimo always has hot spaghetti on Fridays," she explained in the coming-out-of-nowhere manner which she chose for the conveyance of orders. "Please have enough for fourteen or fifteen sent over. You might make some of that nice chicken salad too—or if you haven't time get it at Baumgarten's. Have an extra gallon of claret and a case of light beer. There will be fourteen or fifteen instead of eight as I planned."

"Why—are we giving a party?" asked the astonished slave of freedom.

"Oh, didn't I tell you this morning? I thought I did. The leaders of the Button Molders' Committee are coming in for a buffet supper at eight. Then there'll be Adam Whaile, the novelist, you know, and his wife—and I have the greatest good news for the cause. We have a convert from the capitalistic class ——"

"My goodness!" interrupted the disciple. "This is an awful time to order a dinner for fifteen people."

"My dear!" The wire seemed to quiver with the shock. "Am I taxing you beyond your ability?"

"Excuse me—I was just a little surprised, that was all. I'll see to everything. Don't worry."

Hortense could have kicked herself. Mrs. Cull always did have a way of ascending in her intellectual balloon and dropping ballast on her opponent. Somehow or other she hadn't given Hortense a chance to explain that ere eight o'clock to-night she would be Mrs. Larry Hoden. At that very instant she was wondering if after marriage it wouldn't be more dignified to call him Lawrence.

She had just finished ordering lakes of red wine, mountains of French bread, armies of beer bottles, wriggling colonies of spaghetti from Cosimo's abundant store, and was counting the number of cardboard plates and crêpe napkins in stock, when the doorbell again rang its prearranged double ring. She was thrilled and somewhat disconcerted. Larry had certainly purchased his trousseau and his license at express speed, she reflected, as she rushed to open the door.

The sight she met was crushing and somewhat terrible. The Harvard tramp appeared more tramplike and less Harvardlike than ever before. There was a look of dejection, of sullen revolt in his eyes—and something else, too, that she was afraid to understand. As he brushed by her his atmosphere glowed with volatile fumes he had acquired at some convenient bar.

"Larry!" she cried; and her first thought was of sympathy, because it was evident that something terrible had befallen him.

"Hortense, it can't be done!" he announced, sinking on the couch and combing his disheveled hair with slender, dirty fingers.

"What can't be done? You mean the stores are all closed and the barber shops——"

"No, no! But the disgusting laws of this half-civilized country make it impossible for us to carry out our program."

"About the Baptist preacher?" She was determined to be adamant in this direction, when he exploded again.

"No, no! But the money you require to keep us in this bourgeois respectability you demand. I've seen her. She won't give it up."

"Seen who? Who won't give it up?"

"Seen my wife. She ——"

"Your wife?" Medea never put a sharper question to her Jason.

"Not my regular wife—my divorced wife. The banal laws of this stupid country compelled me to pay her my whole allowance in alimony. I dropped in on my way downtown and asked her to be reasonable. She insists in her attitude of petty revenge."

"Why didn't you tell me you were divorced?" snapped the disillusioned one.

"Why should I? Did I ask you about your private affairs when I proposed marriage to you?"

"That's entirely different." She wasn't tall, but she seemed to stand miles above his frowsily diminished head. "When a man's divorced and comes courting a girl just as if he was a—a bachelor—good gracious! Haven't you any reverence for matrimony?"

He looked up and smiled miserably.

"How can I," he asked, "when I've been tied and untied three times in seven years?"

"Oh." She was surprised that she could be so calm. Life was never like this in the moving pictures.

"And I suppose you're dividing your income with them, also?"

"The first two? No. I didn't have any money then, and they were glad enough to break away without charge."

"I think I prefer the way the first two did," she informed him—"breaking away without charge."

Apparently he put a cheering construction upon this speech, for he brightened visibly.

"Hortense, you're a darling!" he reassured her. "I knew you'd take a broad-minded view of the matter."

She had kept comparatively calm up to this point, but the last speech had the effect of roiling her to the depths.

"I'm entirely too broad-minded for you," she spat out.

"As long as you feel that way about it"—he was quite pale, but he still retained his smile as he came to his feet—"I'd better go, and give you a chance to get over it."

"That will be quite a piece of time," said she, cooling as suddenly as she had flamed. And then she made a most unchivalrous request which revealed her as no Fabian, but a Maximalist of the deepest dye.

"Before you go," she said, holding out her hand, "you might give me back that thirty-nine dollars."

He didn't move. He didn't put his hands in his pockets, because they were already there; but the pallor of his face deepened through all the shades of rose dye, from palest coral to purplest American Beauty.

"I—I'm afraid you'll have to wait for that," he stammered.

"Well, you are a swift worker!" she found herself telling the finest mind in her most unladylike tone. And then: "What in the world have you done with it?"

"Well, you see, my wife—I forgot that I was behind with my alimony——"

"I see. The third Mrs. Hoden—or do you keep count?—had to be paid, so you settled with my money." She found herself uttering one of those laughs which tear the heart.

"Annie was on the warpath. What could I do? Threatened to drag me into the alimony court. The capitalistic judge there would be only too glad to send me to jail for a hundred years."

There was a quantity of mumbled explanation still coming, but Hortense retreated to the kitchen and slammed the door behind her. Had he followed her to this armory of bread knives, ice picks, rolling pins and can openers this tale would doubtless have ended in one of those backyard tragedies which have no place in the pages of high romance.

Instead of mangling her ex-adorer Hortense spent a savage afternoon cutting sandwich bread. Rage has an anæsthetic quality and she did not realize how terribly she was suffering during those hours of detestable preparation for Mrs. Cull's buffet supper. The affair was to be given at eight and Comrade Harriet came stamping in at seven-thirty, full of ideas about humanity in general but empty of suggestions as to how a dinner for fifteen could be planned, cooked and served by an amateur houseworker with a broken heart.

"Didn't I tell you to get orange-colored candles instead of those ugly white things?" asked the equal sharer, poking her head in at the door. It was evident that Hortense's rebellious attitude over the telephone had been ill received. But the comrade went on in a more conciliatory tone: "My dear, it's going to be a wonderful evening, and I hope you'll be attentive to what's said. Comrade Isadore has planned a national strike on entirely new lines." It was as though she were speaking of a clever male dressmaker; but no matter, for she went right on: "And Adam Whaile will clarify your attitude tremendously. I'm so glad we'll have this opportunity to introduce our convert from the capitalistic class. He promises to be one of our most brilliant ——"

"How are we going to serve drinks for fifteen with only nine glasses?"

The disciple never looked round. When at last she did turn she found that the door had swung to and Comrade Harriet had disappeared.

Being of Puritan stock, transplanted and grown stronger in the Middle West, Hortense had a prejudice against breaking contracts or leaving people in the lurch. Otherwise she would have discarded her apron then and there, left several kilometers of spaghetti to cool under the sink, and gone forth into the night. Instead she arrayed a variety of sandwiches, olives and sliced ham on the big table in the studio. She set the *favorita d'Italia* to warming, snuggled a dozen bottles against the ice—and all the time her mind was planning such a revolt as no chained muzhik ever planned under the lowering Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul.

At last she heard the party coming in. Comrade Harriet's soprano modulations floated contrastingly above cordial basso roars from the throats of blood-bonded Button Molders. The alarm clock over the sink recorded six minutes past eight—it was either fast or slow, she couldn't remember which.

By the noise outside it sounded as though Mrs. Cull's jubilee had swollen from fifteen to fifty. Hortense would not have been surprised.

The door swung again, and again Mrs. Cull's head was apparent.

"My dear," she invited, "aren't you coming in to meet the comrades?"

"Someone has to look after the food, you know," replied the hitherto silent partner, fixing her benefactress with hostile eyes.

"Oh, so someone has," agreed Harriet Pebbles Cull. Then bringing her entire bag-draped figure into the kitchen she took up the matter more minutely.

"My dear child," she asked, "what's wrong?"

"Nothing at all, Mrs. Cu— Comrade Harriet. I'm just worried about this dinner. It's pretty short notice, you know. And I shan't be able to stir from this kitchen until the spaghetti is served."

Comrade Harriet sighed her forgiveness.

"I'll have Comrade Elsa and Comrade Judith help serve. You're not going to miss Comrade Isadore's speech?"

"I think so."

"But, child! Certainly you'll meet the convert; and Comrade Larry's wandering round quite lost."

"My Lord, I believe the spaghetti's burning!" lamented Hortense, insanely longing to empty the squamy, squirmy contents of the can over the uplifter's tranquil head

The noise grew louder outside, and presently Comrades Judith and Elsa—the former an enormously stout maiden who favored little cigars—came in to bear away cardboard plates, glasses and ice-cooled bottles.

"There aren't glasses enough," was Comrade Elsa's startling discovery.

"We'll let the convert drink out of a bottle—converts should, you know," giggled the fat girl, who dared to joke on Parnassus.

(Concluded on Page 59)

A peach of a present!

SLIP the Christmas spirit right into *his* hands December twenty-fifth with a pair of Ivory Garters—a gift of *real* service and *real* economy. You couldn't pick a niftier remembrance, or one that gives such comfort and satisfaction!

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Besides, Ivory Garters are as light as your own silk sock, but strong and durable. They give long service.

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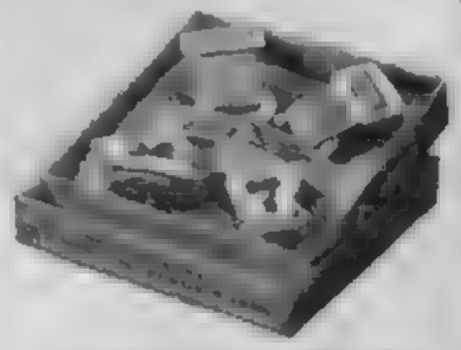

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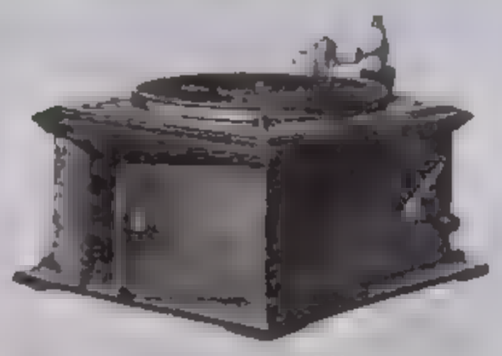

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Victrola VIII

Victrola IX
Mahogany or oak

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Victrola XI

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Christmas morning with a Victrola in your home! Here are Caruso, Alda, Braslau, de Gogorza, De Luca, Farrar, Galli-Curci, Garrison, Gluck, Homer, Martinelli, McCormack, Melba, Ruffo, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Whitehill, Witherspoon, and other great vocalists to sing for you.

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(Concluded from Page 55)

"His influence will be enormous," Elsa was solemnly predicting, evidently referring to the convert as she balanced two plates of spaghetti in the same hand. "He came quite voluntarily."

At last, after fifteen shares had been ladled forth and the comrade waitresses had gone to their convert, Hortense retreated to Craza Heeld's deserted nest and sat down to gaze at the stylish lady of 1898 who reclined under an idealized linden in the obsolete brewery calendar.

Hortense felt as lonely as that painted girl upon her painted landscape. She had made up her stubborn little mind to avoid Comrade Harriet's party to-night; she could never have sat in the same room, breathed the same smoky atmosphere with Larry Hoden and his craven spirit. Also, she had a shameful dread of bursting into tears at the very thought of those wonderful wedding clothes. Unique in all the history of disappointed brides, she was not regretting her own trousseau, never to be, but was mourning the hypothetical beauties of a bridegroom's garments. How splendid Larry would have looked in a high-winged collar with a solitaire pearl in the knot of his cravat!

"Comrade Hortense!"

She heard Mrs. Cull's sweetly tyrannical note floating toward her from the kitchen.

"I'm in here," replied Hortense, keeping her seat near the bed of the Craza Heeld.

"What can you be doing in there? Comrade Isadore will begin in a few minutes. Won't you bring in a half dozen more bottles of beer?"

"They're on the ice," replied Hortense—and then her familiar fiend prompted her to the arch impiety: "They aren't heavy. You might take them in yourself."

"I might—what?"

"Take them in yourself."

"Are you aware that you are being very impertinent?"

"I thought that nobody but servant girls and children were ever impertinent." Hortense would have perched her heels on the bureau, only it was too high. But she managed to tilt her chair back in the most defiant fashion. "Of course, in an equal partnership like ours——"

"I have no time for a discussion," announced the editor of The Unshackled, for the first time in her life.

The high heels clicked angrily across the oilcloth and the hinges of the swinging door groaned on their springs. The poor misguided girl had no way of knowing just how long she sat there, frozen with her own impiety, her chair tilted back, her eyes glazed as were the cheeks of the solitary beer drinker in the brewery calendar.

Then of a sudden down came the front legs of the chair, under the bed dashed the head and hands of Hortense Troutt, and out they came again, the hands clutching one of those wicker suitcases that country bankers and poor relations always carry. Packing was easy. She simply pulled out the top drawer of her bureau and reversed it over the open suitcase.

It was lucky she had saved that five dollars out of the Larry loan, she reflected, as she kicked aside Mrs. Cull's secondhand dress and began getting into the pretty, clever imitation of some rich woman's street costume—the imitation she had worn so saucily in the days of Saulser and Sauljer, a period now as remote as the Pliocene. As she dressed she was formulating plans. She would steal out by the rear entrance, telephone Mrs. Kelley from a corner drug store and plead for a night's lodging. Then to-morrow she would go over to Newark, look up Lulu McCabe and offer herself as a supernumerary in the gigantic following of the Lummox Film Corporation.

She had got on her hat and was regarding her suddenly smartened appearance in the mirror when the misery of her mistake seemed to flash out at her from the glass, to shame and overcome her.

"Don't do it!" she said aloud in a queer little broken voice. She didn't mean "Don't run away!" or "Don't rebel!" or "Don't seek a job with the movies!" What she was trying to tell herself was merely "Don't cry!" But she could feel the glands tickling and burning at the base of her nose, and she had a frightful feeling that some of the emancipated would come in and find her there—and heaven knew how they would take it!

She reached hysterically for her suitcase and had just gained the threshold of the kitchen when she was aware of a modishly clad masculine presence leaning over an open door of the ice box. So creaselessly correct were the lines of the costume, so tall and white the collar, so varnished the boots, that Hortense enjoyed a momentary fear that she had become infected with the germ of the Craza Heeld, that her imagination had conjured up this vision of the perfect bridegroom. However, the well-dressed specter proved better tailored than bred, for it turned and sang out: "Where d'ya keep your beer?"

"My goodness' sakes alive!" gasped Hortense Troutt; for when her vision had straightened itself out she saw what she saw. It was Saul Shilpik, Jr.!

Pots and pans, shelves, cupboards, gas ranges—seemed to swim round her as though Mrs. Cull's jam had overflowed into the kitchen and caused all things to float. Out of this a strangely idealized Sauljer sprang, young Perseus to the relief of a chained Andromeda. She could see him distinctly in all the blur, and what alone seemed to matter now was the one transcendent fact—he looked so clean. The brightness of his new necktie flashed upon her like a star through the rift in a departing hurricane.

It seemed perfectly normal that his arm should have gone round her and that she should hear his consoling nasals inquiring: "What's happened to you, Hortense? You're all in. Have you been on a hunger strike or something?"

"Don't keep me. I'm running away," she faintly told him, paradoxically clinging to him as to a rock of refuge.

"So am I," he giggled rather nervously. "I only came here to sleuth you out."

"Sleuth me out?" she echoed vacantly.

"Sure! I'm the convert, you know. We'd better step on the gas or they'll get me again."

He half led, half dragged her toward the rear entrance. When they were out on the third-floor landing she felt very weak and it became his obvious duty to support her again.

"Honey, what's this gang been doing to you?" he was asking in her ear. "What do they think you are—a galley slave?"

"S-Sauljer," she implored as steadily as she could, "you c-can't go without your hat!"

"Can't I?" he defied. "To get away from that bunch I'd go without my ——"

He didn't denominate the garment he would sacrifice in the name of liberty. In fact his remarks had become disconnected, because Hortense had lost control of her tear glands and was sobbing deliciously in his arms.

"Shush! Cheese it!" he cautioned. "First you know they'll be pouncing out and pulling us in. Heaven help us if that Queen o' the Highbrows gets her hooks on us a second time!"

He dragged her farther along the passage, and when they had gained the comparative safety of the second landing he stopped for breath and chuckled: "Eliza crossing the ice.

"If we duck the hounds we're safe. I've got my new racin' runabout parked round the corner."

"Sauljer—it's a miracle!" she confessed. "If you hadn't shown up I don't know what would have become of me."

"They would have tied you to the piano and talked you to death, one leg at a time," said Sauljer, who was now conducting her through open air toward the gray monster which crouched between its tires in a gutter under the Elevated railroad.

"Say, girlie, you thought I was kiddin' you that day in the office, didn't you? Think it over! Why, when you made that high dive off the job I went about twenty thousand feet in the air. Telephone? Say, I kept the line so busy that they're going to put in a new exchange and name it after me. The fat lady at your flat said she thought you'd gone into the movies somewhere—then this morning I tackled her again and she fessed up that you'd joined the Band of Hope and was tooting a trombone for old lady Pebbles. So I sleuthed out Sister Cull; she wouldn't listen until I told her I'd got the bug and wanted to join the Polly-Terry-Hutt, or whatever you call the thing. So I came to her party, and I'll never get over the headache it gave me tryin' to follow Harriet!"

"Will you take me round to the flat?" she asked faintly, as soon as they had come up level with the gray body of the racing runabout.

"I will not!" replied Sauljer positively. "Mrs. Kelley hasn't got room to take in a married couple."

"Oh."

"Get me?" asked Sauljer, evidently quite confident that he had got her. "And, say, I've got a swell piece of news for you."

He beamed so cheerfully that Hortense was half prepared for the blessing which had fallen when he announced: "Papa's got an awful attack of inflammatory rheumatism!"

"Actually?"

"Posi-tively! He can't come down to the office any more. I'm moved up to the main desk. Get that?"

The smart car moved silently away, as though sharing its owner's fear that the tribes of Upliftland would get wind of their escape.

"Then Sauljer, dear," she whispered with a deep and happy sigh, "we can keep a hired girl, can't we?"

It was nearly a month later, the hour being about six, when Comrade Larry slouched into the inner office of the Unshackled, as he often did at the approach of mealtime; Mrs. Cull was now taking her dinners at an Italian restaurant, leaving the servant problem to the miserable bourgeoisie who created it.

"Sit down, comrade," said she, drawing a blue pencil through a page of manuscript of the supplied-without-charges variety. "Damon Irks is prolix again. As soon as I've gotten rid of another five hundred words we'll go over to De Medici's for dinner."

Larry sifted chopped straw into brown paper and bode his time.

"Larry," said she at last, laying down her pencil and dangling her glasses at the end of their black cord, "I've gotten traces of that Troutt girl."

"Indeed."

The crease in the brown paper suddenly broke, permitting a shower of straw to fall into the Harvard tramp's lap.

He reached clumsily for the string of his tobacco sack, dangling from an upper pocket.

"She is irreconcilable, unreclaimable and, in the strictest sense of the word, amoral. She has married that hypocritical capitalist, Saul Shilpik, and is living in a state of disgusting bourgeois luxury on Riverside Drive."

"Where did you get that stuff?" he inquired, modulating his cultured voice to the slang he idealized as he did the grease on his coat.

"They asked me to dinner last night."

"Hm." His cigarette hand shook. "Of course, you refused?"

"Quite to the contrary. I went, as I feel it my duty to go wherever my social investigations call me. They have, as I remember it, thirteen rooms and four baths—possibly it is thirteen baths and four rooms. The figures are immaterial. There is much gaudy carving and garish paneling in the dining room, in imitation of that baronial pomp which the bourgeoisie love to affect. They have a footman in a ridiculously feudal livery, and the intricacy of their furnishings is entirely in keeping with the ideas of the unchastened few who glorify their shame at the expense of the unawakened many. They served three kinds of wine in a variety of etched glasses. Altogether it was disgusting, but not without its fascination. I wash my hands of that Troutt girl. During the evening she showed me sufficient of her character to convince me that she is addicted to soft living and entirely ungrateful for all that I have done for her."

"It is just as I have always maintained," said Comrade Larry, after consuming half his cigarette at one magnificent intake, "there are some people who are temperamentally and morally unfitted to receive freedom."

"Among Our Emancipated Thinkers We Have Tried to Do Away With the Clumsy Monetary Exchange Which Has Done So Much to Ruin This Beautiful World"

Un-retouched photograph of 36 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire on 1½-ton truck operated by the Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co., Chicago

Copyright 1918 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Where These Tires Save

BUSINESS concerns are determining that the choice between Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires and solid tires is a matter of conditions and that, unless enormous dead-weight burdens are to be carried over smooth roads, it frequently happens that the pneumatic equipment proves the more economical.

In Chicago, the Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Company has conducted a test for more than a year and has found that a 1½-ton truck on Goodyear Pneumatics hauls at lower cost than a former 1-ton truck equipped with solid tires.

Their report makes clear that both trucks were used in the same kind of service and that this involved a 50- to 60-mile per day run from freight yards over both good and bad going to various destinations in and around the city.

It first emphasizes that, as shown by the company's fuel bills, the 1½-ton Goodyear pneumatic-shod truck used only 5 gallons of gasoline daily as against the solid-tired truck's consumption of 8¼ gallons daily.

Then it points out that the truck on pneumatics, though ½ ton larger, used only 5 quarts of oil weekly while the other required 7 quarts weekly.

And particular stress is laid on the fact that, because it was cushioned by the big Goodyear Pneumatics, the heavier truck required only $20 worth of mechanical attention between October 1, 1917, and October 15, 1918, whereas the jarring on solid tires had punished the other truck considerably, causing frequent loss of time and money.

In addition the pneumatic equipment has wiped out the losses previously incurred when winter-time deliveries were delayed because the solid tires stalled in the snow or on icy pavements.

The truck equipped with the pneumatics, operated during the severe conditions of January and February, 1918, without being stopped on a single occasion by lack of traction.

Similar evidence of the money-saving advantages of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires appears consistently in their pioneering record and plainly recommends them to executives whose hauling conditions really demand this type of tire.

"In saving gasoline and oil, in reducing wear and tear on the truck, and in eliminating delays during the winter, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have won permanent adoption by us."—Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Company, Chicago, Ill.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

Overalls on Salesmen!

IN a purchasing agent's office in the morning; in the afternoon, in overalls, packing a pump in the engine room, building a baffle-wall or measuring power piping to be insulated; or a-top of a building inspecting or superintending a roofing job—this is not your idea, perhaps, of a salesman's routine day.

But Johns-Manville salesmen have never been of the kid-glove variety. They are first of all sales-engineers, and it is a source of just and lasting pride to us that the emergencies of war-time found them ready.

How to save heat and fuel, how to guard against fire—these are the lessons they have carried into countless plants the country over. It is not too much to say that by their man-to-man methods of preaching Asbestos and Conservation, our salesmen have rendered here at home a distinct service to the nation, have made a notable contribution to the efficiency of our war-machine, have helped the country in no small way to weather a national fuel crisis.

So we are proud that our men, appearing to advantage whether in business garb or overalls, have so completely justified the basic Johns-Manville policy. This policy is Service—the basis on which our goods are sold, the basis on which the properties of Asbestos are exploited, the very platform of our business. And as a personification of this policy, we can conceive of nothing more creditable to Johns-Manville than our salesmen in overalls, "helping out."

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CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
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that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

-and so:

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

WHEN COAL OIL JOHNNY GOES TO SEA

(Concluded from Page 8)

freight steamers running at slower speeds, and burning less oil to the mile, it would be possible for them to go half round the world.

Coal Oil Johnny can give almost any coal-burning steamer seven-league sea boots by a few simple changes in equipment—the installation of oil burners under the boilers and the conversion of coal bunkers or double bottoms into oil tanks.

But even that is only half his potential efficiency. Look a little farther ahead and design your ship to run with internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type, and he can double the efficiency.

The motor ship will operate on about half as much oil as the oil-burning steamer. Its engine-room force is reduced still more—from one to three men are sufficient; and there are no stokers, for the motor ship's mechanical staff is made up of skilled men. A Danish motor liner, the Fionia, recently went clear round the globe, making a voyage of thirty-two thousand miles, with only one engineer.

The largest motor ship yet built, the Glenapp, recently made her trial trip in Scotland. She is ten thousand tons dead weight, with two sets of Diesel engines, sixty-six hundred horse power. It is estimated she can make from twelve to fourteen knots an hour and run from London to Australia and back more than halfway without replenishing fuel—that is, going by way of the Suez Canal, she could take oil in the Persian Gulf and run back there without replenishing; while by the Panama route she would take oil in the Mexican Gulf.

This means that, with the world's merchant fleets equipped entirely as motor ships, from eighty to ninety per cent of the bunkering stations round the globe could be abolished; ships would require fuel only about twice in going round the world—or at an average of every six weeks. There need be no isolated fuel stations; oil would be taken on only where ships called for cargo or passengers.

The Economy of Oil

Anyone who has made a voyage through the tropics will find it interesting to contrast this sort of ship with his recollections of coaling incidents. If his voyage was through the Suez Canal to Australia or India, for instance, he remembers the terrific heat and how only Chinese coolies can stand the temperature of the fire hold; and how the ship was coaled at Port Said by hundreds of women carrying baskets of fuel. Neither the motor ship nor the oil-burning steamer requires coaling. The engine room of a motor ship need be little warmer than the deck in the tropics; and, besides, there is probably only one man attending the engines, and he is not performing hard manual labor nor is he in dirty surroundings.

The boiler room of an oil-burning steamer can be twenty-five degrees cooler than if coal were burned under the same boilers. For most of the heat in a fire hold comes from opening the furnace doors to throw in coal. There are no furnace doors when oil is burned. With coal, heat escapes every time the furnace door is opened and is lost for steam-making purposes. With oil, there is no furnace door to open and all the heat is used for steam making.

Two tramp steamers of the same tonnage leave New York for Santos, Brazil, calling at other ports on the way. One of them burns coal and the other is an oil-burning steamer. The coal burner makes the voyage in twenty-four days and eight hours, while the oil burner makes it in twenty-one days and thirteen hours—a saving of nearly three days, due to the fact that she runs one knot more an hour than the coal burner, owing to steadier steam pressure and greater speed secured with oil fuel. The coal burner needs twenty-seven tons of coal daily, or 657 tons for the voyage. The oil burner needs 16.7 tons of fuel daily or 359 tons for the voyage. A coal burner carries nine firemen and trimmers; the oil burner only three.

In normal times oil fuel for such a voyage might be either a little cheaper or a little dearer than coal. Suppose coal and oil cost the same. There will be a saving of three hundred dollars in firemen's wages for the oil burner and seven hundred dead-weight tons of bunker space for carrying cargo; which figures, at five dollars a ton, earn $3500 on the voyage. So the oil burner yields $3800 more to her owners and a saving of three days in time. On a year's operation the oil burner would probably make at least two voyages more than the coal burner, and these would be clear profit, except for fuel cost and port charges.

Two ships of the same tonnage went round the world, leaving Europe, rounding Cape Horn, touching at San Francisco, thence crossing the Pacific and going through the Suez Canal. One was a coal-burning steamer and the other a motor ship. The steamer stopped for coal fourteen times and burnt 8500 tons on the voyage. The motor ship burned 1446 tons of oil and had capacity for carrying 1250 tons; so she might have gone nearly the whole voyage, starting with full tanks—actually she left Europe with 820 tons, and bunkered twice—in San Francisco and the Persian Gulf—but turned an honest penny by using some of the tank capacity to carry an oil cargo from one port to another.

The steamer made the voyage in 300 days; the motor ship in 236 days. The steamer carried 7500 tons of cargo; the motor ship 8500 tons. The cost of coal—normal times—was $41,275, and the cost of oil for the motor ship was $12,940—a saving of nearly seventy per cent. The coal burner carried fourteen stokers; the motor ship none. The motor ship carried an engine-room force of thirteen men as against nineteen for the coal burner. So there was a saving in fuel amounting to seventy per cent, a saving in time of more than twenty per cent, and in increase in cargo of nearly fifteen per cent.

These figures become most significant when reduced to terms of early operating costs. Suppose each ship cost one million dollars. The motor ship saved $28,335 on fuel alone in eight months. That amounts to about four per cent annual interest on the entire investment in the ship.

And this is only a comparison of dollars on a coal-burning ship and a motor ship running on an old-fashioned coal burner's schedule. The coal burner spent 183 days at sea and 117 days in port. The motor ship spent 140 days at sea and 96 days in port. Because the world's cargo business is still organized on wasteful lines, with slow turn-round in port, the motor ship dawdled away more than three months in port; whereas, with cargo facilities organized on a motor-ship basis, her greater radius and flexibility in operation would have made it possible to save much of this time. If the maritime world can tackle this one item of waste after the war it may go far toward paying off the world's war debt.

And the cost sheets do not show that other great item of betterment—morale in the ship's crew.

The Morale of Sailors

The world's shipping before the war had got into such desperate straits in morale that the men who go down to the sea in ships were seldom able to marry and maintain families. There are some British figures that show this condition in a striking way. About sixty thousand British seamen living in the United Kingdom come under the health-insurance law. This law provides a maternity benefit when a child is born in a seaman's family. With a birth rate of about twenty-five children annually, which is a general average, sixty thousand seamen, if married, should claim three thousand maternity benefits yearly.

Actually, less than eight hundred maternity benefits a year are said to have been paid to British merchant seamen's families in normal times; and this is said to indicate a world-wide condition among merchant sailors. It shows one of the world's essential industries disintegrating through blind competition, and in my opinion the remedy must be some form of international system, if not control, and a building up of wages, skill and morale, which will give the seaman a home and a family, like the railroader or machinist.

With the motor ship we can have an entirely new era in ocean transportation. It calls for skill and effects economies that will yield good wages; and its flexibility and speed should facilitate rearrangement of the world's shipping routes, so the seaman may get home more frequently and have a home worth getting to.

The motor ship is here. But it still needs development and application. Thus far it has been built chiefly in small-tonnage freighters running at moderate speed. These have been highly successful economically; but there are still certain shortcomings in machinery and organization to be dealt with.

The Diesel engine must be freed of some defects that have appeared under the stress of ocean voyages, and must also be built in larger units to furnish greater horse power for bigger ships running at higher speed. The problems are now entirely questions of engineering, and American ingenuity should prove adequate to develop the fast motor liner for passenger traffic.

This type of engine was invented by Dr. Rudolf Diesel, a Bavarian engineer. The difference between an automobile engine and a Diesel engine is—generally—that all the fuel in an automobile engine cylinder is burnt at once, while in a Diesel engine it is burnt gradually, and so gives power more like the steam engine. Air is compressed in Diesel cylinders under great pressure, and then the fuel, consisting of crude petroleum or other heavy oils, is forced into the compressed air by greater outside pressure. This raises the temperature for the air in the cylinder and turns the oil into a gas.

The Diesel Type of Engine

The pressures in a Diesel engine are so much greater than those in a gas engine that when Doctor Diesel placed his first engine on the test block, in 1893, it exploded and nearly killed the inventor, not being sufficiently heavy in construction.

The Diesel engine has been widely applied in Europe for stationary power plants. But its application to ships has been difficult. This requires engines of very heavy construction; and as the mechanism for the gradual introduction of the fuel into the compressed air in the cylinders is intricate, the motor ship involves valve problems of its own.

The Scandinavians have made the greatest progress in motor ships, and the most successful Diesel engines on the ocean today are built by the Danes, Swedes and Hollanders, or under their patents. We have built some motor ships, as have the British also. But certain difficulties, to be overcome by wider experience in designing the engines and operating the ships, have retarded the development of this type. However, there are now prospects of active development for the motor ship in both this country and Great Britain.

The British, especially, are very much interested in this new type of ocean ship, and their splendid technical achievements in naval vessels during the war have given them new methods and a splendid new shipbuilding industry, which will be of great benefit in restoring the British merchant marine as soon as peace returns.

And that is as it should be and what every broad-minded American will rejoice to see; for the British merchant marine, no less than the British Navy, has played a leading part in keeping the world free.

If the world should turn during the next ten years from coal to fuel oil, and from steam to the motor ship, the question of petroleum supplies will become important.

At present the largest marine consumption of petroleum in the world is probably that of the United States Navy, estimated at five million barrels yearly under war conditions. This quantity would not go far in operating an American merchant marine of twenty-five million tons. Data upon which to figure consumption for such a fleet, with types of passenger and cargo ships running at various speeds and in various classes of service, are not yet very ample. But engineers have adopted a rough-and-ready ratio, estimating one ton of oil yearly to a ton of dead-weight shipping, where the fuel is burned for steam, and half a ton yearly for motor ships.

On this basis the American merchant marine alone would require one hundred and fifty million barrels yearly for steam, or seventy-five million barrels for motor ships. The world's ocean tonnage was fifty million tons before the war, and under the improvement and cheapening in transportation, made possible through petroleum, might increase to seventy-five million tons within the next five or ten years, this estimate including our own merchant marine.

Thus, for seventy-five million tons of motor ships there would be required yearly somewhere between two hundred million and two hundred and fifty million barrels of crude oil. This is approximately half of the world's total present production, and more than eighty per cent of our own production.

Where is the oil to come from?

Fortunately Nature has stored supplies in the earth for precisely this situation. Mexican petroleum is peculiarly suited for marine use. In the district round Tampico, which has been the scene of petroleum development for the past eighteen years, there are two types of crude oil taken from opposite sides of the Panuco River, which runs through Tampico and divides the district. The northern type of oil is a heavy crude oil that cannot be refined but is suitable for burning to make steam. The southern type of oil is lighter. When refined this yields about twelve per cent of crude gasoline and is suited for Diesel engines.

No such oil field has yet been located in any other part of the world. The Tampico district now has about fifty wells in production, with an estimated capacity of fifteen hundred thousand barrels daily—more than twice as much oil as would be needed to operate the world's merchant fleets and navies.

It is true that Mexico at present produces only from fifty million to sixty million barrels yearly; but this represents simply the quantity that can be handled in available pipe lines and tank steamers.

The Petroleum Age

The Tampico district is less than one hundred miles long and fifty miles wide; but it lies over enormous reservoirs of oil and is considered but part of a general oil region sixteen hundred miles long and from seventy-five to one hundred miles wide. Prospectors have also found promising oil indications in Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and other parts of Latin America.

To-day there are about fifty companies operating or holding oil lands in the Tampico district, with storage tanks and pipe lines to get the oil down to the ocean. Mexicans have not been active in developing this region because their political troubles have been acute during the chief period of Tampico development.

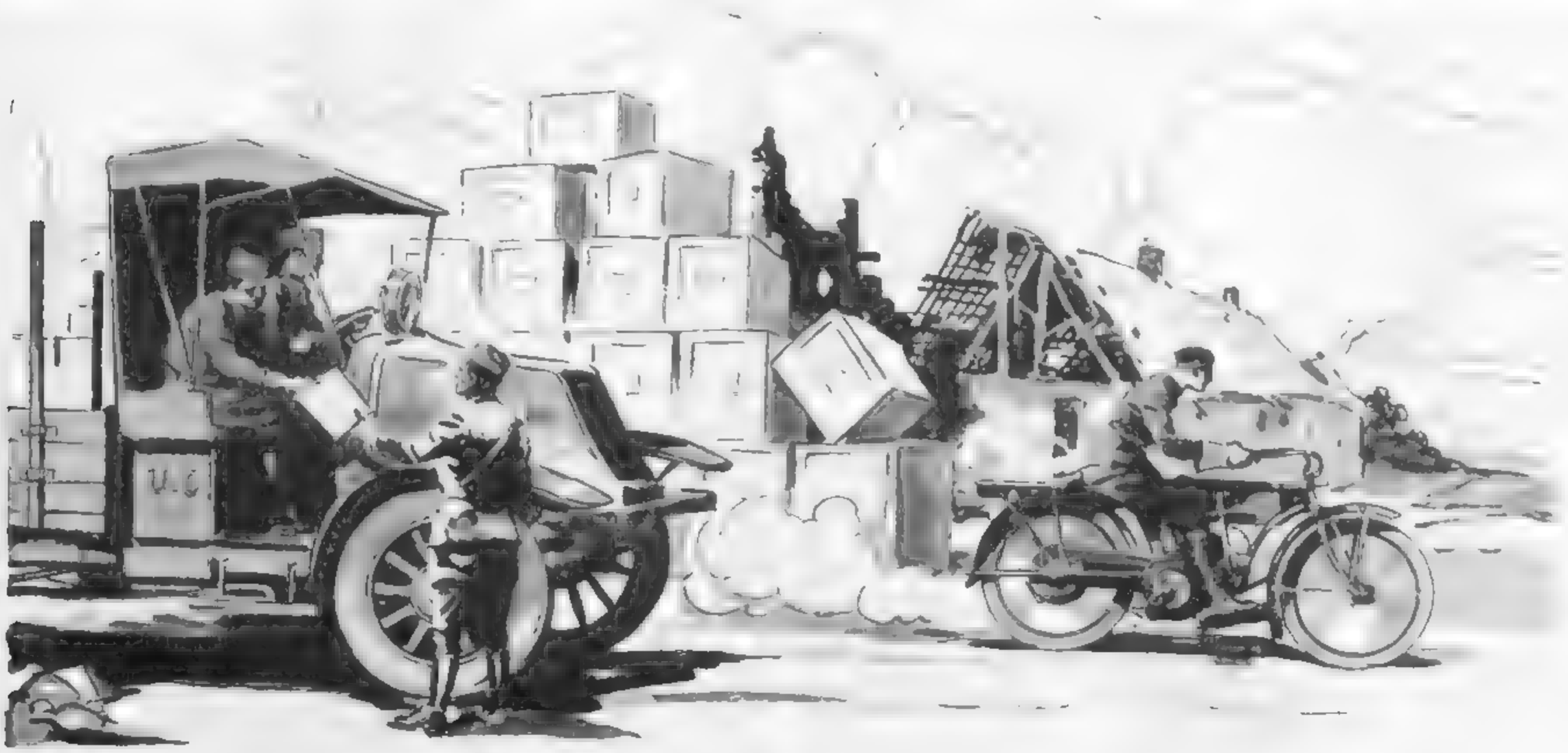
Political unrest in Mexico is still a serious handicap to oil production, the construction of new pipe lines and port facilities, and the investment of additional capital by outside operating companies. But by the time the world's improved merchant fleets are ready for the transformation of petroleum, it is to be hoped that Mexico will have worked out political stability. The petroleum lies beneath her soil. Its efficient use means not only wealth to her but benefit to all nations.

Within the next generation, and perhaps the next decade, the world seems certain to enter a new era—the petroleum age. Oil will be widely used for industrial power and heating all over the globe. Already there is a marked diversion to oil fuel in industrial centers along the Atlantic Seaboard.

It is estimated, roughly, that one man can produce three hundred tons of coal yearly, while the same man might produce seven thousand tons of oil. This great multiplication of human power is a benefit that will irresistibly make its own way; and, besides greater results for men's work, there are the additional advantages of clean industrial towns, more agreeable working conditions, better morale, and better living all round.

It is so very much worth while to bring the world into this petroleum age that development of new oil resources all over the globe will be one of the chief activities of peace. The world needs Mexico's petroleum for its growth and comfort. Under the earth in the Tampico district are resources capable of influencing the history of the world.

Out of the lessons of international adjustment and teamwork taught the nations by war they will unquestionably find methods of making the Mexican oil supply available to mankind—methods which will not only be entirely fair to the Mexican people but which will bring them stability, growth and prosperity.



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his order for supplies needed at the front

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A necessary adjunct of war, paper is one of the very fundamentals of peace. It will play a tremendous part in the work of reconstruction, in the rebuilding of industry, in bringing about the better world conditions for which so many men have given their lives.

Paper, and the printing press, are the heart and the life current of a world in order. Industry, commerce, law and science would be paralyzed, the voice of literature dumb, were

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THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

(Concluded from Page 11)

"I shore be," Elmer informed him. "And you fellers had better watch out for her."

Cliff scanned the sleek but ancient form of Killbuck Belle for a thoughtful moment. His horses might be able to move rapidly over *terra firma*, but not so Cliff. A hobbled pacer had "stood on his ear" going into the first turn six years before. A field of horses had promptly passed over or come down on the equine acrobat. Cliff had favored his left leg a little ever since. He had never regretted the accident more than at this moment. Knowing that quick flight was impossible it needed more courage to step in where angels might have feared to tread.

"Elmer," he began at last, "I've been thinkin' here lately this ole mare won't do." He paused, startled by his own words. They sounded worse when spoken aloud than he had feared. He was reassured by the mildness of Elmer's gaze.

"A hossman's business is his own," he went on with more tranquillity, "an' I don't meddle with the other feller as a rule; but we're gettin' on, Elmer—you and me—an' I wouldn't mind seein' you ride in front again once in a while."

"That's right good of you, Cliff," said Elmer. "I done considerable of it in the past."

"Why, yes," Cliff agreed. "So you did. You rode ahead of all of us a-plenty—but that's been some time back. There's no denyin' the old hoss was a good hoss—when he wanted to be—an' if he had been gave the chance his blood, whatever it was, might have raced on; but he never had a real brood mare in his life, that I knows of, an' you can't get the money these days with short-bred hosses."

"Well now, what would you seggest?" asked Elmer softly.

Cliff drew a breath of relief. It was not so hard as he had expected.

"Quit monkeyin' with these durn Killbucks," he said. "Like I just told you, they won't do. Take this ole mare here an' deal her off for a good-bred colt that's got a chance to train into somethin'."

"Yes?" said Elmer, directing a suspiciously bright eye at his adviser.

"Now look-a-here," Cliff offered suddenly. "I got more than I can do justice to this season. I've got a four-year-ole geldin' by Binjolla out of Henrietta Jay that I'll let you have for ——"

He was interrupted by the high cackling laughter of Elmer.

"I've got to write Henry about this," said he. "He'll appreciate it. I thought that was what you was comin' to." He eyed Cliff ironically for a moment, then waved him down the line of stalls. "Jus' keep a-movin', Cliff," he said. "You may find a sucker fur your colt somewhere down the line. I'll stick to the Killbucks a while yet, I expect—an' I'll learn you why this very season."

"Suit yourself," was all that Cliff could think of to say as he turned on his heel, aflame with the wrath of one misjudged in a good deed.

"You can't do nothin' fur the ole fool," he told the other members of the Big Four later. "Him and his pink-nosed, bad-gaited, short-bred ole houn'. I hope she gets the flag every time she starts."

"Let him rip," advised Riley Gardner. "He cleaned up on us often enough when he had the chance!"

"Mind how he used to holler when he was out in front with his ole stud," said Hal Putnam, into whose ego Elmer's yipheeing had bitten too deep for the healing hands of time.

"An' look-a-here," Jake Elberwell reminded them, "he 'dopted the boy. It ain't as though it was his own flesh and blood."

That was on Wednesday. The thirty trotters would be called at one-thirty Friday, weather permitting. Elmer devoted most of the morning hours which intervened to the jogging, hand-rubbing and bandaging of Killbuck Belle. He viewed the afternoon's races from the outer rail of the back stretch and spent the evenings with a rye straw before his stall. On the occasions when Cliff Saunders limped past there was no sign of recognition between them.

At twelve-forty-five P. M. on Friday Killbuck Belle had been properly warmed up and stood in her stall, harnessed and blanketed. She needed only the attaching of a faded red bike, and her driver's climbing stiffly to its diminutive seat for her to be ready to fulfill her engagement that day. She would neither give nor receive quarter. Whatever they may do in more sophisticated districts -where drivers are ever-conscious of the betting ring—on the Ohio Central they "hoss-race." The spectators come many a dusty mile to determine the difference in speed between certain trotters or pacers. They expect to be rewarded by the knowledge that they seek.

But the iniquitous arm of William Hohenzollern was long. It was able to stretch across the sea and through the gates of the Millersburg Fair Grounds. As the starters in the two-thirty trot waited for the bell which would summon them forth to their best efforts the secretary of the fair association came down the line of stalls, placed a letter in Elmer's hand and passed on.

Elmer opened the letter, read it, and reached uncertainly for a rye straw. The consolation he received from it must have been slight, for when Cliff Saunders with his candidate for two-thirty honors drew near on his way to the track Cliff pulled his horse to a standstill after a furtive glance toward Elmer's stall.

"Gosh A'mighty, Elmer!" he said. "What's wrong?"

Elmer's lips formed the words "From the Govament," as he offered his letter.

"I ain't got my specks," Cliff told him. "What's in it?"

"Henry"—began Elmer—"Henry is ——" He broke off and stared at the letter. "It says here"—his voice became a whisper—"'kilt in action.'"

The starter's bell had rung and rung again when Cliff at last jogged his sorrel colt past the judge's stand.

"Killbuck Belle's got a flat tire," he called to the frowning starter. "She'll be here any minute now."

"I can't hold these horses all day," barked the starter. "Number Three Position, Mr. Saunders."

Cliff nodded and drove on through the field of thirty trotters. He picked up with his eyes and a slight jerk of his head Jake Elberwell, Riley Gardner and Hal Putnam, who jogged up the stretch and circled slowly about Cliff out of earshot of the drivers of a newer generation.

"Boys," said Cliff, "Elmer Dodge's Henry has been shot by them Germans. The word has just come."

Hal Putnam shook his head slowly back and forth and clicked with his tongue. Jake Elberwell stared at the back of his bay stallion, discovered a fly thereon and brushed it off absently with his whip.

"Now ain't that a pity," said Riley Gardner.

"I've been talkin' to Elmer," Cliff went on. "I've got him to say he'll drive this race. I figger it'll take his mind off his trouble."

The other members of the Big Four nodded their approval.

"Boys," said Cliff, "I kinda thought we could arrange fur the ole mare to be first at the wire—three heats. What do you say?"

They said little but the two-thirty trot at Millersburg which followed was the most scandalous exhibition of foul driving ever witnessed on any track. It was done, however, with such adroitness, with such protestations of innocence and regret on the part of four old and heretofore honorable reinsmen, that the exasperated starter and puzzled judges were unequal to it.

It was not without danger to those engaged in it or to their victims; but the beneficiary somehow was always ahead of or well to the side of threatened accidents. Killbuck Belle moved scatheless through it all. She was never—when trotting safely in front and at the pole—crowded into the fence by the unaccountable swerving of another competitor. She never found a tier of horses from rail to rail blocking her progress. The wheels of her bike were never locked by other wheels and pulled to a sliding collapse. Its spokes were never ripped out by the crushing hoof of a closely pressing trotter. No whip swung wildly back in the heat of the struggle to sting her front legs out of their ordered stride. Through all the dust and yelling, among wildly breaking horses and wildly cursing men, she made her way, serene, untroubled, until at last the Big Four earned a just reward. It was a sound. It came to them during the stretch drive of the last heat.

Killbuck Belle having emerged as winner from the chaos of the first and second heats was leading on the back stretch. A black gelding from Mansfield—that chanced to be safely pocketed by Cliff Saunders' sorrel colt and Jake Elberwell's bay stallion—was trailing her. Killbuck Belle swung out a trifle as she approached the turn. In an instant the black gelding shot past her on the inside and took the pole and the lead. He did not hold it long. Cliff Saunders' sorrel exhibited a sudden and surprising ability to trot. Likewise Jake Elberwell's bay. Past the black and to the pole went Cliff. To the gelding's side came Jake. Riley Gardner's gray mare swung in behind him. Then the pace unaccountably slackened and Killbuck Belle plodded to the front on the outside. As they swung into the stretch she was on even terms with Cliff's sorrel and there promised to be a battle to the wire between them.

But Killbuck Belle was tired. Even a Thirty gait is trying on a Belle of thirteen summers. The situation became acute.

"She's through," called Riley to Hal Putnam.

Hal had weaved round the turn to shut off competition from the rear and now moved up to Riley's side. He took the center of what was left of the width of the track—the gentle art of weaving could not be practiced in the stretch—and peered ahead. Cliff Saunders' sorrel, full of trot, was on even terms with Killbuck Belle and under the judge's eyes. No regrets and no explanations would allow a horse to finish second with his mouth open and his head pulled coquettishly sidewise, and Cliff had already been fined thirty dollars that day. Hal shifted his glance to the laboring Belle.

"Durn her old speckled hide," he muttered.

And now Elmer, unconscious of the embarrassment of those about him and forgetting his trouble for the moment, spoke. He addressed Cliff Saunders in a shrill and challenging falsetto. "I'll learn you why I stick to the Killbucks," he shrieked. "G'wan, mare!"

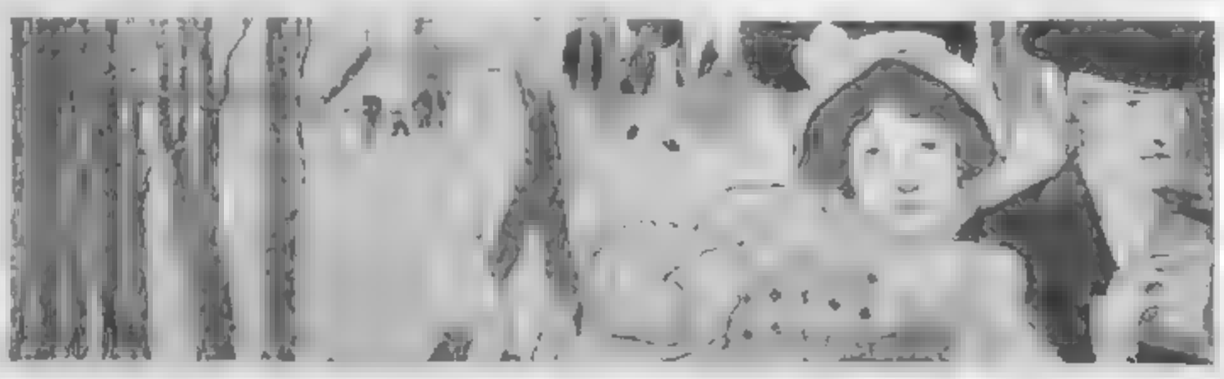
It was not Killbuck Belle, it was Cliff's hard-held sorrel that answered the cry. The home stretch with its inviting straightaway was before him, and Cliff's ancient arms, like the ancient legs of the Belle, were giving out. Ruin threatened the plans of four tired old men.

But the sorrel was young and his driver had not sat behind trotters for fifty years in vain. The colt had barely struck his full exultant stride when something happened to him. A crafty drawing of one rein brought his head to the side. A quick twitch of the other rein followed and the sorrel had to choose instantly between crossing his front legs and crashing headlong to earth or saving himself by a disastrous plunging break. He chose the latter course.

Killbuck Belle pounded on to victory.

Elmer had lost his hat during the heat. His white hair was streaming in the wind; but despite his snowy locks he reminded the Big Four of earlier days, for above the thudding hoofs they heard:

"Yiphee! Yiphee! Yiphee-e-e!"



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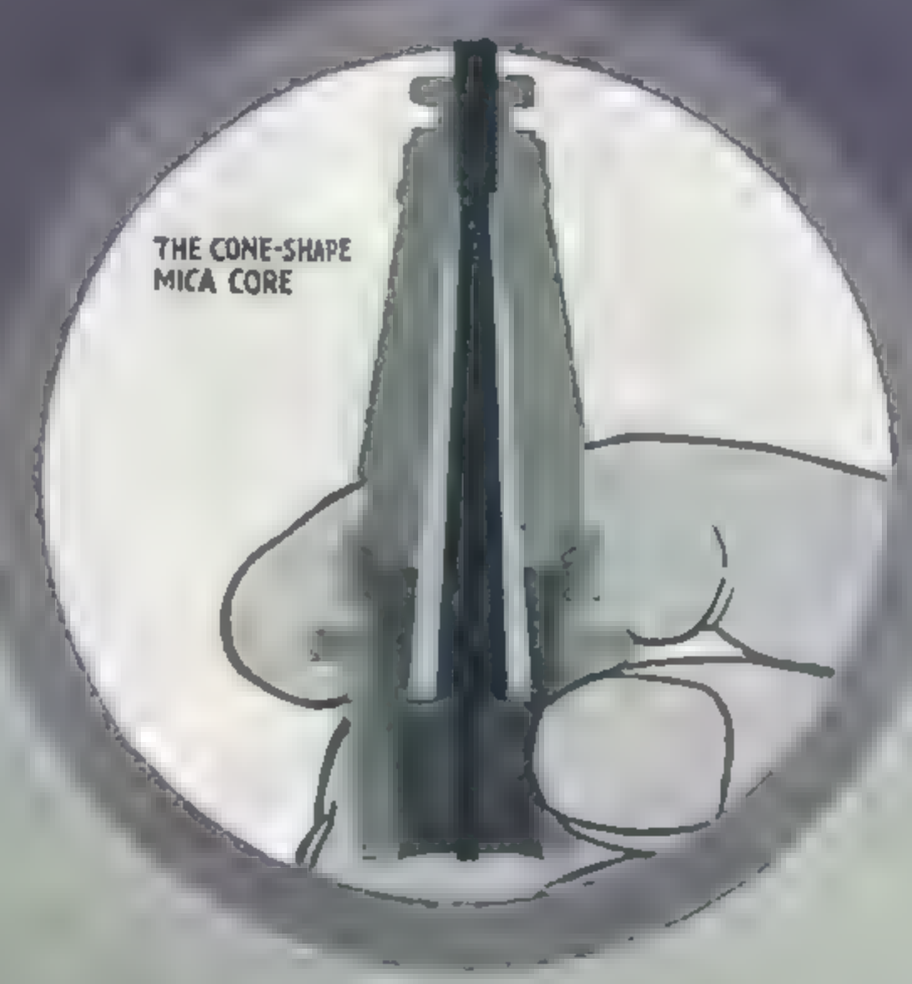

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Peace Stocks and War Stocks

The Prescience of the Markets—By Albert W. Atwood

WHAT effect will peace have upon business? What will be the status of this or that industry in the readjustment, reorganization and reconstruction that will follow the war? What stocks and bonds are likely to increase or decrease in value with the ending of the struggle and the changes to follow? When it became apparent after the surrender of Bulgaria that the fortunes of war had taken a turn most favorable to the Allies, Wall Street began to ask all these questions and to indulge very seriously in the absorbing new pastime of picking out the peace stocks.

It was not known whether the war would drag on for a year or end much sooner. Indeed it made little difference from one point of view. No matter how long drawn out the remaining contest might prove, no matter how stupendous the military, industrial and financial effort yet to be made, the fact of general lack of preparation for after-war changes had been borne in upon many people and could not be quickly forgotten. Attention had been drawn to these questions of future changes, and though they would naturally remain of minor importance as long as the war lasted they could no longer be easily dismissed from mind.

Indeed it is only because of our concentration upon the great war, only because of its engrossing monopoly of our time, working in it or at least in following its thrilling progress and possibilities that so little notice relatively has been paid to the markets of the world. Last March when the Germans were battering at the gates of Paris the bonds of the Allied nations were strangely quiet and firm. They had in fact been rising ever since late in 1917, but when they failed to break as the Allied Armies did before the German onslaught there was significance and meaning enough for all who could read.

The Tale of the Truthful Tape

Comment was not lacking upon this portent. But men were too busy with other thoughts. Of course there were a few with a strong faith in the Allied cause and temperament of the sort that makes men act financially upon their faith. The most violent declines in the French city bonds, so-called, those of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and Bordeaux, which are dealt in upon the New York market, took place last December, about the time that Secretary Baker spoke of the massing of German troops on the Western Front following the breakdown of the Eastern Front. These bonds sold round 74 at that time and offered a return on the investment of about twenty per cent. They have risen steadily in price ever since and some of them have crossed par.

There never was any lack of knowledge regarding these or other Allied bonds quoted in the American markets. Anyone could read the daily quotations in the newspapers. Nor was choice confined to one or two varieties. Besides the French cities there were bonds of the French Republic, several issues put out by Great Britain, many by Canada, and one jointly secured by both France and Great Britain, the Anglo-French 5's. The truth is that very few people had the courage to purchase bonds of the city of Paris when the Germans were as close as Château-Thierry. Theoretically the entire Allied cause stood or fell together, but the average American probably had the feeling that despite U-boats Liberty Bonds represented an equity farther from the reach of Hun marauders than anything in France.

It must be admitted also that low prices are in themselves discouraging. Investors as a class simply will not buy when prices are down. The upward movement must get well under way before the majority of people have courage to embark upon an investment or speculation. Nor is this common or much maligned attitude wholly wrong. Low prices often indicate risk. Announce as loudly as you will that you were always sure the Allies would win, yet your certainty had a different quality about it last summer from that of the winter before. When foreign government bonds have moved up and people began to buy so eagerly in August and September, the bonds actually represented a smaller degree of risk than in the previous December and were therefore worth more.

That bonds of the Allied Governments and cities should have risen even when the Germans were shooting their bolt of last spring seems like conclusive proof of the prescience of the markets. It appears to demonstrate the accuracy of the investing and speculating public in discounting coming events. There is a large element of automatic and anonymous truth telling about the financial markets. Its fluctuations are often a more accurate index of the collective mind and of popular feeling than the spoken or written word. One's purchases and sales in the market are secret and need no camouflage. They are the honest expression of both individual and collective opinion.

It has been said often that "the tape never lies" and "whoever lies the tape tells the truth." Surely the behavior of Allied bonds in the late winter, spring and summer was an eloquent expression of this general principle. In just the same way the sensitive nerves of the security markets began to register alarm in 1913 and 1914 long before there was a whisper of war. The cables brought selling orders from the great capitals of Europe long before they brought any accurate word of the storm itself.

Even during the Napoleonic Wars and the Civil War in this country the appraisal of events to come was made in the markets well in advance of the end of the conflicts themselves. In the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Japanese Wars the bonds of the winning countries rose and those of the losers fell before the wars were over. The markets are in truth barometers. There is indeed an element of clairvoyance in the aggregate financial intelligence of the world.

But these well-known facts are in danger now as often before of being overemphasized, exaggerated and abused. It is one thing to agree that coming events cast their shadows before them in the financial markets; it is quite different to attempt to make use of this principle. The market is a barometer without doubt, but it cannot be trusted because few know how to read or interpret it. The same idea has often been expressed in a different way by saying that Wall Street speculators are always far more skillful and adept at getting advance and inside information or tips than in using such knowledge after they get it.

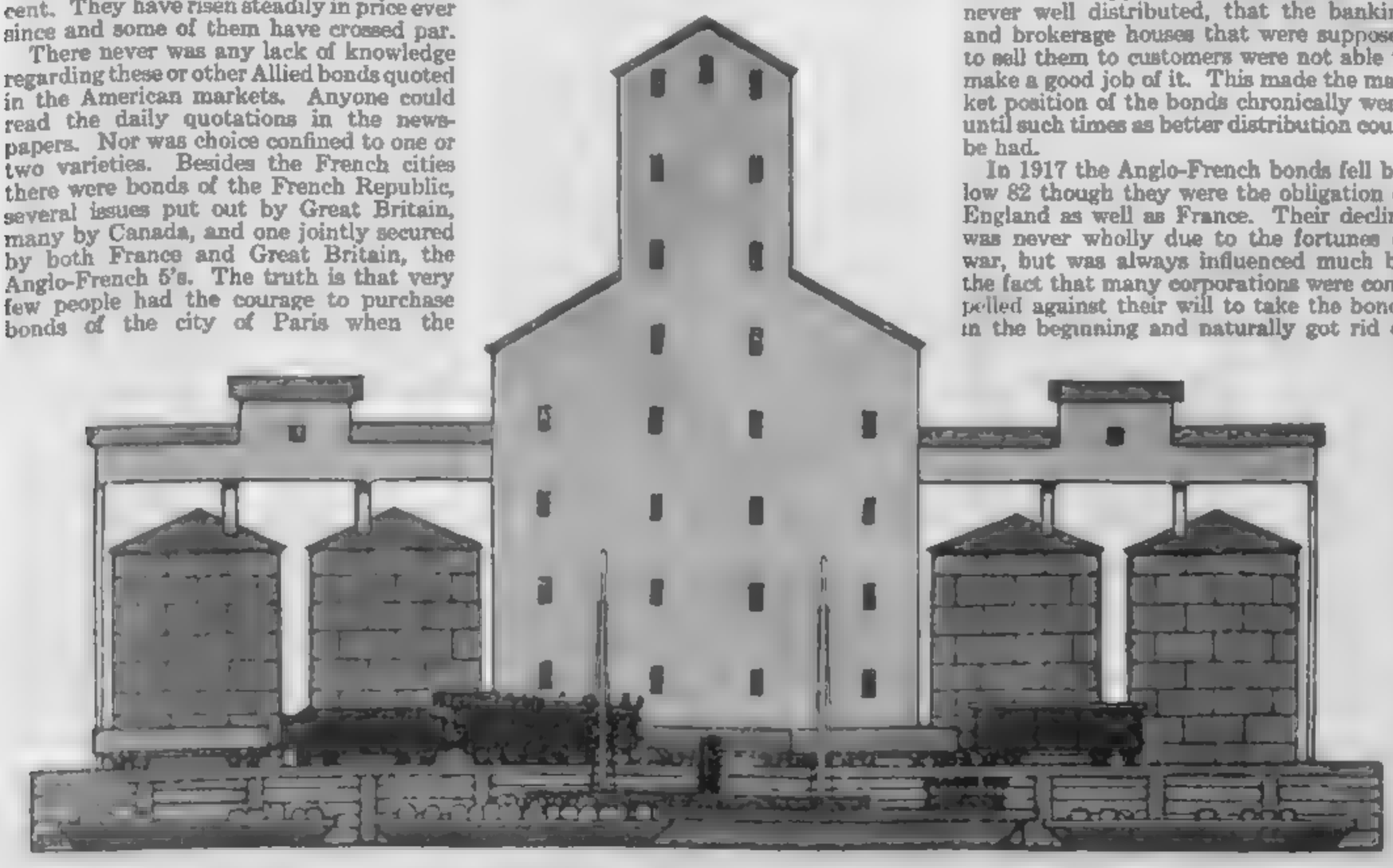
For one thing it is almost impossible to distinguish between the market's effort to adjust itself to changes already made and to those that are expected. Was the market responding to the influence of big dividends and mergers or was it exercising its far-seeing vision and trembling in advance before a future panic? That was the question in the early part of 1917, and for a while the answer hung in the balance. Perhaps because of these opposing forces of the past, present and future, perhaps for more obscure psychological reasons which we cannot analyze, there is always a tendency for the market to go too far in any one direction, to overdo its responses and its anticipations. It goes too high and it goes too low. It runs at all times to hysteria.

Reasons for Declines

Men who seek fortune through its means rush from side to side like panic-stricken passengers on a sinking ship. For a man will follow his judgment into a course of action to-day that would horrify him tomorrow when he is able to envisage a new set of conditions.

Nor is the barometer of the market without its sheer physical limits and imperfections. In a sense very different from that intended by the narrow and noisy critic, Wall Street is a dangerous game to those who are not in the know. Take the French city bonds as an illustration. When they fell to 74, paying as they do six per cent interest, what were the uninitiated to think except that financial people in general expected the Germans to capture Paris? But though a certain doubt about the outcome of the war was expressed in that low price another wholly different and so-called technical element accounted largely for the decline. It appears that the bonds were never well distributed, that the banking and brokerage houses that were supposed to sell them to customers were not able to make a good job of it. This made the market position of the bonds chronically weak until such times as better distribution could be had.

In 1917 the Anglo-French bonds fell below 82 though they were the obligation of England as well as France. Their decline was never wholly due to the fortunes of war, but was always influenced much by the fact that many corporations were compelled against their will to take the bonds in the beginning and naturally got rid of



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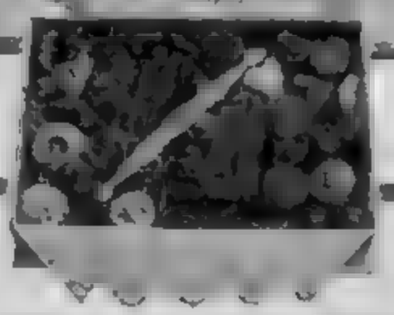

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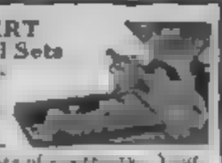

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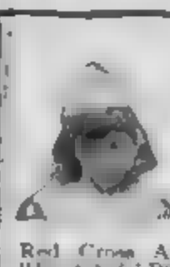

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Has all the features of the real machine guns—detachable magazine [illegible] for [illegible] metal bullets, [illegible] automatic traverse elevation clamping crank, full circle swivel, etc. Works just as shooting [illegible] Gun is mounted on heavy tripod. Manual free with every Gun explains full [illegible] for organizing Machine Gun Company.

GILBERT Chemistry Outfit

Contains laboratory equipment and everything necessary for making interesting chemical experiments—electroplating, tests for metals, making soap, ammonia, ink, etc. With every outfit is a big illustrated manual which tells clearly how to conduct all experiments.

them as soon as possible. The Anglo-French, like the French cities, were never distributed sufficiently to the ultimate investor. A careful appraisal of facts of this sort is absolutely necessary to anyone who would buy low-priced securities at any time. No one can say whether a low-priced security is really cheap unless one knows what forces have driven it down. No sweeping generalization will do.

Obviously the element of risk in Liberty Bonds is perhaps the smallest in any known investment security. No doubt the thought has occurred to many people that Allied successes should be reflected in Liberty Bonds as well as in those of the European belligerents. That the end of the war or its prospect would bring somewhat higher prices for Liberties has long been the unanimous opinion. But the very fact that the bonds have never suffered a severe decline or involved any real risk naturally robs them of great speculative qualities.

When it comes to picking out peace stocks, those that will be decidedly benefited by the ending of the war, certain preliminary cautions are necessary. The element of salesmanship is as prevalent in the financial as in other markets. If you go into a store and announce your desire to buy a pair of stockings the salesman will attempt to prove that he has just the right stockings for you. Now and then in rare cases he will admit that the goods are not such as he can recommend. Just so it is in the financial world. The buyer who asks for peace stocks will be shown what he asks for; if not always the real thing then something "just as good." A few years ago a certain type of promoter and broker advertised almost every stock in the markets as a war stock. Now he is trying to prove that everything in sight is a peace stock.

Riddles of Reconstruction

I have before me two lists of so-called victory stocks. They include almost every corporate issue I ever heard of. Beware the dealer whose enthusiasm knows no bounds. The honorable, reliable broker and investment banker is not necessarily he who picks fatal defects in every investment or speculative security that is known to him. Such a policy would be foolish not only from a business standpoint but would be untrue to the known facts as well. The honorable, reliable dealer, however, recognizes limits and sticks to them. He points out the excellent points in the goods that he has for sale. He analyzes as far as he knows how. But he does not smear and slime his description of securities with a uniformity of promise and perfection. He admits that there are many things he does not know and cannot predict. He leaves much to the customer's own judgment.

Now whatever the more distant after-effects of the war may be—and there are perhaps as many competent judges who look forward to that period with confidence as with dread—it seems reasonably certain that there will be something of an interval of not a little confusion. Out of this period may emerge fairly definite tendencies in the matter of wages for labor and prices for goods. But until these are thoroughly cleared up is it not likely that certain industries will be favorably and others unfavorably affected to a marked degree?

But the hasty overnight attempt to class whole groups of stocks, of entire industries, in the peace and war category, and to assume at this stage an automatic ruin for one and unlimited prosperity for the other, is a futile and childish performance. Never were sweeping generalizations less justified or more mutually destructive. One alleged expert says that oil and copper shares are peace stocks; another declares with equal emphasis that they belong to the war industries. One finds almost as much difference of opinion in regard to nearly all groups—steel, shipping, rubber, motor, sugar and right on through the list.

There seems to be fairly general agreement that many of the best railroad and public-utility securities should benefit by the return of peace or at least cease to suffer grievously. Railroad bonds and stocks of the higher class are certain of their interest and dividends because of government contracts and advanced rates, and many of the utilities have been permitted to raise their rates recently. Earlier in the war both industries suffered because their expenses had gone up, new capital was difficult to secure, and rates remained stationary. Whether railroads and utilities will be able to secure labor, capital and materials at lower cost after the war we do not yet know. But with higher rates the normal balance between expenses and profits is being restored, the prices of the securities themselves are so low as to suggest bed rock in many instances, and there will be no inflated buildings, equipment and inventory for war use only to write off.

There are three general points from which one may attack the probable future value of any security: First, the likelihood of a general advance or decline in all securities; second, the peculiar features of the industry itself; and in the last place the position in its industry and the strength and peculiar features of the particular corporation. Most investors are unable to form any really worth-while opinion on either of the first two grounds because of the difficulties involved, and they are too lazy to apply themselves diligently to the third consideration. It is usually easier to accept someone's say-so that this or that group of stocks is "in for a rise."

Frankly, who knows at this stage what will be the status of the steel industry two or three years from now? Will the cessation of war demands compel the lowering of steel prices to a point where dividends suffer? Or will the pent-up and at present unfilled demands for other uses keep prices and wages fairly steady? Even assuming the latter to be the case may there not be severe international competition?

How about the oil industry? Will the new uses for oil make up for the possibly lessened demand from sources related to the war, or at least to war industries? As for sugar, how soon will it be before European beet sugar and other supplies now held back for lack of shipping begin to compete?

So one might go on endlessly, but I will mention only one more instance, the motor industry. One manufacturer, in answer to a question of how long it will take to resume manufacture of passenger cars after the war, replied that it will depend upon the extent to which machinery and tool equipment are employed on government work, the length of time such work continues, the time it will take to rearrange the equipment, and the time it will take to obtain stocks of raw material. A dozen other ifs and considerations might be mentioned.

But when it comes to the study of individual companies and their securities the investor, so it seems to me, is always on safer ground.

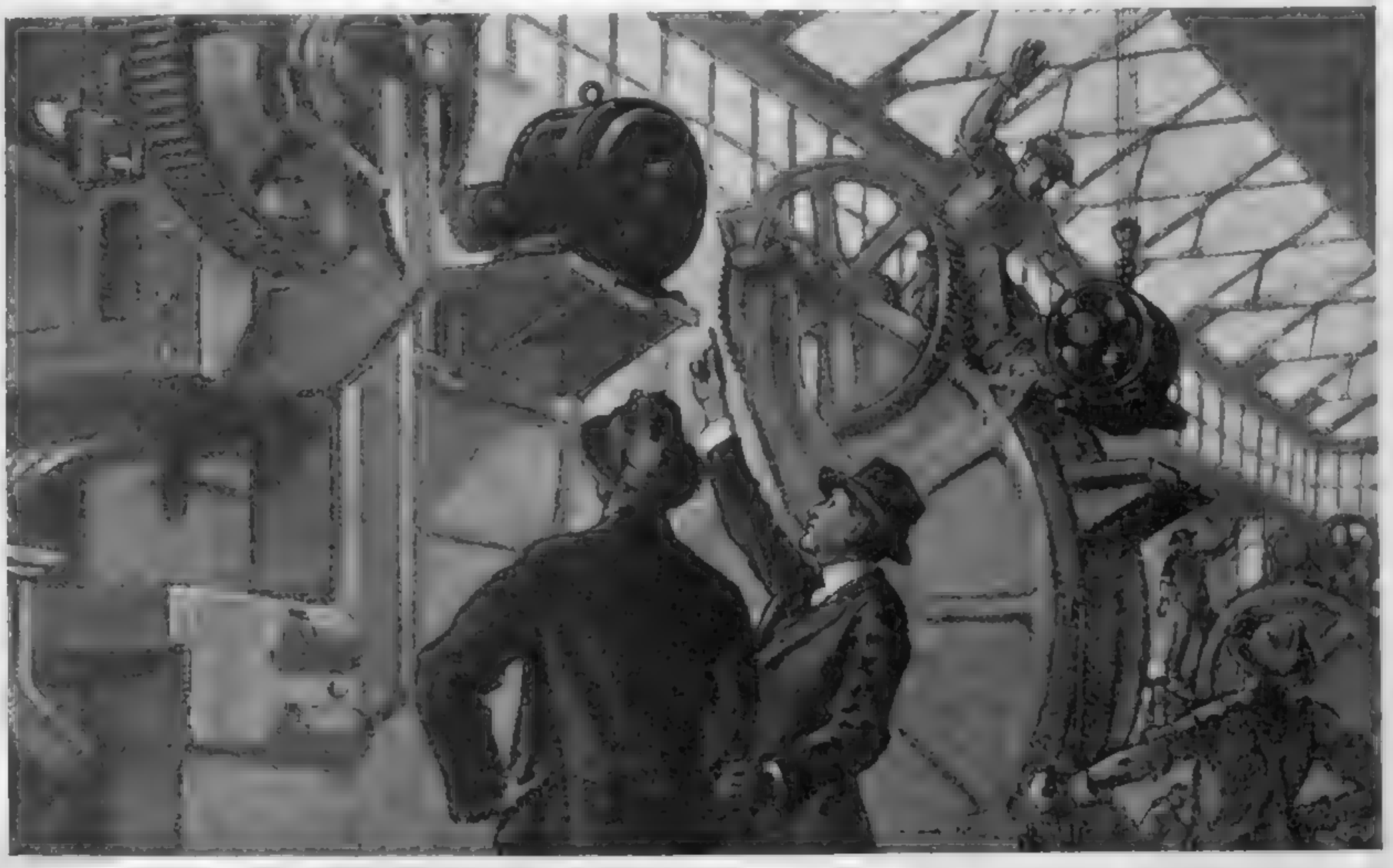
Safety Not Impossible

He can determine whether the securities are selling at prices above or below the average for recent years. He can form an opinion as to whether the organization is one whose competency and experience make the successful meeting of competition probable. He can usually decide whether the profits from war work have been sufficient to write off wartime construction. He can judge whether the capital and surplus are large enough to meet future temporary losses. In the case of copper companies, merely by way of illustration, he can be sure that if the reserves are large and the expenses of production reasonably low the company will probably make profits in the long run, even if not always of the extravagant variety.

Personally I have not the faintest idea of what the price of copper will be three years hence. But I know if a company has an experienced organization, large reserves of ore, reasonably low production costs through good times and bad, and if the price of its stock is not high in relation to its average profits and dividends, that whatever the period of reconstruction may bring forth the stock of this particular company will probably prove a fairly good investment over a period of years.

Investing money in anything, except perhaps Liberty Bonds, is always such a complicated thing that it is dangerous in the extreme to try to reduce it to a simple formula or rule. Especially in reconstruction times will skill and ingenuity of management prove essential, and it is never possible to predict in advance just how skillful and ingenious any management will prove itself. But by keeping out of markets in which there is an abnormally large and hysterical public interest and by sticking to industries that are patently not of the fly-away variety I feel certain that almost any investor can protect himself against the financial perils of reconstruction if only he studies and analyzes far enough to satisfy himself that the particular security is in itself meritorious.

LINCOLN MOTORS



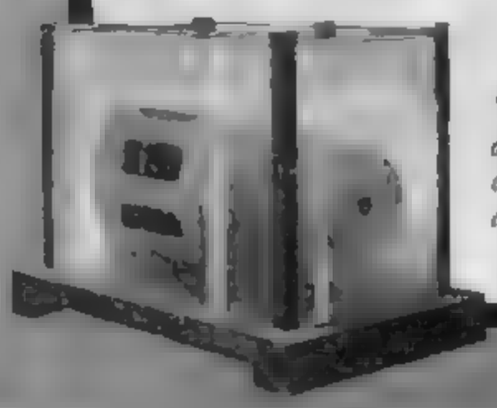
Judge The Machine By The Motor

Lincoln Motors Are Used By Many Manufacturers of

Pumps and Compressors	Bakers' Machinery
Elevators and Hoists	Woodworking Machinery
Machine Tools	Ice Machinery
Punches and Shears	Conveyors
Presses	Paper Machinery
Cranes	Brick and Clay Machinery
Fans and Blowers	Foundry Machinery
Crushers and Pulverizers	Textile Machinery

Lincoln Branch Offices and Service Engineers in Following Cities:

New York City	Detroit	Minneapolis
Chicago	Syracuse	Columbus
Philadelphia	Boston	Charlotte, N. C.
Buffalo	Pittsburgh	Toronto, Canada



This Lincoln Motor operated under water over 3 years without damage.

Will that new machine give you all you expect of it—increased output—saving of labor—freedom from shut-downs?

The answer is often found in the motor which drives the machine.

When a machinery maker furnishes a Lincoln Motor on a machine it means that he has given the motor as careful consideration as he gives the other vital features.

He has selected the motor not only for its reputation, but for its showing in actual service. He has worked with Lincoln Engineers to give you the right size of motor and the right type for your special equipment and conditions.

Judge the machine by the motor you find on it.

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Torbensen Drive employs two of the most efficient forms of gearing –Bevel and Internal Spur

THE final and principal speed reduction is made at the wheel by means of a pinion and an internal gear. There are several advantages.

It permits using comparatively small bevel gears to transmit the power at right angles, with a small differential, which allows for greater road clearance than is found in any other types of truck axles.

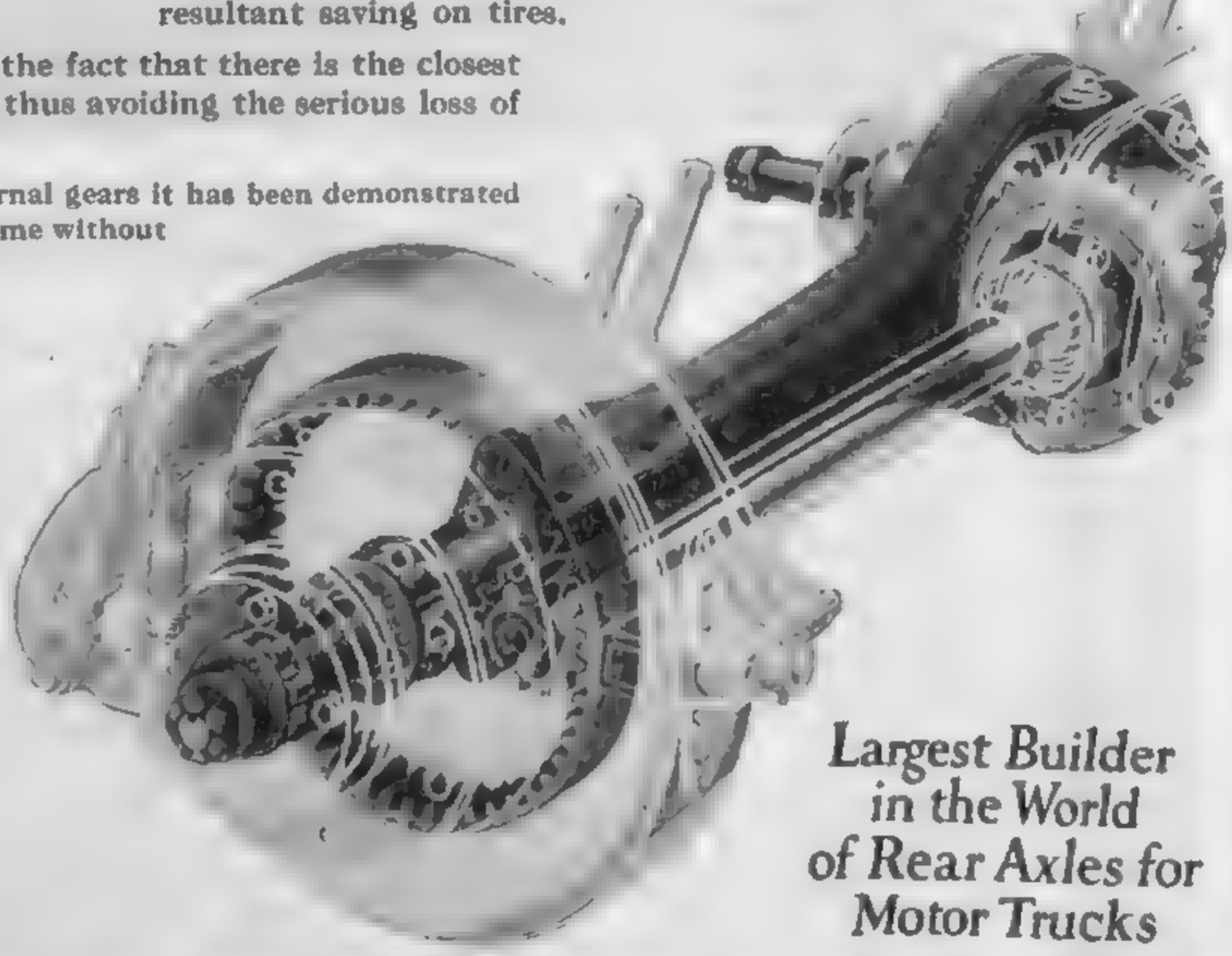
Because of the major reduction at the wheel, the jack-shaft revolves at high speed, making it possible to use a small shaft and much smaller shaft-bearings, thus reducing friction to a minimum. The weight is less, with resultant saving on tires.

The internal gear owes its peculiar efficiency to the fact that there is the closest approximation to rolling action between the teeth, thus avoiding the serious loss of engine power caused by sliding friction.

Because of the absence of friction in Torbensen internal gears it has been demonstrated by actual test that they will operate for a considerable time without lubrication.

Torbensen driving members carry none of the truck load, having nothing to do but drive. The load is carried by the Torbensen patented, forged I-Beam axle. This separation of driving and load-carrying functions increases the efficiency of Torbensen gears appreciably and adds to their life.

To sum up: A Torbensen Drive saves gas and oil by eliminating friction in gears and bearings; it saves tires by reducing unsprung weight; it saves on repairs and it lasts longer without replacement of parts. That is why far more Torbensen Rear Axles are in use than any other single type or make of rear truck axle.



The Torbensen Axle Co.

Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

THE FIRST RECONSTRUCTION

(Continued from Page 22)

only asking to resume some of the powers which the Constitution undoubtedly intended he should have. For some time Congress bitterly opposed that. It didn't want to take its encroaching fingers out of the executive departments, because it hated to surrender the prestige and patronage which that might involve.

As to so-called presidential encroachments on Congress, that is an old and familiar story. Time and again, under the present Administration and preceding ones, the President has carried his measures through Congress against the opposition, in the first instance, of a majority of its members. Everyone who has read a newspaper of late years will recall instances. Recently the Senate refused to adopt the Woman Suffrage Amendment resolution after the President had expressly urged it. The circumstance created a considerable sensation and was generally looked upon as a signal defeat for the President—which only shows that when the President's party has a majority in both houses the normal thing is for his measures to go through. If one of them fails to go through that is regarded as extraordinary and rather sensational.

The President has no constitutional power by virtue of which Congress adopts his measures against its original inclination. Congress bows to him to preserve party solidarity and in fear of public opinion. To preserve party solidarity and party responsibility and in deference to public opinion, Congress could very well do some bowing to the Executive in the matter of a budget. And it will, unquestionably, the moment it is satisfied public opinion requires it.

Last summer Congress—thinking of a fall vacation and the coming congressional elections—was anxious to wind up pressing business. Responsible party spokesmen said it would undertake no revenue legislation at that time. Then Secretary McAdoo announced that in his opinion Congress should immediately undertake further revenue legislation. He also said, then or soon after, that he thought the new bill should raise eight billion dollars. And Congress, shelving its vacation plan, at once set to work framing a revenue bill to raise eight billion dollars. It didn't have to. The Secretary of the Treasury had no constitutional power over it. But on the whole it considered that course advisable.

The Bill in Committee

The House committee began shaping a bill. As its outlines emerged the Secretary of the Treasury expressed dissent from some of the most important features—to wit, the provision for war profits and excess profits taxes. The House committee went ahead on its own ideas and the House finally passed the bill embodying those ideas. The bill then went to the Senate, whose Finance Committee at this writing has quite recast it conformably to the recommendations of the Treasury Department. It is a tolerably safe guess that when this revenue bill—which Congress did not wish to undertake at all at the time—is finally signed by the President it will lean rather more to the views of the Treasury Department, as to excess profits and war taxes, than to the opposite views of that branch of Congress which the Constitution intended to have a predominant part in shaping revenue legislation.

And the real Constitution, the essential thing, is still there in excellent working condition. Nobody has upset or impaired or encroached upon that real Constitution, whose essential purpose was to provide a free people with a responsible, efficient mode of governing themselves—and not merely to protect politicians in their personal perquisites and prestige.

The public's attitude toward all this professional bickering over division of governmental powers is exactly the attitude of an intelligent farmer toward two hired men who stand quarreling over which one of them shall do the chores. What the farmer wants is to get the chores done. Congress is constantly accepting the lead of the President and his cabinet as to all manner of important legislation. It can also accept their lead in the matter of framing a budget—both as to outgo and income.

Say the executive branch of the Government has framed a complete budget. Some joint or connection with the legislative branch is necessary. That might be provided by a joint standing committee of both houses of Congress, meeting with the cabinet and reviewing the budget with it. When the President and a majority of both houses of Congress belong to the same political party the joint might easily be provided by a party caucus. But the American budget must face the fact that the President's party may not have a majority in both houses or in either house.

In the past that condition has arisen rather frequently. Yet a Republican Congress does not refuse to pass the appropriation bills for a Democratic Administration. It takes the estimates of the Democratic department heads—prepared in severalty, without plan, harmony or expert revision—and on that basis appropriates sufficient money for the operation of the Government. So does a Democratic Congress for a Republican Administration. If a Congress of one political complexion can appropriate money for an Administration of a different political complexion on the present archaic, wasteful, planless method, so a Congress of one political complexion could appropriate for an Administration of another complexion on a scientific budget.

When the opposition is in control of Congress the joint committee or party caucus would meet with the cabinet; they would thresh out their differences and agree upon a budget that provided for the operation of the Government.

The French Budget

In France there is generally more or less squabbling over the budget between the executive branch of the government and the legislative branch. When the executive branch has framed a budget it goes to a committee of the Chamber of Deputies—not twenty-nine committees, but one. Generally the committee finds fault with it. The executive branch and the committee thresh it out. Sometimes the committee, representing all parties in the Chamber, requires the executive to rewrite whole sections. But finally they get together on a budget that is submitted to the Chamber. In the Chamber any individual member may offer an amendment, provided it does not increase any item in the bill. With half a dozen political parties in the Chamber and shiftings of the balance of power from one group of parties to another, France still retains a real budget system.

Of course it isn't enough that a budget should provide only for the operation of the Government as it stands at a given time. Government constantly changes, and an arrangement which merely kept it going as it was the year before would obviously ossify it. Suppose, the President being of one political party and a majority of Congress of another, either side wishes to make an important change—say that a Democratic President, dealing with a Republican Congress, wishes to set up a scheme of old-age pensions; or that a Republican Congress, when the President is Democratic, wishes to abolish the Federal Trade Commission. Either move would involve a decided change of last year's budget—in the one case adding a new appropriation for the pensions; in the other case striking out the old appropriation for the commission.

But in that regard the situation, with a budget, would be exactly what it is without a budget. Mr. Wilson couldn't set up old-age pensions now if Congress were Republican and opposed to it. Nor could a Republican Congress, unless it had two-thirds of both houses, abolish the Federal Trade Commission against the opposition of the President. A budget would in no wise change the essentials of the situation.

It ought to be clearly understood that nothing in a budget system prevents or at all hampers the extension of the activities of government in any direction. With a budget system Lloyd George set up old-age pensions, health insurance and so on in England. And in preparing those measures he leaned very heavily upon the Treasury Department—which, to repeat, does not at all correspond to our Treasury Department, for it has practically no contact with the public, does not handle revenues, but is quite exclusively the supervising, budget-drafting organ of the government—the head bookkeeper. There he found the expert statistical and technical help he needed.

Gilmer
WOVEN
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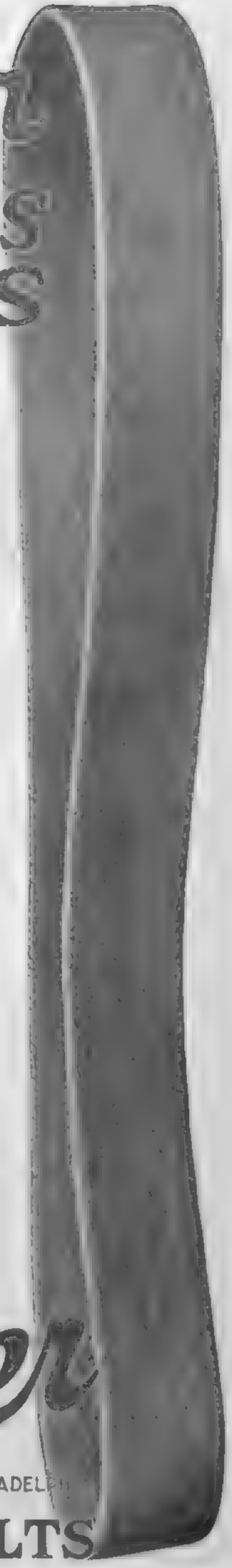
for FORDS



Now, for the first time, you can buy the genuine GILMER Woven Endless Fan Belt for your FORD car, *of your dealer*.

Heretofore, automobile manufacturers—all over the world—have taken our entire output of GILMER Woven Endless Fan Belts. If your car came to you equipped with a GILMER, you know that it gave you good service. This was because it was designed and *woven endless* expressly for the work it must do on your car. There was no slip, jump nor jerk; no splice to thump the pulleys. Heat, dust, grease and moisture had no effect on it, and its friction grip improved with use.

Ninety per cent of automobiles being turned out today are factory-equipped with GILMER Woven Endless Fan Belts. This year we have supplied belts for upwards of 2,500,000 cars; and we have further increased our production of these belts in order to serve the individual car owner.

For the first time, there are enough GILMER Woven Endless Fan Belts to go around. Buy them of your dealer in accessories. The price is fifty cents. Ask for the size you want; for *Fords* of 1916 and earlier; or, for 1917-18 models. Call for the belt by name and see that it is stamped *Gilmer*.

To Dealers:

We supply GILMER Woven Endless Fan Belts for all motors. They are distributed through the wholesale trade. Order of your jobber, who has GILMER Belts in stock or can get them promptly. If not furnished, write us, giving jobber's name and we will see that you are supplied.

L. H. Gilmer Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

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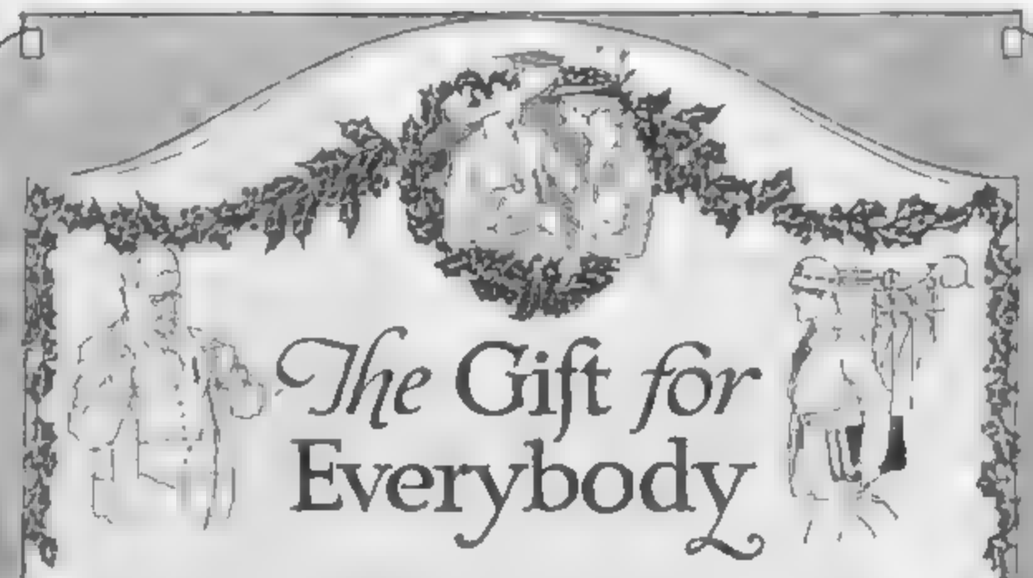
WOVEN PHILADEL
ENDLESS BELTS



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This is a year when presents *must* be practical. THRIFT is the big word now. For 20 years the Conklin Pen has been *the* gift for sensible people. Make it *your* gift this year.

The Conklin's little *Crescent-Filler*, the pioneer of self-filling devices, is still the standard of them all. Cleanly, quick and positive in action, it fills the Conklin in 4 seconds. It also prevents the pen from rolling off the desk.

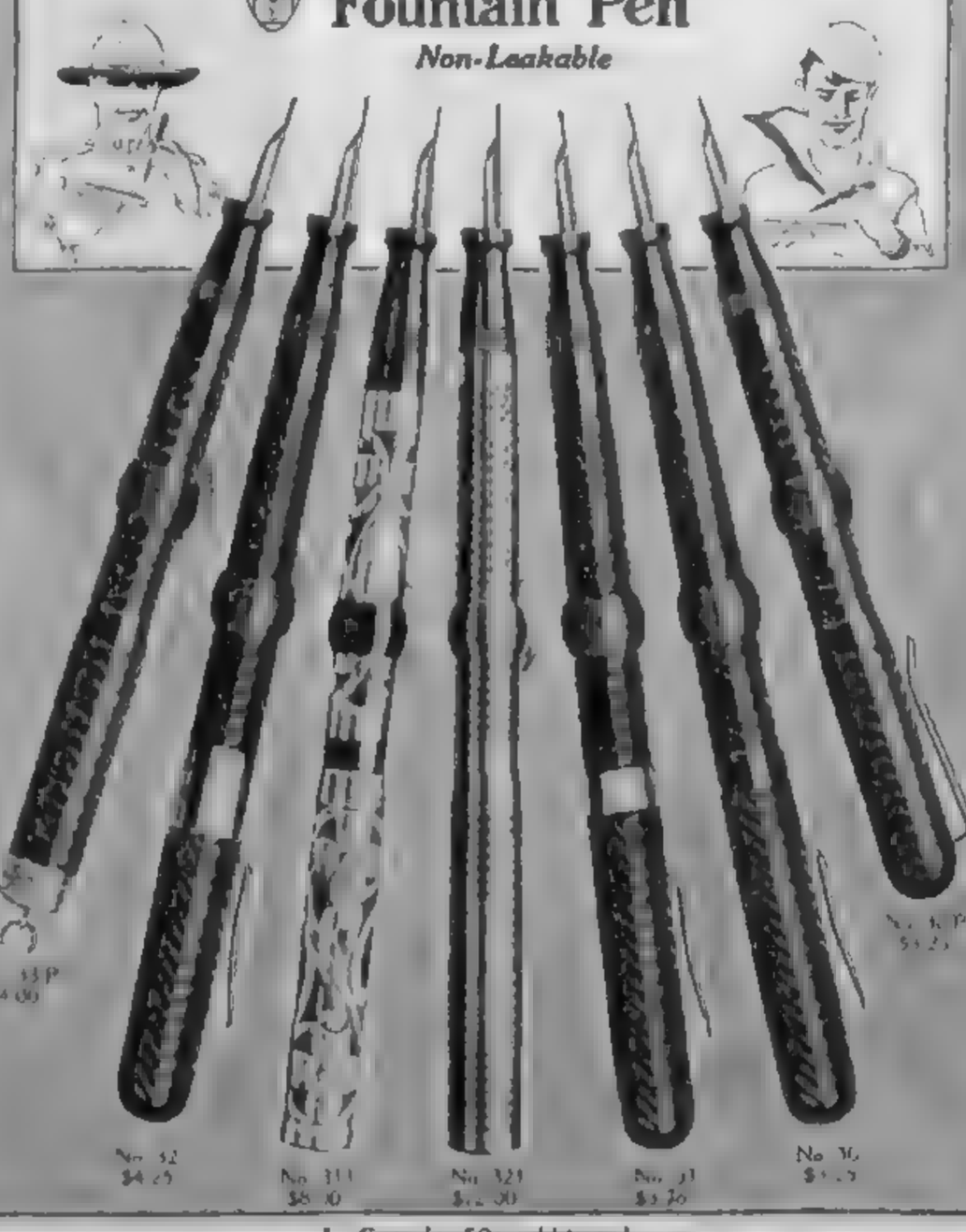
And writing qualities! Well, just try it—pilot a Conklin across the paper. Note the superb smoothness of the point. That's the "acid test."

Sold in handsome gift boxes, by leading stationers, jewelers, druggists and department stores everywhere. Exchangeable after Christmas if point is not perfectly suited to the handwriting.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Boston, 59 Temple Place — Chicago, 1638 Lytton Bldg.
San Francisco, 577 Market St. — Winnipeg, Can., 346 Donald St.

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen
Non-Leakable



In Canada, 50c additional.

His scheme having been finally formulated the appropriations to carry it into effect go into the budget like any other appropriations.

A budget has nothing to say as to what sort of government it shall be or what the government shall undertake. Its function relates only to the method of doing it—offering a rational, systematized, economical method as opposed to an irrational, unorganized, wasteful method. It does, however, necessarily restrict the present privilege of individual members of Congress to initiate appropriations or measures involving appropriations. There cannot be a real budget or real responsibility for fiscal legislation if individual members or informal cliques of members can at any time knock the budget out of balance by running in claims upon the public purse on their own hook.

What does the present unlimited right of any member to initiate measures that involve an appropriation really amount to?

If a member now has a measure of any real importance, a national measure; if he really expects to get anywhere with that measure and is not merely making a gesture to impress some constituents back home, as a matter of course he sets to work to get his party behind him or to get a following in Congress. His measure can never get beyond a pigeonhole—and the pages of the Congressional Record, duly franked back home—unless it commands the active interest of many other members. It cannot be enacted except by a majority of both houses. If the President is hostile he will veto it. Any really important national measure must now, to succeed, command support that would be sufficient to put it in the budget if we had a budget. The only difference as to national measures is that congressional files would not be cluttered up with scores of bills that never had the slightest chance of passing, and which neither their authors nor anybody else expected to pass.

The member's right to initiate fiscal legislation is precious to him in respect to pork-barrel bills—the rivers and harbors and public buildings and thousands of private pension bills. These are not national measures, but strictly local and individual measures, logrolled through; A voting for B's bill without investigation or scruple in consideration of B voting for A's bill. A real budget system would stop that—which is a great argument in favor of it. Waterway improvement, public buildings, pensions would be dealt with nationally, responsibly, intelligently.

Selfish Opposition

The individual member would lose patronage, for a real budget would involve an end of the spoils system. He would lose some items of prestige. But all these grounds of opposition to a budget are strictly personal and selfish.

Finally, the individual member would gain something. He would be relieved of a great amount of work which he now does most ineffectually. His committee of House or Senate now gets a mass of unrevised, disjointed departmental estimates. A couple of hundred or more members now mull away at this raw stuff of fiscal legislation. They are mostly inexpert, a good many of them are inexperienced. They question bureau chiefs, commissioners and so on, checking up the number of clerks in this division with the number last year, wrangling over a hundred-dollar raise in this salary and that.

In this wasteful labor they catch no glimpse of national finance as a whole. Commonly they never see a single department as a whole. They are not thinking nationally, but locally and piecemeal. The work that they do, piecemeal and badly, ought to be done by an expert supervising and coördinating agency before the estimates ever reach Congress. From a budget system the individual member would gain a great deal of time that he now employs wastefully. He would gain in a national point of view. He would gain in self-respect, too, for he knows well enough in what contempt the general public holds pork barrel and patronage. It is only the unit member who can locally lose anything politically by surrendering those perquisites. It would be different, no doubt, if Candidate A surrendered pork and patronage while his competitor, Candidate B, retained them. But if they are abolished for both A and B, both competitors must seek more respectable grounds for support at the polls. The individual member knows also that the public wants reform of the Government's fiscal method and has no respect for the motives that stand in the way.

That public want is beginning to emerge in more decisive fashion. At the last presidential election all three parties found it wise to pledge themselves to a reform of fiscal methods. More significant than that, many candidates at the late congressional elections specifically pledged themselves to a budget system.

Sixty billion dollars is what this Congress appropriated in less than two years. Not that such a sum will be spent in less than two years, but that, in round numbers, is what it appropriated. It is nearly as much as all the wealth in the United States, exclusive of real estate, as estimated by the Census Bureau in 1912. More than a year ago in a message to Congress Mr. Wilson said that Congress' present method of appropriating public money was bound to result in waste and extravagance, urging the House to return to its former plan of having all appropriation bills considered by a single committee.

No attention was paid to the recommendation. With two exceptions no serious attention has been paid, at Washington, to government waste and inefficiency for many years. President Taft did take the matter up seriously and appointed an expert commission, which made a valuable report, which—so far as Congress is concerned—was promptly thrown in the waste basket. And lately President Wilson demanded and got from Congress a comparatively free hand to reorganize and coördinate the executive departments—a right which the President should always have had, as long as he is responsible for the departments. That concession was obtained, however, under the tremendous pressure of war. Otherwise Congress would doubtless have withheld it. But Congress, in spite of all its powerful inclinations to the contrary, is going to be interested in efficiency, economy and a budget. The date of that event depends exactly upon the insistence of the public's demand for reform.

Write to Your Congressman

To have all appropriation bills handled by a single committee of the House would be a step. But no single committee, unless it were of great size and split into various subcommittees, could handle the appropriation bills in the raw shape in which they now reach Congress and on the plan which Congress now uses in dealing with them. If estimates for appropriations were expertly revised, balanced and composed in budget form before reaching Congress a single committee could easily handle them.

A joint committee of Senate and House to consider all fiscal measures has been proposed. That also would be a step. It has been proposed that the cabinet sit on all departmental estimates as a whole. Probably little could come of that unless the estimates had previously been reviewed and balanced by an expert body—for, of course, each member of the cabinet usually has little enough expert technical knowledge of his own department, and none at all of any other department.

Mr. Fitzgerald and others have insisted that members must surrender their right to introduce bills involving appropriations on their own hook. That would be a decided step—and must come.

Mr. French has introduced a resolution for a constitutional amendment authorizing the President to veto any item in an appropriation bill without vetoing the whole bill, or to reduce any item in an appropriation bill—his action to stand unless overridden by two-thirds of both houses. That also would be a step toward a good budgetary system; but a real budget can be had without a constitutional amendment. It needs only agreement between President and Congress.

Most likely the thing will come by steps. Unquestionably the more unmistakably the public demands it the faster Washington will step.

Remember that budget means pocketbook—your pocketbook. It means also the usefulness of your Government. All talk of constitutional obstacles is practically camouflage. Every other leading nation has a budget. None needs one more than we do. The real obstacle is indifference or selfish hostility at Washington. We can have a real budget by demonstrating that we mean business in demanding one.

They're prime favorites for "feasts." Nothing better for Christmas "eats" can come out of the stocking by the fireplace.

Eat All You Want

Herbert Hoover and Dr. H. W. Wiley say good salted peanuts are healthful and nourishing.

Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are healthful, luscious, and always fresh when they get to you.

The pick of the crop of Virginia peanuts, carefully selected for size, flavor and color. Prepared by the Planters formula that retains in the salted whole nut every bit of the original flavor.

They are easily digested. Chew them well.

Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are sold only in this wax-paper bag, with the red pennant on it.

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The Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Manufacturers of high grade nut confections and peanut butter.
Peanuts from Virginia plantations.

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Make this a *utility* Christmas! Of course.

What better than a box of EMERY Shirts?

Get the neckband size and sleeve length. We have attended to every other detail that assures complete satisfaction.

Roomy comfort-fit, unsurpassed workmanship, tasty patterns.

Plus the nation-wide knowledge of all men of *Emery* excellence.

At the best haberdashers, $2.00 up; $5 to $12 in silk.

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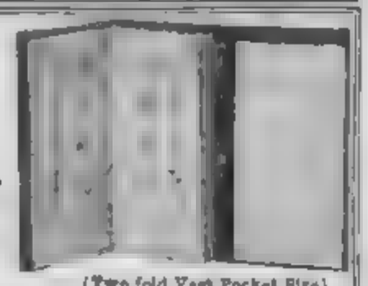
The Gift for The Golfer

A Graphic Golf Score Book



(Two fold Vest Pocket Size)

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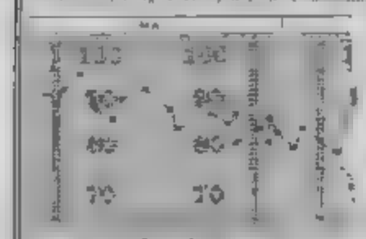

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THE VAMP

(Continued from Page 7)

By nature as friendly a soul as ever gossiped over a back fence, and unspoiled by success, she was on good terms with every member of Micky's company. She even called the humble deck hands by their first names. She was always willing to listen to conversation of an impersonal nature, and when not at work was usually the center of a chatting, laughing group. But this big fellow with the steady, questioning eyes, this dumb creature who watched her from afar, this stranger who never attempted the slightest familiarity and never tried to lessen the distance between them, piqued her curiosity and annoyed her almost as much as he puzzled her. At the end of the first week she mentioned the matter to Micky:

"That big man—is he some kind of a nut, or what? Or maybe he thinks I'm his long-lost sister or something?"

"He's not a nut," replied Micky, "and sisters are out of his line."

"Then what is he—a detective?"

"No. He is the rarest specimen in the world to-day—a simple, natural, elemental man. If old Diogenes had ever bumped into this big bird he would have scrapheaped his lantern; Chevalier Bayard would have made a pal of him; Epictetus would have loved him to death."

"Well," Valerie giggled, "it's a pity he couldn't have met her. He ain't so handsome he can afford to pick and choose."

"But," said Micky with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, "he's not picking and choosing—any more. He's made his selection."

"Oh, you behave!" cried Valerie, pretending indignation. "As if anybody'd look at him!"

"You might do a lot worse. You might pick one of these couch-cooties—these near actors with a sport shirt and pretty, curly hair."

"I guess when I pick anybody," retorted the lady warmly, "I won't ask your advice."

The best authorities agree that affection does not displease a woman, particularly affection of the soft-pedal variety. She seldom objects to a man's devotion, provided the man maintains a respectful distance. The authorities also agree that the simplest woman is complex at times.

Now let the authorities tell us why Valerie LeMoyne began to send slow, deliberate smiles toward Hennessey's corner. Was it because she liked to see him blush and squirm and spill his tobacco all over the floor? Was it only to tantalize the silent giant, or were the smiles given in recognition of his respectful adoration? Who shall say?

As for the recipient of these favors, the smiles left him dizzy and light-headed; but when reason staggered back to its throne he sought an explanation in the worn press clippings. . . . Just so, he read, had the ill-starred Duc de Bonnivard been lured away from his fiancée—a smile from an opera box had changed his whole life. According to the clippings, that was how the vamping usually began—with a curving of luscious red lips and a flashing of pearly teeth.

"I reckon it might work on dukes and earls," thought Hennessey; "but not with me. I been warned."

This was his frame of mind when Micky Nolan invited him to go for an automobile ride.

"Want to find some locations for that Western picture," explained the director. "You've got a noble eye for scenery; so come along. . . . If you could handle a car I'd give you a nice fat part in this piece. I'd let you kidnap the lady and drive away with her."

"Sounds good," said Hennessey thoughtfully.

"In the picture," Micky continued, "she's a beautiful Mexican cattle queen, captured by American bandits. The chief bandit throws her into his automobile, ties her hand and foot, and beats it into the hills. Wants her for himself, see? Puts her into a cave. She pretends to fall for him, sneaks his gun out of the holster, fills him full of holes and escapes over the border. What do you think of it?"

Hennessey curled down behind the windshield and rolled a cigarette. His answer was long in coming:

"You bought a pig, mister. . . . I can drive anything that burns gasoline. Got my own car here too. Lucky I brought her along. Rambling Rosy, that's her name. She ain't much for looks, but she sure can tuck up her skirts and go! . . . Yes, sir, you bought a pig; and if you give this kidnaping stunt to anybody else you'll hurt my feelings."

"Kind of like to be vamped, don't you?" teased Micky.

"I wasn't giving it a thought!" growled Hennessey. "I was thinking about this cave man."

Micky Nolan squinted at the westering sun, glanced up the brown California cañon, where the shadows were beginning their daily march, held a brief conference with Carroll, the camera man, and called loudly for Hennessey and speed. A hoarse coughing sound answered him and Rambling Rosy slid out of the shade of an oak tree and paused beside the director. Hennessey was at the wheel, and beside him, a rebozo wrapped about her head and shoulders, was the queen of love, beauty and cattle.

"This is the last one we'll shoot," said Micky. "It's the distance shot we picked out the other day—remember? I want to show you climbing that grade and going out of sight round the turn—a moving trail of dust. Carroll will crank slow on it; so don't drive fast enough to take any chances. Are you all set?"

"Yes," replied Hennessey; "but the lady—oughtn't she to be tied? She was tied in them other scenes you took."

"Won't make any difference. When the camera picks you up you'll be so far away that it won't show. Quick! This light is failing."

"Ready!" shouted the camera man.

"Go!" cried Micky.

Rambling Rosy emitted a succession of terrific barks and flew at the grade, her cutout roaring and a cloud of yellow dust rising in her wake. Hennessey jammed his heel hard on the foot throttle and took the first bend in the road on two wheels. Miss LeMoyne screamed.

"Shut up!" bawled Hennessey from beneath his hat brim. "Shut up and set still! If you try to jump I'll just naturally be obliged to tie you in! Set still and hang on!"

Ten minutes afterward Micky Nolan glanced at his watch.

"I wonder what's detaining 'em?" said he. "They ought to be back by now."

"Likely he had to go quite a ways to find a place to turn round in," suggested Carroll.

"That's probably it," agreed Micky.

Together they watched the distant turn, while Potter, the assistant camera man, packed up the tools of the trade. Micky looked at his watch again.

"You don't suppose that big stiff could have turned his car over?" he asked anxiously.

"He was going hell bent," said Carroll; "too fast for a mountain road. . . . Where you going?"

"After my car. We'll buzz up there and give a look. It would be a fine piece of luck if Hennessey has blown a front tire and crippled the star!"

Fifteen minutes later Micky's seventy-horse Invincible coughed round the turn and halted. Ahead was nothing but empty road, turning and twisting higher into the hills. Nowhere was there any sign of kidnaper or kidnapee. Micky peered through the windshield with a grunt of astonishment.

"Gone!" he ejaculated. "Now are they in the ditch somewhere, or—or ——"

"You don't suppose he's run away with her?" asked Carroll.

It is part of a director's equipment to be able to think quickly.

"He should have stopped when he got round the turn," said Micky. "If it's an accident we'll find 'em in the next two hundred yards. If we don't find 'em you take the studio car and beat it to town for help."

He drove slowly, scanning the road for signs of calamity. At the end of a mile Rambling Rosy's tire prints were still leading upward.

"You for town!" ordered Micky. "And bring some fighting guys back with you. Hennessey has played this scene too strong. He's run away with Valerie. I'll go ahead and follow his trail. You follow me. This looks damn serious!"

At that very moment Miss LeMoyne was expressing a like sentiment, though with a more conservative choice of words. Rambling Rosy, leaping from bump to bump and hopping from one side of the road to the other, was climbing like an Angora goat. Hennessey had closed his cut-out and was giving most of his attention to ruts and high centers but driving like a cross-country champion.

"Shut up!" he ordered gruffly. "Do your talking when I ask you questions. The going is pretty tough here for a mile or so."

The going soon became tougher. Hennessey fairly lifted the little car into a side cañon, where there were faint traces of wheels but nothing remotely resembling a road. The runabout groaned and shuddered and swore, but continued to climb bravely. After half an hour of low-gear work, dodging bowlders and trees and flirting with disaster, Hennessey plunged into a dense growth of young saplings and stopped the engine.

"End of the line!" he announced. "Everybody out!"

Miss LeMoyne braced herself in her seat.

"I won't move!" she cried. "I won't! I won't!"

Hennessey growled at her from the side of the car.

"You will," he said, "if I have to carry you. You ain't no lightweight, but I reckon I can handle you."

"I'll yell for help!"

"Yell your head off! It won't do you no good." He made as if to lift her from the car.

"Don't you touch me!" shrilled Valerie, scrambling to the ground. "Don't you dare to lay a finger on me! I'll have you arrested for this!"

Hennessey laughed unpleasantly.

"You didn't have that Eyetalian duke arrested," said he. "Come on—unless you want to be carried!"

"Look here!" quavered the lady. "Where do you get this rough stuff? What's the idea? And who do you think you are, anyway?"

"I'm a cave man," was the simple reply. "A cave man with hair and teeth. I'm rough. I was raised rough. I don't like to have people tell me they won't do things. Come on!"

He seized Valerie's wrist and pulled her after him up a steep incline. The lady protested loudly, but to no purpose. Then she screamed; but Hennessey only laughed.

High-heeled slippers are not recommended for climbing. Sharp stones bruised Valerie's feet; briers tore at her substantial ankles. She was thankful to reach a level spot from which the brush had been cleared—a space inclosed on two sides by walls of rock. There was an opening in one of the walls. Hennessey pointed to it.

"I'm a cave man," he repeated; "and there's the cave ——"

"You're a fool!" panted Miss LeMoyne, on the damp verge of tears. "What's the idea? If this is a joke I've had enough of it!"

"It ain't a joke. It's the real thing. You're here and I'm here and there's the cave. It'll be handy in case it rains during the next few days ——"

Valerie gasped and plumped down heavily on the ground.

"The next few days! You ain't going to keep me here? You can't!"

"All right, then," said Hennessey quietly. "You try to get away. I brought you here and you're going to stay till you tell me a few things I want to know. Like as not you'll act mulish. It may take a day—it may take a week; but in the end you'll tell me."

"You beast!"

"No," corrected Hennessey; "but I might be if I'm crossed. I'm just a cave man, like I said. I reckon a cave man has got a pretty good system for handling vampires. Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing. You're the one that's going to do the talking. I fixed this place up as good as I could. The cave has got everything in it but hot water and electric lights. Ham and eggs and canned stuff. I'll do the cooking. I don't reckon a vampire could even boil an egg."

Miss LeMoyne's nerves went to smash at last. She wept loudly and openly. Micky Nolan would have given a thousand dollars

(Concluded on Page 78)

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(Concluded from Page 76)

for a ten-foot close-up of her countenance at that moment.

"You c-can't keep me here!" she sobbed. "What will people say?"

"You ought to know," said Hennessey coolly. "You've caused enough talk in your time, by all accounts."

Anger flashed through the tears.

"That's a lie!"

Hennessey was startled. He removed his sombrero and looked down at his captive.

"A what?" he asked. "Say that again."

"Any girl in this business gets talked about," sniffled Miss LeMoyne; "but they never talked about me unless they lied! That's the God's truth; you can ask anybody."

Hennessey squatted on his heels, cowpuncher fashion.

"Look me in the eye!" he ordered. "Now say that again!"

The lady repeated the statement, crossing her heart and hoping to die if it wasn't every word the truth. Hennessey shook his head and muttered under his breath.

"I'd love to believe you," said he, with great feeling. "I'd like to take your word for that; but, you see, I got evidence to the contrary. How about this Prince Carazza, or something like that? Wasn't there talk about you and him? Wasn't there?"

Now it was Valerie's turn to stare.

"Why, the nerve of you!" she cried. "I never even met the man in my life!"

Hennessey scratched his head.

"That's number one," said he. "If I was you, and I didn't want to stay here quite a while, I'd arrange my memory different. Now this Eyetalian duke—Carlo Something-or-Other—the one that tried to run off with you, only the gondola was wrecked. What about him?"

"The gondola?" repeated Valerie. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Number two," said Hennessey. "I'll give you one more chance. There was an Englishman—an earl. He had a wife and family, but he followed you all over Europe—let the earl business go to pot, and everything ——"

"Europe!" exclaimed Miss LeMoyne. "I never was east of Hastings, Nebraska, in my life! And I can prove it!"

"That's number three," remarked the Arizonan. "I reckon I better shut you up in that cave till your memory comes back. When I told a lie and stuck to it, my old daddy used to lick me and lock me up in the barn. I ain't going to lick you; but maybe I ought to. I said I had the evidence—and here it is." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the sheaf of newspaper clippings. "A prince and a mess of dukes and counts, and one earl—all down in black and white. How you going to get round that, eh?"

Miss LeMoyne burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Heavens and earth!" she cried. "The man has been reading those fool press notices!"

Hennessey's chin dropped. He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Press notices?" he mumbled. "Press notices?"

"Sure! Why, they're just studio stuff! The press agent wrote 'em all out of his head—pipe dreams."

"Great bulls of Bashan!" ejaculated Hennessey. "And you never had him shot, or nothing, for writing lies about you?"

"Well, what of that? A press agent can't tell the truth, anyway. He said it was great publicity. I didn't know what he was writing about; I never even read the stuff."

Hennessey groaned like a sick elephant.

"Then you ain't a vampire at all? You never was a vampire?"

"Only on the screen."

There was a long silence. Hennessey broke it in tones dripping with the most abject humility:

"Have you got time to listen to me, ma'am? There's a heap of explaining to do."

"You don't think I'd let you get away with a stunt like this without making some sort of explanation, do you? Cut it short, though. I ain't going to be seen coming home with a cave man—all hours of the night."

"Cave man!" Hennessey repeated, with a bitter chuckle. "That's a good joke; but it ain't a funny one. . . . All right! . . . A couple of years ago I was in Phœnix, buying some stuff for the ranch. One afternoon I didn't seem to have nothing to do; so I went to a movie theater. That was the first time I ever saw you. I didn't see nothing in that picture but you. And I waited while they run it three times. The next day it was at another theater—a little one way at the other end of town; but I found it. . . . They couldn't have hid it from me on a bet! . . . If they hadn't shipped that film over to Tucson I reckon I never would have got that stuff bought.

"That was how it started. I made a dicker with the theater man, and he promised to let me know by long distance whenever he was going to run one of your pictures. I never missed any, and I stayed in Phœnix till the picture went somewhere else. Lucky I had a good foreman or the ranch would have gone on the bum. I ain't a cave man. I'm a rancher. I own a lot of white-faces down in that country. But that don't make no difference.

"It's an awful thing to get mashed on a lady that you never expect to meet. I bought all the magazines that printed your photographs and pasted 'em in a scrap album. About a thousand times I started to write to you; but I got cold feet. You see, I hadn't ever been much of a hand with women. But I'd thought about 'em considerable. I had my own notions of what a woman ought to be like. You was the first one I ever saw that suited me; you was everything in the world that I wanted. You don't mind my telling you this?"

"No," said Miss LeMoyne.

"Well, one day I ran onto a piece in the Arizona Anvil —that's a paper we get at the ranch. It was about you and some count or other; and it made me sick—sick all over. I hadn't ever liked your pictures much, the things you done in 'em, I mean, but I kept saying to myself that you was only acting a part and wasn't that kind of a woman in real life. Your eyes—they looked like a good woman's eyes to me. But this piece in the paper, it made out that you wasn't just pretending to be a vampire, but that you was one by nature.

"I don't know as you can understand how bad that hurt me. It was like a kid finding out there ain't any Santy Claus. . . . I'd built you up so high in my own mind that I'd made a kind of an idol of you. And, of course, I hadn't ever cared for any other woman in my whole life. It just pulled my feet out from under me and let me down flat. Yes; it hurt!"

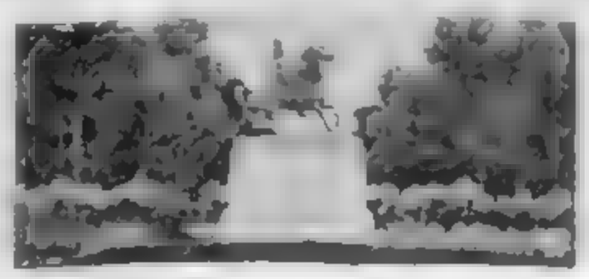
Miss LeMoyne stirred uneasily and stole a glance at the speaker. Hennessey was not looking at her. He was staring at his big hands, apparently very much interested in the locking and unlocking of his fingers. Valerie was not a clever young woman. She had been taught to counterfeit emotion, but the real article was almost a stranger to her. She had just sense enough to realize that here was something genuine—something big—something which no camera could photograph.

"If he'd only get his hair cut," thought Miss LeMoyne, "he wouldn't be a bit bad-looking."

"By and by," continued Hennessey, "there was another piece in the paper—worse than the first. That one about the prince. Then they came along regular. I'd get out the scrap album and look at your pictures. It didn't seem that anybody with eyes like yours could be anything but the straightest woman in the world—and maybe the next day here would be the Anvil with another piece in it. I reckon I just missed going crazy.

"But a blind hog finds an acorn now and then, and finally I rooted up an idea. I came to Los Angeles to get a job in the movies. I asked Nolan about you, and he kind of give me the impression that all that stuff was true; but he said he hadn't seen any dukes or counts round the studio lately. That helped some.

"Then he told me he was going to have me kidnap you in an automobile and drag you off to a cave somewhere; and that gave me another idea. If you was a regular vampire it seemed to me a cave man might stand some kind of a chance.



And then again, I wanted to hear your side of them stories. I hoped there was something in your favor—something that you could tell me that would make me feel better.

"And, even if there wasn't, I reckon it wouldn't have made any difference; you'd still be too good for me—too good for any man! That's the way I had it framed up; and if I spoke rough to you when I was bringing you here I'm sorry. Dealing with a real vampire, you got to get in the first lick, so as to scare her. I never would have hurt you, you know that. I was just running a sandy. You ain't a vampire. I ain't a cave man. I'm just a plain, ordinary damn fool ——"

Out of the deepening gloom came a startling interruption:

"Hands up, Hennessey! I've got you covered!"

It was Micky Nolan's voice. The director was crouching in the underbrush at the top of the slope, and in his right hand was something that glittered ominously. Hennessey did not even turn his head.

"Go ahead and shoot!" said he listlessly. "I've been such a damn fool I reckon I oughtn't to be let live."

Miss LeMoyne scrambled to her feet and took command of the situation.

"You quit that ten-twenty-thirty stuff, Micky Nolan!" she cried. "You won't shoot nobody! Do you hear? It's a pity I can't have a chat with a friend of mine without you horning in with a gun!"

"Holy sailor!" exclaimed Micky. "I thought he'd run away with you!"

"Well, think again. Put up that gun!"

"Oh, all right! Just as you say." Micky advanced, grinning broadly. "It's only a nickel-plated monkey wrench out of my tool kit—just that and a raw bluff. I thought I was going to be the hero and rescue the lady from the bold, bad villain. It seems I'm cast in a low-comedy part."

He glanced at Hennessey, who was still squatting on his heels, popeyed with amazement over one phrase that had fallen from Valerie's lips—"a friend of mine."

"Well, Romeo," said Micky quizzically, "what was the big idea?"

Hennessey opened his mouth, but could do nothing but gurgle. Again Valerie came to the rescue.

"Just what I told you," she snapped; "a quiet little talk with a friend."

"H'm-m!" Micky glanced about him. "You picked a safe place for it. A cave, and everything. If I hadn't been a human bloodhound I never would have found you. The gang from the studio ought to be here pretty soon. They'll be sore, coming all this way just to interrupt a friendly conversation. The next time you two tear out for a quiet little chat I wish you'd tip me off in advance. I thought ——"

"What difference does it make what you thought?" demanded Miss LeMoyne. "You ain't my guardian!"

"No-o," admitted Micky; "I am only your director and your humble servant."

"If that's the way you feel about it," said the lady, "you can do me a favor. I want the boss to fire that fresh young Gilfeather."

"Eric? What did he ever do to you?"

"He did aplenty!" complained the star. "That press stuff of his wasn't any boost; it was a knock!"

A tall form suddenly towered into the air.

"Don't get him fired," said Hennessey. "Leave him to me. All I ask is one crack at his jaw!"

"You couldn't do that!" said Valerie. "He's a little bit of a runt. Shall we be going now, Mister—Mister ——"

"Hennessey," said Micky quickly. "Homer Hennessey. But I thought you two had met?"

"We have—now," said the giant. "Miss LeMoyne and me ——"

"Sadie Cooper—to you," corrected the lady. "Let's cut out all the bunk stuff while we're about it."

It is rumored that Miss LeMoyne will not renew her contract with the Unique Film Company. Eric Gilfeather is still connected with the publicity department, but he has been heard to remark that, for ingratitude, a bone-headed woman beats the world! Micky Nolan has ceased to pick types and is now demanding actors. Homer Hennessey is building an addition to his ranch house—literally sawing wood and saying nothing.

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HICKS IS HICKS

(Continued from Page 15)

"All right!" caroled Annie. "I'll fix him up so he'll want to stay. Leave it to me!"

When the darkness of late night or early morning had at length descended upon the Bakers' flat—when the only sounds that broke the heavy stillness of a slumber-wrapped household were Hen's grunts as he strove to find comfort for his six-feet-two on the library davenport—Annie, brushing away the sleep that clung like dew to her lashes, sat up in bed and cleared her throat cautiously.

It appeared that Joe, too, had been simulating slumber; for he opened his eyes with suspicious alacrity, though he kept his voice still carefully sleepy.

"W'a's—er—matter—eh?"

Annie whispered a warning "Sh!" There was, however, no need for caution. Nettie was safely ensconced in the cupboard off the kitchen, which read Maid's Room in the specifications, and Hen's reassuring groans denoted slumber at length attained and held fast.

"You awake?" Annie demanded.

"Uh-huh!" admitted Joe, still playing safe. "Heard you cough."

She said nothing for a while, cupping her chin in her hand and peering, like a brooding goddess, into the soft darkness.

"I'm glad they got here," she said at length.

"So'm I."

"Nettie looks awful well."

"Yeh."

"Hen's as big a tease as ever."

"Sure is!"

Silence. The clock on the bureau ticked a sharp echo to her heartbeats.

"Joe!"

"What?"

"Nothing."

Silence. Then the distant whir of a motor speeding up the hill, cut-out wide open; a sudden sound of singing voices tossed to them from the night.

"Joe, I guess they'll miss Lone Rock at first."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"We did."

"Uh-huh!"

"It was kind of nice to hear them talk about the folks, wasn't it?"

"Yeh." He hitched over on his elbow. "What was it Nettie said about ma not being so well?"

"She said she missed you a lot; but I guess it's just old age coming on."

"Yes; I guess so." Silence; then: "Ma always did make an awful fuss over me."

"Ever since you was a little kid! I remember, Joe, when she used to come to school on rainy days and bring your lunch. And oh, what jelly sandwiches!"

"That's right! Jell she'd put up herself. Never tasted none so good."

"Neither have I."

Business of yawning and pounding the pillow.

"Better lie down, hon; I want to get some rest if I've got to wrestle with the boss in the morning."

"All right, Joe." Still she remained rigid, her eyes staring into the darkness. "Joe!"

"Yes, hon?"

"Suppose we could go home for a little visit next summer?"

"I don't know. All I get is two weeks."

"I'd like to see sister's new baby. Nettie says it looks a lot like me."

"Well, I wouldn't mind so much; but it costs ——"

"That's right, Joe; we had ought to save instead of spending it all on carfare, hadn't we?"

"Yeh; I s'pose so."

"Only I'd like to see the baby."

"Better lie down, hon; it's most daylight."

Annie slid obediently beneath the covers, her fair hair on the pillow, her lip caught between her teeth.

"It was nice to hear them talk, though—wasn't it, Joe?"

"Sure!" he said. "Great!"

"Hen said the judges at the county fair missed your not being there; he said ——"

"Gee, hon, what is this—a midnight monologue? Have a heart! I'm dead to the world. Got to sit at a desk all day tomorrow. Won't you give Joey a rest?"

"Yes, Joe. I'm sorry."

Deep warm silence; Henry's rhythmic breathing; the clock's rapid ticking; the voices of late revelers rising in sudden crescendo and fading to a heavy stillness; Joe staring wide-eyed at the wall paper, with its climbing roses, now a ghostly black trellis; Annie staring wide-eyed at the white curtain, flapping gently, like a friendly hand.

"Sleeping, Annie?"

"No, Joe."

"I was thinking."

"Yes, Joe."

"I guess we can make that trip this summer, all right."

"Can we, Joe?"

"Yeh. We'll manage it somehow."

"I'm awful glad!"

"Well, I wanted you to be satisfied. So far as I'm concerned, I never want to see the old one-horse town again."

"We won't tell Hen and Nettie; they might think ——"

"No; we won't tell them."

"G'night, hon."

"Good night, Joe."

The apartment across the hall was secured and Nettie chose her furniture under Annie's careful direction.

"None of that plush stuff goes here. I think it's awful pretty; but if you want to be classy and not pin a tag on yourself you got to forget it. Mission is safe, dearie; and it don't show the scratches near so plain as ours does, neither."

Housekeeping, however, was thrust far into the background by the far more alluring whirl of dissipation into which Henry and his wife were plunged. Movies every night, with an occasional velvet-carpeted, leather-upholstered theater boasting a twanging orchestra and bare-kneed ladies; or supper at a cabaret where the diners dropped their knives and forks and forsook their steaming dishes to fling themselves into the dance.

Nettie, after a breathless month of such gayety as she had never dreamed of, announced that she loved it—loved it—loved it! That New York—its byways and highways—was the garden spot of the world!

"Why, Annie," she cried, flushed with the wine of life she had been drinking in deep gulps, "you couldn't drag me away from here with a thousand wild horses!"

"I told you so," said Annie a little wearily.

There were dark shadows beneath her eyes and her cheeks had lost some of their roundness. Nettie, broom in hand, was sweeping up a powdering of crumbs beneath her table.

"Hen loves it too."

"Didn't Joe say he would?"

"At first he was all for going back—always worrying for fear the manager couldn't look after the ranch right and proper; but once I got him down to a department store ——"

"And he lost those hick clothes of his."

"Sure! He let me pick out that nobby check suit for him, and the green necktie. Say, he couldn't be bribed to go back to Lone Rock if you'd 'a' give him the train trip free!"

"Joe's got tickets for the Winter Garden to-night."

"Has he? That's fine! I've been wanting to see it awful bad. Do you know, Annie, it's queer how quick this town gets a grip on you!"

"Yes; ain't it?"

"Hen says he could get away with more sleep, though."

"Oh, nobody turns in early here."

"That's what I told him; and he says he's got it, too, now."

"Got what?"

"The seven-o'clock fever."

"The seven-o'clock fever? That's a good one!"

"Sure it is! Everyone's got it here. You can plan to stay at home; you can bet your last dollar you will—and as sure as seven o'clock comes round you find yourself squirming in your chair and itching to be out there with the rest of the crowd."

"That's right; you do for fair."

"I told Hen there was no use fighting against it. So long as we come here, I says to him, let's do like the native sons."

"And they're midnight sons."

"Yep. I wish the folks back home could see us—just once!"

"I wish so too."

"Why, Annie, it seems like a dream, the days at home: Up at six—working all

CHRISTMAS
This Year

will be different. Gifts will be largely in the nature of essentials—things to wear, for example.

One can best carry out the spirit of the times and of the season by choosing articles that give the most in service.

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HOSIERY

makes a sensible gift, to man or woman. It furnishes the kind of service that justifies the purchase—dependable wear and snug, clean-cut appearance.

Wherever you are you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on this trade-mark on each pair

Men's pure silk, 75c. up; other grades in silk lisle as low as 40c.

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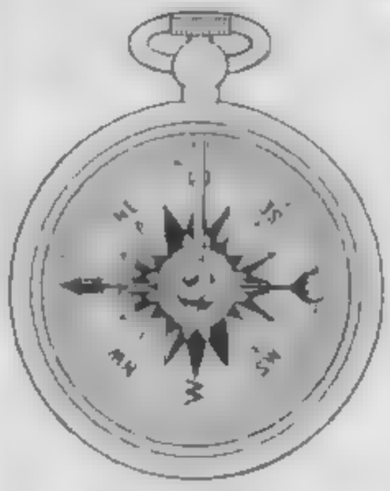

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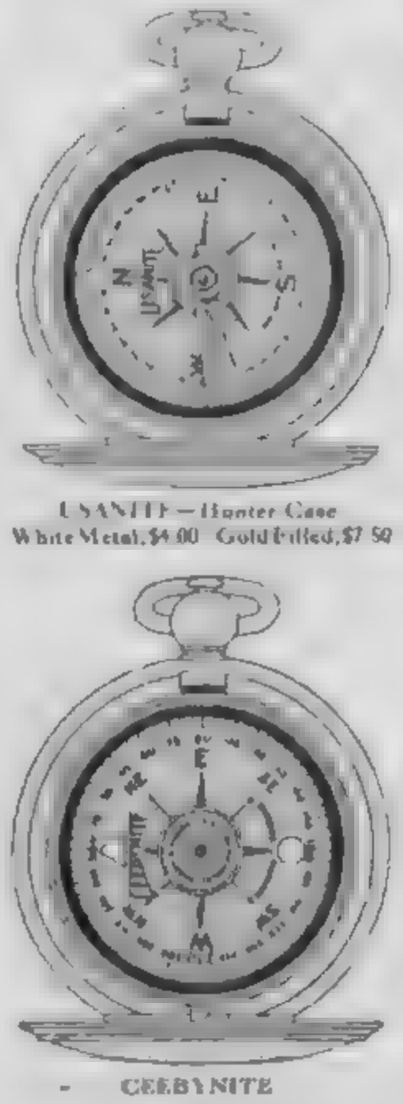

USANITE—Hunter Case
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Hunter Case. White Metal, $3.50
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Yesterday your outdoor man sought adventure by hunting in the native woods or forest; prospecting in the mountains or exploring the wilderness.

Today he has donned the uniform of his country and is facing the great adventures of the soldier. And always, whether on pleasure bent or on a mission for humanity he must never lose his bearings. In military operations especially, instant knowledge of his whereabouts is of vital importance.

Guesswork won't do. Accurate knowledge of the four points of the compass is wanted, and quickly; and nothing but a compass visible at night, such as the Ceebynite, will do. Yet, the sportsman, who in civil life always carried a compass often forgets it in the excitement of donning khaki.

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doubles the pleasure—a *Taylor* Compass is a utility gift used and appreciated by the automobilist, traveler, tourist, motor boater, canoeist, camper, woodsman, guide, cyclist, boy scout, hunter, fisherman and pedestrian.

Ceebynite Compass

(See By Night)

White metal hunting case, floating aluminum dial, with the north and south points treated with a luminous radium material, enabling points to be read at night.

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There's a *Taylor* or *Tycos* Thermometer for every purpose.

day—dinner—supper—bed at eight! How did we stand it so long?"

"I wonder sometimes."

"And nothing to do—only clean house and pick vegetables and make your own clothes. And what clothes!"

"Here you get through all your house work by ten o'clock."

"Or, if you don't, you leave it till you have more time. You should worry if the dishes ain't washed!"

Annie rose, stretching.

"Well, I'll run along home. Joe'll be in any minute. See you later, Nettie."

"Yep—we'll give you three rings."

Annie stole across the corridor and opened her door softly. The gentle dusk of early autumn lay like a gray mantle on the little hall.

She shut the door behind her and leaned her head against it for an instant without stirring; then she moved slowly toward her bedroom. At the open door she started back, gazing at the prostrate form stretched out on the bed.

"Joey!" she cried. "Are you sick?"

"Hello, hon! That you?" He rolled over. "Gee, how you scared me! I thought you was all in for fair."

"No; just tired, Annie." He sat up and stretched languidly. "Come here and kiss your old man."

She bent down—and drew back quickly. "Joe, you've been drinking again!"

He jerked his head back.

"Well, what if I have? Does it cut any ice with you?"

"Oh, Joe!"

She covered her face with her hands; and he scrambled to his feet and hurried to her side.

"I'm sorry, Annie; honest, I am. I won't do it again if it makes you feel so bad as all that."

"That's what you said last night, and the night before; and ——"

"Well, what if I did? A fellow has got to take something to keep him going."

"To keep him going?"

"Sure! Work all day—play all night. Can't be done, Annie, without a bracer."

"You mean that going out like this is what's driving you to ——"

"Oh, say; don't preach to a fellow! There's a good girl. What have we got for supper? Maybe we ain't got time to eat. We don't want to be late."

She stared at him without moving. He shook his head impatiently.

"What's got into you, Annie? You never used to pick on me like this. Guess I'll have to take to staying out late, like the other boys do; then you'll have something worth while to kick about."

"Joey!"

"Well ——. Oh, come on; kiss and make up. I didn't mean I really would. I'd rather come home to my little wifey; only—darn it!—I'd like to sleep."

Her hand crept to her throat.

"And you hate this going out every night, Joey?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. It's all right, once you get started. Everybody in New York does it. It's all right; but I need a drink or two to set me up—that's all. It's like winding the old clock. I run down after a day's work. Understand?"

"Yes; I understand, Joe," she said.

"Let's have supper, then. Or ain't it ready? I'll take another snooze. You can call me when it's on the table." He dropped back on the bed. "You're going to see the best show in town to-night," he muttered.

She whirled at the door.

"No; I ain't, Joey," she said. "I'm going to stay home."

He sat bolt upright.

"Going to stay home—and me with four tickets for the Winter Garden in my pocket! Say, where do you get that stuff?"

"Oh, Joe, let them go; give them away."

"Say, what's eating you? This ain't a moving picture."

"I know I'm acting queer, Joe; but it's been coming on—only I didn't guess you was tired too.

"I thought maybe I was the only one that was sick of all the lights and all the theaters and all the music."

"You sick of it! Why, Annie, you're crazy! Ain't you the one that starts us off? Ain't you the one that picks the liveliest cabaret? Ain't you the one that's always begging to stay a little longer when we're ready to go home?"

"Yes, Joe; but I did it because I thought you liked me to. I ——"

"You thought I liked you to! Say, tell that to the marines! You can't put nothing like that over on me."

"I tell you I ain't going to any show to-night, Joe!"

"All right! Stay home, then, and we'll go without you. You can sit here and twirl your thumbs; but if you're a thumb twirler I lose my guess."

"Can't you see we weren't made for it?"

"Who wasn't? Don't we take to it like a duck to water?"

"No—no! I tell you it's not like we were born to it."

"What's that got to do with it? Nothing's wrong with you except you haven't eaten yet. You'll feel better after that. I'm going to take another nap. Don't rattle the pans too loud."

Dry-eyed, she switched on the light in her little kitchen and gazed at the chaos of a day's marketing piled high on the washtubs, and at the pyramid of unwashed dishes in the sink. She dropped down beside a bag of war flour and a dozen fresh eggs and let the tears trickle unheeded down her cheeks.

After a time she rose determinedly, rolled up her sleeves and, with a little shiver of disgust at the cold grease on the plates and at the pools of muddy coffee left in the cups, she set to work.

Joe roused himself from the rapture of a stolen nap. He was greeted by the warm friendly odor of frying onions and of broiling steak. He was in a decidedly better mood. He hummed to himself as he splashed cold water on his face and neck. He shaved, chose a collar with meticulous care, drew on his coat, with little pats and flicks at dust, and, with a last glance at necktie, hair and shaved chin, turned and strode toward the alluring odor of good food and fresh coffee.

The dining-room table was neatly set.

"Well, if this ain't a real party!" he exclaimed. "Don't know how long it's been since we've had dinner at the table. It's better, somehow, than snatching it off the stove and dishing it out on the tuba."

Annie nodded.

"I guess it'll taste good, Joe."

"You bet it will! I'm as hungry as all outdoors." He cut off a thick slice of steak, held it poised, stared at her—and dropped his fork. "Ain't you going to dress for the show?" He pulled out his watch. "It's seven-thirty. You've got just ten minutes, missus."

She shook her head.

"I'm not going, Joe."

At that he laughed.

"Want to be coaxed, eh? Well, Joey'll do it up right and proper. Couldn't get along without his little wifey—no; he couldn't! How's that, hon?" She didn't answer, and he leaned over and patted her hand.

"Well, if I didn't clean forget that you was mad at me!"

"I'm not mad, Joe."

"You must be hopping clear through or you wouldn't waste no two-dollar ticket these hard times—plus the war tax."

"I'm sorry about the ticket, Joe; but I don't care to go."

He laid down his knife with a clatter.

"What the hell's got into you, Annie?"

She flushed and did not reply for an instant; then:

"Don't bother about me, Joe. You all go and have a good time."

"It's my drinking that's done it, ain't it? Well, if a fellow can't take a swallow now and then ——"

"It ain't that, Joe."

"Well then, what is it?"

"It's just that I'm tired; I ——"

The little bell above the ice box rang out sharply—three staccato peals.

"There's Hen and Nettie. What you going to tell them?"

"Same as I told you, Joe: I'm tired."

He rose stormily and strode to the door. She heard the murmur of voices rising to shrill protest as Nettie grasped the truth. They swept in upon her.

"What's this I hear about your staying home?" thundered Hen.

"That's right, Hen; I'm going to." She smiled at him.

"Like time you are! Where's her hat, Nettie?"

Nettie stared at her.

"Why, she can't go looking like that! She ain't dressed, or nothing. We'd miss half the first act if we waited for her. Hen, you and me'll start on ahead and they can come in later."

(Continued on Page 85)

This Wonderful Christmas

HAS there ever been a Christmas so full of meaning—with its promise of a world forever safe and free!

The thoughtful man or woman will find in this season a new call to quiet, unselfish living—and to the duty of *constructive thrift*.

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Thrift is the expression of one's feeling for *values*.

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Its message is the message of *thrift through quality*.

This Regal Shoe—the "Crispin"—embodies 26 years of Regal experience in producing only shoes of sound, serviceable value.

Its price is based on the Regal policy of producing many pairs of shoes, with only a conservative profit on each pair.

A sturdy, all-weather shoe. Made of specially tanned Norwegian Dark Russet Calfskin. Half-bellows tongue to keep out wet. Tough double sole. Right and left pattern heels. **$10.**

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The Regal Company is *concentrating* on just such shoes as this—shoes that serve the greatest number: shoes that everybody wants. More than two years ago the Regal Company put into effect its *concentration policy* in making and selling shoes. Concentrating on the popular lasts, the wanted leathers.

A policy so sound and successful that the strict regulations of the War Industries Board left the great Regal Organization free to go right along, *practically without a change*.

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If you now have a Pyrene Extinguisher do not waste the liquid, and see that the handle is locked to prevent evaporation. It may not be possible to obtain Pyrene liquid until after the war.

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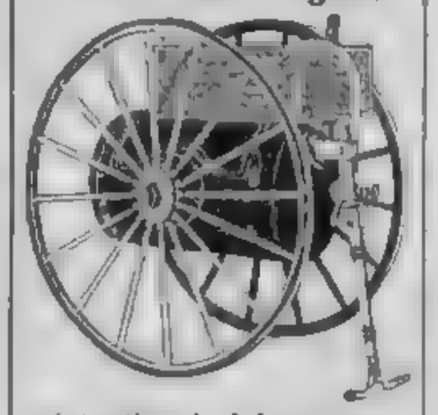


(40 gallons) A factory size fire engine has saved many a plant from sure destruction

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

GUARDENE
Soda and Acid Extinguisher

Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories

(Continued from Page 82)

Hen studied her closely.

"Feel sick, Annie?"

She shook her head.

"No; I'm not sick."

"Well, what ails you, then?" Nettie was plainly impatient.

"Nothing," said Annie; "only I'm tired."

"I do think you might 'a' thought about how you'd feel before you let Joe buy the tickets."

"I didn't know how I'd feel until to-night," she said slowly; then she rose from her chair. "All of you go along. Can't a girl stay home if she wants to? And take Joe with you. I'd a heap rather have him at the show than sitting at home staring at me as if I had lost my senses."

Joe whirled angrily.

"All right! We'll do as you say. It's all a matter of spite—her acting this way. I took a drink before I come home, and Annie's sore as a crab."

"Oh, come on, Annie! Be a good sport!"

"Please, Annie, don't go to spoiling this little party."

"Joey won't do it no more—will you, Joe?"

Annie smiled a trifle.

"Hurry 'long, all of you, or you'll be late."

She listened, her hand on her heart, to the chorus of voices in the hall, to the quick slam of the front door and the whisper of receding footsteps; then she raised her head.

"I'll do it!" she said. "I'll do it!"

Sometime along about midnight the Winter Garden yawned forth its frothy mass of gayly dressed folk. Ermine-wrapped, diamond-hung girls, slender of body, slim of ankle, gathered in little groups on the curb—gay spots of color—awaiting the limousines that crept obediently to their very feet.

They were the cynosure of all eyes, intensely conscious of the whispers of the crowd, but feigning a colossal indifference that in itself was consummate art.

Nettie, in her georgette crêpe of French blue—nineteen-seventy-five, marked down from thirty—clung to her husband's arm, round-eyed.

"They're the real things, Hen," she breathed. "Just looking at them makes my mouth water for clothes like that!"

"You'll have them too, baby. Just wait a while and you'll be making them look like back numbers—that's what!" He patted her hand.

"Oh, Hen!"

She turned a radiant face to Joe. He was observing the crowd sullenly, his brows drawn together.

"Look at Joe!" she teased. "The Fifth Avenue swells don't mean nothing to him 'cause Annie ain't along."

"Oh, they don't mean nothing to me anyhow!" he snapped. "I've seen enough of them."

At that Nettie protested sharply.

"Enough! Why, you can't see enough of coats like those and hair dressed that way and pearls as big as ostrich eggs!"

"Oh, there's nothing to it!" growled Joe. "It's the same old thing in the same old way."

Nettie danced to the curb.

"I don't see our limousine nowhere. Hen, what do you say to our walking to the Flower Garden for a change."

Henry grinned at Joe.

"Ain't she a wonder, though? You wouldn't know she wasn't born and raised here—would you?"

"How about yourself, Hen?" she cried. "Didn't the boss tell you that you certainly acted like an old-timer? Didn't he, Hen?"

"He sure did!"

She clung to his arm. "And, oh, I laughed to myself to-day when I come up on a bus. I was riding on top."

"This cold weather?"

"Sure; the fur coat you bought me keeps me as warm as a bug in a rug."

"What made you laugh?"

"A couple of rubes. 'Low bridge!' yells the conductor; and you ought to 'a' seen them duck!"

"Remember how we went way down the first time we rode on top?"

"Yes."

Nettie, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed, gazed with parted lips up and down Broadway.

"Lights—lights—lights!" she crooned. "Reds and greens and yellows; beautiful autos and happy people and pretty clothes—what more can you ask to see?"

"Come on, you little New York booster; it's us for the Garden Café."

"Wish you could dance, Hen."

"Didn't I tell you I'd learn how?"

"Then, when the music starts, I needn't sit still and keep time with my feet."

"Not much! We'll be up and round until the band stops."

Joe cleared his throat.

"I'll hike along home."

But Hen caught his arm.

"Not much you won't! Annie'll be asleep; and a few minutes more of our company won't hurt you."

"Oh, that ain't it—I'm all in!"

"Him too?" laughed Nettie. "Gee, Hen, I guess we're glad we ain't such dead ones!"

He pinched her cheek.

"Baby, you look like a million dollars to me!"

They crossed Broadway. The rosy lights of the Flower Garden coaxed and beckoned. The heavy odor of perfume, of rich foodstuffs, of fine cigars drifted out to them, with a sudden blare of music.

"Oh, I love it!" breathed Nettie. "Only I'd ought to have my dress cut lower."

"Nothing doing, Nettie!"

"You'll like it," she tossed back. "Wait and see if you don't."

Garlands of flaming roses festooned the walls. Baskets of vivid roses screened the lights. On the tables were clusters of them, brilliant crimson dashes. Nettie buried her face in the bowl and looked up rapturously.

"Oh, there ain't no place in the world like this!" she cried.

Joe moved restlessly in his chair.

"All I want is a club sandwich and some ginger ale."

Nettie snatched the menu from his fingers.

"A cocktail for me—a Bronx."

Hen shook his head sternly.

"None of that stuff, baby!"

But she leaned toward him alluringly, puckering her red lips.

"Please, Henny; just this once to see how it tastes—if you love your baby, Henny."

"Oh, well—all right!"

The music crashed into syncopated melody, mad pulse-leaping music, with the jingle of sleigh bells and the shrill of steam whistles to further inflame and rouse.

"Ain't that too good to keep?" cried Nettie; then, seizing Joe's arm, she sprang up. "You can dance. Come on; take me out."

"Nothing doing!" he growled.

"Aw, please!" she coaxed. "Just this once! I never asked you before."

"No, I don't feel like it."

"Go on," urged Hen. "I want to see you do it."

Joe rose.

"All right!" he said. "Watch your step."

They moved through a narrow aisle between tables to the dancing floor. Nettie waved over Joe's shoulder to Hen. Joe took her in his arms and they swung into the ragtime with hesitating steps.

Women's bare shoulders, gleaming like satin, brushed against his sleeve. Men crashed into him precipitously. He found himself out of step.

He tried desperately to right himself; he moved back, dragging Nettie with him. He discovered a woman's foot beneath his heel. He stopped short in an agony of embarrassment, red of face, apologizing incoherently. In the silence that followed a man's sharp voice rang out:

"Well, where did those hicks come from? Would you believe they'd allow them on the floor of the Garden? Say, what's New York coming to anyway?"

Nettie, white to the lips, dropped Joe's arm.

"I think we'd better sit down," he said.

He led the way to the table. Hen greeted them uproariously.

"Fine!" he shouted. "Fine! Best-looking couple on the floor! You got them all skinned a mile! What you stopping for? The music is still going."

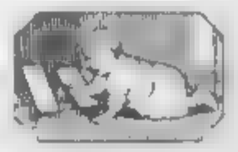
Nettie caught her breath. The tears in her eyes hung like drops of dew to her lashes.

"Oh, Hen," she wailed, "we danced all wrong, and everyone knew we were from the country; we ——" She choked.

Hen stared at her.

"Why, baby, you ain't—you ain't —— Say!" He clenched his fist suddenly.

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano



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This week and next, your Gulbransen Dealer has arranged at his store a demonstration of how simply you can control the tone of the Gulbransen, how perfectly produce any expression. Step in, you'll enjoy it—whether you are ready to buy or not.

You will find the Gulbransen "Easy to Play" beyond comparison. Pedaling is effortless. Expression control is simple and natural. The response of tone and action is delightful. You will surprise yourself—playing the Gulbransen as confidently as you hum or whistle your favorite tunes.

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Gulbransen Player-Pianos are sold by substantial dealers in nearly every county in the U. S. The price of each model is the same to everybody, everywhere, marked on the instrument before it leaves the factory. Four models:

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A baby "invented" this Gulbransen trade mark years ago—a tiny year-old baby playing dad's Gulbransen. It tells the truth—the Gulbransen is surprisingly easy to play. Pronounce the name so you will remember it—Gul-BRAN-sen.

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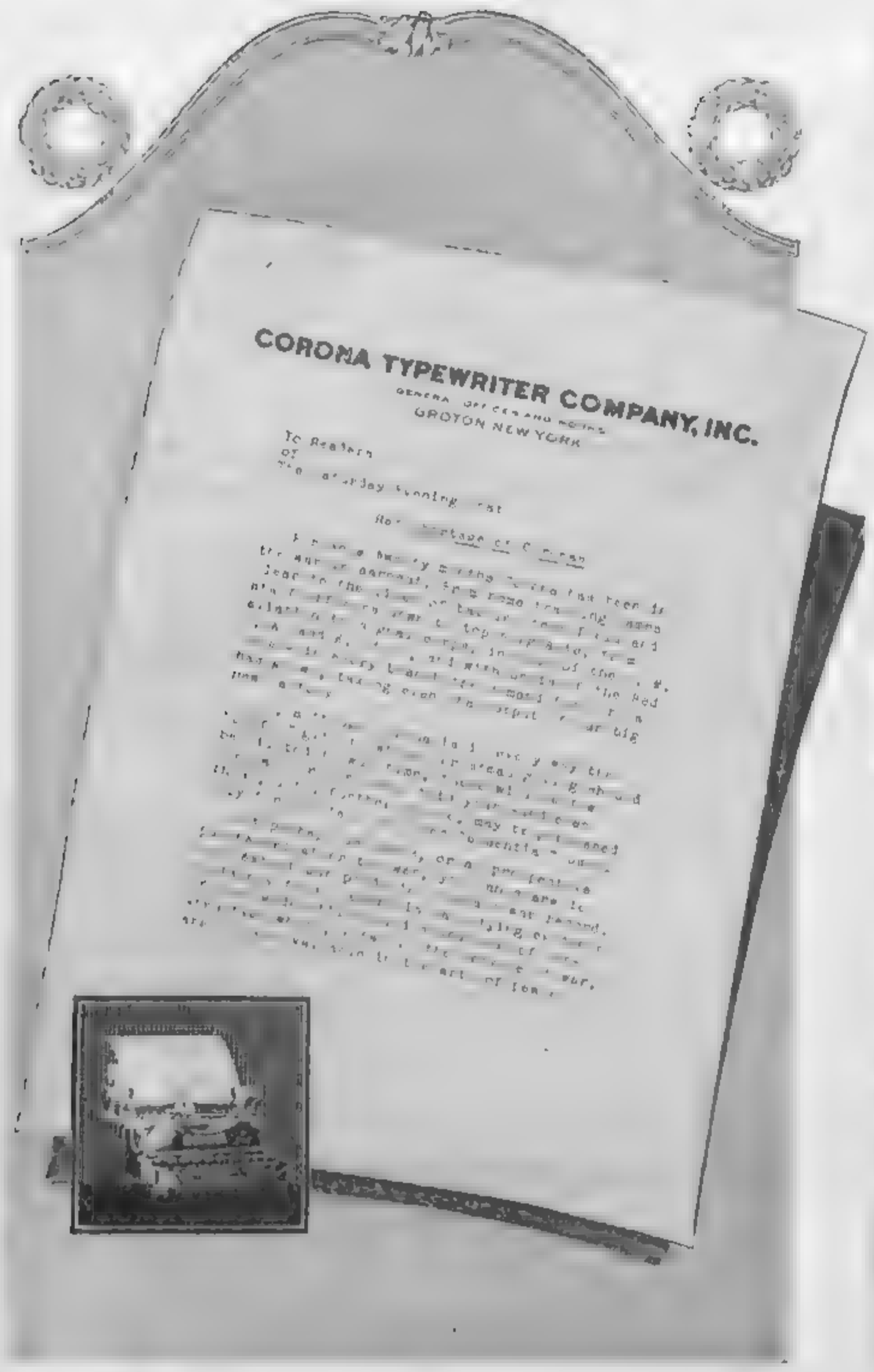
Player-Piano



The Corona Typewriter is a practical, *portable* writing machine. It weighs but six pounds, and *folds* compactly for travel, yet is exceptionally strong, as its record proves. Especially desirable for home use because of its small size, convenience, and simplicity. Nearly 200,000 now in use. Fifty dollars, complete with carrying case.

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

"Fold it up, take it with you, typewrite anywhere"

CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY INC.
GROTON NEW YORK
New York Chicago San Francisco London

"Did anyone in this crowd say anything to you? Just show him to me—that's all! Just ——"

Joe patted his sleeve.

"Nothing happened, Hen—only when you get to thinking how good a New Yorker you are one of the real things comes along and shows you where to get off. It takes time—believe me—to get all the bayseed out of your hair."

Nettie raised her head.

"Let's go home, Hen," she said with trembling lips. "I want to go home!"

Joe left them in the near-marble entrance hall of the flat on West One Hundred and Forty-third Street. He sped up the stairs two steps at a time. He fitted his key into the latch and swung wide the door.

"Annie!" he called. "Are you awake?"

She came toward him. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely. The little gown of blue chiffon floated out behind her like a cloud, and her hair, a mantle of gold, fell thickly about her shoulders.

"Joey, you are just in time."

"In time for what?"

"For everything."

He caught her to him fiercely.

"I don't know what made me go out without you, Annie. It's been hell! Yes; it has. I'll never do it again, hon."

She clung to him.

"I'm glad you missed me," she said, rubbing her cheek against his sleeve. "I haven't had time to miss you."

"Haven't had time! Say, what have you been doing, Mrs. Baker?"

"Packing," she tossed off lightly.

"Packing?"

"Yes—everything. I got the janitor to bring up the trunks from the cellar."

"Annie, are you crazy? Packing for what?"

"For us."

He stared at her. Her cheeks were like roses, her eyes wide with eagerness.

"Where are we going?" he asked at last.

And she flung her arms about his neck.

"You know, Joey, as well as I do—don't you, dear? We're going—home!"

He held her to him. He felt the flutter of her heart against his own, the whisper of her breath against his cheek; then he kissed her gently.

"Yes; I reckon you're right, Annie," he said. "I suppose I halfway guessed it all the time."

"And you're glad, Joey?"

"Glad!" He freed her suddenly. "Say, call Nettie and Hen in and tell them the news or I'll pick you up and take the night flyer. I can't wait to get there."

"We won't telegraph, or nothing?"

"No; just drop down on the folks at dinner time—like we thought they expected us."

"Your ma'll be carving the roast ——"

"And I'll stand at the door and watch her until she looks up ——"

"Oh, won't she be happy, though!"

"I've been fretting an awful lot about her."

"I know it, Joey, even if you didn't say nothing about it. And I want to see sister's baby."

"Little tike! Bet you'll cut his mother out!"

"Silly you! Nothing of the kind!"

A silence fell—a warm throbbing silence. He spoke:

"I like the country anyway."

"So do I."

"Not all this noise, and plenty of fresh air."

"Yes, Joey."

"Never was cut out to sit at a desk."

"No, Joey; you never was."

"I'm an outside man."

"And I'm an outside girl."

"And you won't be sorry, hon, that you're away from the theayters?"

"No—no!"

"Or the cabarets?"

"No!"

"Or the big stores?"

"No—not so long as you're with me, Joe." Then she flushed suddenly. "Ain't we the boobs, though?"

Hen and Nettie received the news in frozen horror.

"Going back to Lone Rock!" they breathed.

Annie nodded, her hand in Joe's.

"For keeps?"

"It's all right here; but there isn't space to stretch in," Joey said.

At which Hen snapped:

"There's all the room in the world. Better think it over. It don't sound reasonable to me."

"No; and me, neither," chimed in Nettie. "Wasn't it them that got us to come here?"

"And wrote about how they wouldn't go back for love or money?"

"And how New York was the only place for live folks to live in?"

Annie laughed.

"Don't you care, Nettie; you needn't go back just because we do."

"Me go back? I guess not!"

"Coop baby up in that two-by-four town? Nothing doing!"

"Joe resigns to-morrow."

"You're all locoed! Giving up a good job in New York for what?" Hen shouted.

"Well, I could manage your ranch first-rate if I had the chance," Joe grinned.

"Do you mean that?" Hen whirled.

"I sure do!"

"You'd be willing to run it like you did your father's place?"

"That's me!"

"Say, that's the best news I've heard since I come East. I've been worrying myself sick over the place. I bet I'll sleep better nights, knowing it's in your hands. What do you say, Nettie?"

But Nettie shrugged.

"I suppose I'd better write your sister, Hen, to come along on. She's been begging to in every letter."

"Yes, do that!" cried Annie. "And you won't be lonesome."

Nettie turned on her.

"Lonesome! With movies to go to, and plays and dancing every night, and on Sundays too? Lonesome! There never was so much to do in all the world as there is right here."

"You'll be coming home some day too—see if you don't!" Annie hugged her.

"Not much!" said Nettie. "I know a good thing when I see one."

At seven P. M. on a gray afternoon, when the first flurry of snow fell into the brown puddles of the gutters; when the cornices of the buildings, long, black and harsh, mysteriously turned into soft, white, indeterminate masses; when the darkness of furs and wraps was powdered by a sprinkling of snowflakes—Joe and Annie Baker arrived at the gate below which the train that was to bear them away from the turmoil champed and snorted.

Hen and Nettie followed—Nettie chic and conscious in her new tailored suit and smart neck fur; trim as to the boots; correct as to the hat; a veil with a wide border floating behind her.

"And you want to leave all this?" she asked incredulously.

Annie nodded.

"Think of how the wood fires are roaring up the chimneys at home!"

"Wood fires! Give me gas logs!" sniffed Nettie.

"And how white the plains are as far as you can see!"

"Yes; with the snow five feet deep to dig your way through."

"We don't want to miss the train; so I guess we'll go aboard." Annie kissed her quickly.

"Well, you do beat all!" said Nettie. "You do beat all!"

The train lurched forward, gliding unevenly, fell at length into its stride, and crept through the glare of the station into the white light of the city. Against the windows little snowflakes clung and, melting, coursed down like tears. Annie slipped her hand into her husband's.

"Joey, it was good of you to go just because I wanted to."

He gripped her fingers and smiled.

"Well, Annie, you got to have your own way when you want it. That's all there is to it!"

"And you ain't sorry, Joe?"

"Sorry!" He leaned close. "Do you know why I'm gladdest of all?"

"Why, Joe?"

"Because ——"

"Because what?"

"Because maybe we'll have time, at last ——"

"What, Joe?"

He kissed the tip of her pink ear, which peeped from beneath her toque.

"What do you guess, hon? Something you can't raise in New York flats, but that there's plenty of room for on the plains."

"Oh, Joe!" she whispered, a wave of scarlet sweeping her throat and cheeks. "Oh, Joe!" Then: "I hope he'll be just like you!" she said, and was silent.

The Cole Aero-EIGHT and the war-lull

TODAY'S motor car situation presents a complex and confused problem to both the public and the trade. We believe your interests, immediate and ultimate, are sufficient to warrant our making clear the unequivocal stand Cole has taken.

It is estimated that, at the conclusion of the war, America has a shortage of upwards of two million passenger motor cars. Even after three years of peace, despite the utmost of production, authorities expect a shortage of half a million automobiles.

In dealing with this condition manufacturers can do one of two things. The one that is comparatively simple and easy is to take advantage of the acute shortage and the dammed-up demand and conform everything to cut-and-dried quantity production.

That course offers no temptations to Cole, because it does not coincide with standards that have elevated Cole to its high rank.

The other course is more difficult—it is the *originator's route*—it is Cole's choice!

It imposes a responsibility which few manufacturers are able to assume—one which challenges the ability of the producer to detect with certainty the few *real advancements* from the many conceptions of the impracticable idealists.

Fortunately, the adverse war conditions that handicapped in some ways, made possible a larger fulfillment of Cole ideals. With pressure relieved, time has been and is being gained, so that greater devotion to *engineering* research, experimenting and perfecting of scientific improvements and refinements have been possible.

During the pre-war normal days, when the demand for cars was almost frantically urgent, engineering advancement waited on breaks in production which were, necessarily, few and far between. The war-lull has made it possible for Cole to give engineering factors a free rein.

The matured results, apparent in the Cole cars now available, will live forever in the advanced character of Cole achievements and will widen the margin of Cole quality leadership!

The Cole aim is to be first in design, ahead in engineering success, to lead the way in modern improvements, to originate, not to imitate!

It is our desire that every Cole owner be convinced that he possesses the most distinctively individual motor car made.

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

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The Greater Significance of Hotel CLEVELAND Ohio

¶A broader meaning attaches to the premiere of Hotel Cleveland than is simply indicated in the fact that this is an unusually large and totally impressive achievement in modern hotel planning. ¶Salient features of the occasion clearly show that it is not only an event in the history of Cleveland but also one that typifies the fine enterprise of the nation's sixth city and that appropriately expresses her big welcome to the sojourner within. ¶Even extended reference to a five-million-dollar outlay and to refreshingly unique advantages can not convey the real appeal of this, the newest of the country's leading hotels; of its highly organized service and of its completeness in all those essentials which make for sensible comfort and carefreeness. ¶Beyond the spacious accommodations and multitudinous facilities the guest is due to find the vigorous spirit of an institution of national scope and influence.

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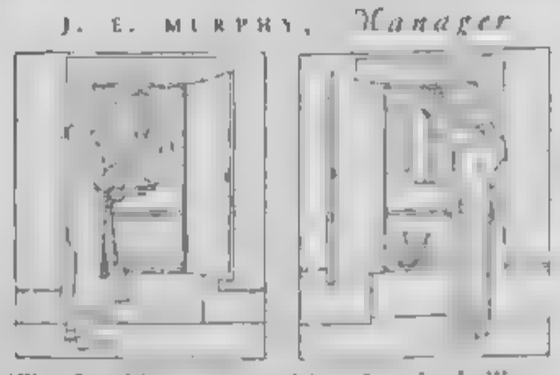

The Servidor saves waiting for the bellboy. Put your clothes to be pressed, shoes to be shined and other commissions in it and close the door on *your* side. He removes and returns them from the *hall* side

THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

Rufus while he was awake. In the meantime he and I would retire to his own snuggery and talk business.

While I followed his account of the hotel he was building sufficiently to get his ideas and to know what he expected of me, I was saying to myself: "She doesn't know me. She doesn't know me at all. It never occurs to her as a possibility that the man who wrote those words is the one she is now asked to meet at dinner. How am I ever to get the nerve to let her know?"

When I found the opportunity I put the question: "Have your wife and Miss Barry any idea about me?"

"About you? You mean about ——"

"The Down and Out."

"Lord, no! What would be the good of that?"

"The only good would be that—that I shouldn't be sailing under false colors."

"False colors be hanged! We've all got a right to the privacy of our private lives. You don't go nosing into anyone else's soul; why should anyone else go nosing into yours? Why, if I were to tell my wife all I could tell her about myself I should be ashamed to come home."

I knew this argument, and yet when I came to apply it to my attitude toward Regina Barry I was not satisfied.

■

A FEW days later I was surprised to receive a note from Annette van Elstine. It ran:

"*Dear Frank:* I have just heard that you are in New York—that you have been here some time. Why did you never come to see me? It was not kind. And didn't you know that your mother has been heartbroken over your disappearance? Jerry and Jack knew you were somewhere in this country, but they've kept your mother in the dark. What does it all mean? Come to tea with me—just me—on Friday afternoon at five, and tell me all about it.

"Your affectionate

"ANNETTE."

As this was the first bit of connection with my own family since Jerry had practically kicked me down his steps I was deeply perturbed by it. I am not without natural affection, and yet I seemed to have died to the old life as completely as Lovey to that with his daughters. I had never forgotten Jerry's words: "And now get out. Don't let any of us ever see your face or hear your name again."

The very fact that he was justified had roused the foolish remnant of my pride.

I had loved my mother; I had reverenced my father; though my brothers were indifferent to me I had felt a genuine tenderness for my sisters. But since that night on Jerry's steps it had been to me as if I had put myself on one side of a flood and left them on the other, and that there was no magic skiff that would carry me back whence I came. I cannot say that I grieved for them; and it was the last of my thoughts that they would grieve for me. I accepted the condition that we were all dead to each other, and tried to bury memory.

And now came this first stirring of resurrection. It hurt me. I didn't want it. It was like the return of life to a frozen limb. Numbness was preferable to anguish.

"Lovey," I said as the old man hung about me when I was undressing that night, "how would you feel if one of your daughters ——"

He raised himself from the task of pulling off my boots, which to humor him I allowed him to perform, and looked at me in terror.

"They ain't—they ain't after me?"

"No, no! But suppose they were—wouldn't you like to see them?"

He dropped the boot he held in his hand.

"Y'ain't goin' to 'ave them 'unted up for me, Slim?"

"I don't know anything about them, Lovey. That isn't my point at all. But suppose—just suppose—you could see them again; would you do it?"

He shook his bald head.

"They're dead to me. I'm dead to them. If we was to see each other now 'twouldn't be nothink but diggin' up a corpse."

"Nothink but diggin' up a corpse," I repeated to myself as I turned east from Fifth Avenue, leaving the brown trees of the park behind me, and took the few steps necessary to reach my Uncle Van Elstine's door. He had married my mother's sister, and during the lifetime of my aunt the families had been fairly intimate. Of late years they had drifted apart, as families will, though touch-and-go relations were still maintained.

I have to admit that while waiting for Annette in the library upstairs I was nervous. I was coming back to that family life in which I should have interests, affections, cares, responsibilities. For the past three years I had had no one to think of but myself; and if in that freedom there were heartaches there were no complexities.

Though it was not yet dark the curtains were drawn and the room was lighted not only by a shaded lamp but by the flicker of a fire. When Annette, wearing a tea gown, appeared at last in the doorway she stood for a second to examine me.

"Why, Jack!" she exclaimed then. "I didn't know you were in New York. Have you brought Frank with you?"

"I am Frank," I laughed, going forward to offer my hand. "I didn't know Jack and I were so much alike. But you're the second person who has said it within a few days."

"It's your mustache, I think," she explained as we shook hands. "I never saw you wear one before."

"I never did."

"Do sit down. They'll bring tea in a minute. I'm so glad to see you. But if it's not a rude question tell me why you've been here all this time and never let me know."

It would be difficult to define the conditions which made Annette at the age of thirty-three what Cantyre styled one of the smartest women in New York, but the minute you saw her you felt that it was so. My Uncle Van Elstine was only comfortably well off; their house was not large; though they entertained a good deal their manner of living was not showy. But my Aunt Van Elstine had established the tradition—some women have the art of doing it—that whatever she had and did and said was "the thing," and Annette, as her only child and heiress, had kept it up.

As far as I could understand the matter, which had been explained to me once or twice, my aunt was exclusive. In the rush of the newly come and the rise of the newly rich which marked the last quarter of the nineteenth century in New York she and a few like-minded friends had made it their business to pick and choose and form what might literally be called an *élite*. By 1913, however, the *élite* was not only formed but founded on a rock as firm as the granite of Manhattan, and Annette's picking and choosing could be on another principle. Hers was that more civilized American tendency to know everyone worth knowing, which is still largely confined, so they tell me, to Washington and New York. Where her mother had withdrawn, Annette went forward. Her *flair* for the important or the soon to be important was unerring. Hers was one of the few drawing-rooms through which everyone interesting, both domestic and foreign, was bound at some time to pass. Being frankly and unrestrainedly curious she kept in touch with the small as well as with the great, with the young as well as with the old, maintaining an enormous correspondence, and getting out of her correspondents every ounce of entertainment they could yield her. On her side she repaid them by often lending them a helping hand.

The warmth of her greeting now was due not to the fact that I was her cousin but to her belief that I had been up to something. It was always those who had been up to something with whom she was most eager to come heart to heart. Without temptations of her own, as far as I could ever see, she got from the indiscretions of others the same sort of pleasure that a scientist finds in studying the wrigglings of microbes under a microscope.

Having some inkling of this I answered her questions not untruthfully, but with reservations, saying that I had not come to see her because I had been down on my luck.

"And how did you come to be down on your luck?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You don't look it now."

"I've been doing better lately. I've made two or three friends who've given me a hand." Carrying the attack in her direction I asked: "How did you hear that I was in New York?"

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Remember: All Notaseme is seamless but not all seamless is Notaseme

Notaseme Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Hilda Grace told me. She said you'd been working on that memorial of hers. She thought it awfully strange—you won't think me rude in repeating it?—that a man like you should be only in a secondary position."

"If she knew how glad I was to get that ——"

She changed the subject abruptly.

"When did you last hear from home?"

I thought it sufficient to say: "Not for a long time. I may as well admit that nowadays I never hear from home at all."

"And, if it's not a rude question, why don't you?"

"Partly, I suppose, because I don't write."

"So I understood from Jack. But, Frank, dear, do you think it kind?"

I broke in with the question the answer to which I had really come to get: "When did you last see Jack?"

"About eighteen months ago; just before he was married. He knew you were somewhere about, but he wasn't confidential on the subject."

"No; he wouldn't be. Did he seem all right?"

"Quite; and awfully in love with Mary Sweet. What's she like, really?"

I described my new sister-in-law as I remembered her, going on to say: "I suppose you gave Jack a good time. Did you—did you take him about anywhere?"

"Let me see. I took him to—where was it? I took him to the Wynfords'—and—and—oh, yes!—to the Barrys'. And it's too funny! I really think Regina fell in love with him at first sight. For a month or two she questioned me about him every time we met. Then all of a sudden she stopped. If she was struck by the thunderbolt, as the French put it—well, all I can say is that it serves her right."

"Serves her right—what for?"

"Oh, the way she's carried on. It's disgraceful. Do you know her? Her father is an architect, like you."

Annette's round, dusky face, which had no beauty but a quick, dimpling play of expression, was one that easily betrayed her ruling passion of curiosity. It was now so alight with anticipation that I tried to be more than ever casual.

"I've—I've just met her."

"Where?"

"Once at the memorial, when she came with Mrs. Grace; and a few nights ago I dined with her at the Coningsbys'."

"I wonder she didn't take you for Jack."

To this I was not obliged to make a response for the reason that the man having arrived with the tea Annette had to give her attention to the placing of the tray.

When I had taken a cup of tea from her hand I created a diversion with the question: "What did you mean by saying the way she carried on was disgraceful?"

"Why, the way she gets engaged and disengaged. It's been three times in as many years, and goodness knows how many more experiments ——"

"I suppose she's trying to find the right man."

"It's pretty hard on those she takes up and puts down in the process. She'll get left in the end, you'll see if she doesn't."

"Isn't it better to get left than to marry the wrong man?"

"The very day I took Jack to see her she'd broken off her engagement to Jim Hunter. I didn't know it at the time. It was two or three days later before it came out. If I had known it and told Jack ——"

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, I don't say anything. They were awfully taken with each other. But I'm glad he was saved. If he hadn't gone straight back to Montreal he might now be in the place of poor Stephen Cantyre."

"I see a good deal of Cantyre."

"So I understand."

"Who told you?"

"Elsie Coningsby."

"You seem to have got a good deal of information about me all of a sudden."

"Because you've dropped right into the little circle in which we all know each other with a kind of villagelike intimacy. New York is really a congeries of villages."

"But anyone could see that Cantyre would never make a husband for a high-spirited girl like Miss Barry."

"How do you know she's high-spirited, if it's not a rude question?"

"Oh, one can tell."

"You've only seen her twice. You must have noticed her very particularly."

"I've noticed Cantyre very particularly; and just as he wouldn't make her the right kind of husband she wouldn't make him the right kind of wife."

When Annette said anything in which there was a special motive a series of concentric shadows fled over her face like ripples from the spot where a stone is thrown into a pool.

"Well, I'm glad you don't like her, if it isn't a rude thing to say."

"What has my liking her or not liking her got to do with it?"

"Nothing but the question of your own safety. If she notices how much you're like Jack ——"

"If she was going to notice that," I said boldly, "she would have done it already."

"And so much the worse for you if she has—unless you're put on your guard."

"If you mean put on my guard against the danger of being Cantyre's successor in a similar experience ——"

"That was my idea."

"Well, I can give you all the reassurance you need, Annette. In the first place I've got no money ——"

The relevance of her interruption did not come to me till nearly a year later.

"Frank, dear, I must ask you while I think of it: Didn't you know that your mother was very, very ill?"

All the blood in my body seemed to rush back to my heart and to stay there. We talked no more of Regina Barry nor of anything but stark fundamental realities. In an instant they became as much the essentials of my life as if Regina Barry had never existed. Annette showed herself much better informed as to my career than she pretended to be, giving me to understand that the day on which I disappeared my mother had received a kind of deathblow. She was of the type to leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness to go after that which was lost; and in her inability to do so she had been seized, so Annette told me, with a mortal pining away. With her decline my father was declining also, and all because of me.

"I've been the most awful rotter, Annette," I groaned as I staggered to my feet. "You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Frank, I do know it. That's why I've been so glad to get hold of you at last, and ask you to—to redeem yourself."

"Redeem myself by going back?"

She looked up at me and nodded.

"Oh, but how can I?"

III

MY QUESTION was answered next evening by Beady Lamont; for greatly to Lovey's disgust I made it a point to attend every Saturday meeting at the club.

"Them low fellas ain't fit company for you, Slim," he would protest. "What's the use of cuttin' out the booze and bein' rich if you don't 'old yer 'ead above the likes o' that?"

"They've been awfully white with us, Lovey."

"They wasn't no whiter with us than they'd be with anybody else; and don't three out o' every five give 'em the blue Peter?"

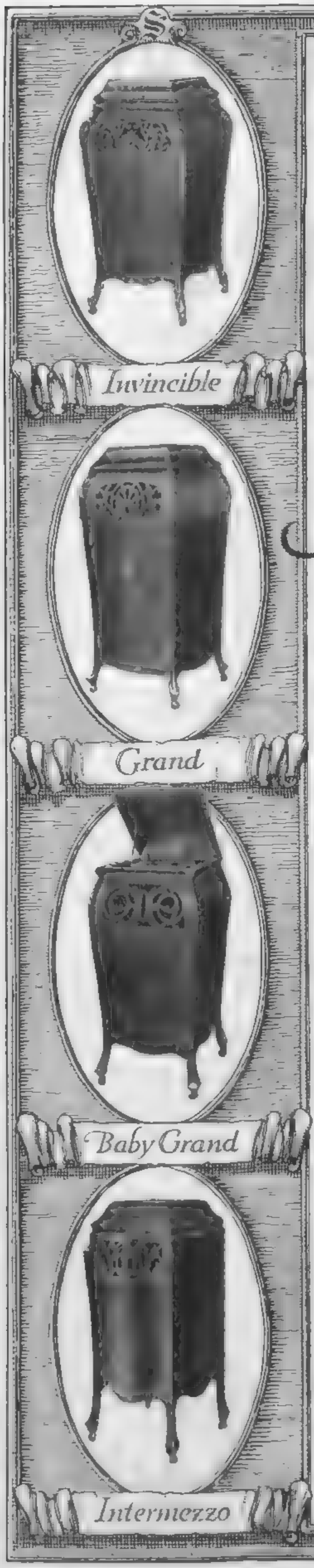
But though we had this discussion once a week he always accompanied me to Vandiver Street, showing his disapproval when he got there in sitting by himself and refusing to respond to advances.

I have to confess that I needed the fellowship of men who had been through the same mill as myself in order to keep up the fight. Again let me repeat it, I am giving you but a faint idea of the struggle I had to make. No evil habit relinquishes its hold easily, and the one to which I had given myself over is perhaps the most tenacious of all. It would be wearisome if I were to keep telling you how near I came at times to courting the old disaster, and how close the shave by which I sheered away; but I never felt safer than a blind man walking along the edge of a cliff. More than once I tore the blue star from my buttonhole, though on each occasion I juggled myself into putting it back again. I juggled myself as I did on the morning when I gazed at the brown-green water flowing beneath Greeley's Slip.

I said that what I didn't do to-day I should still be free to do to-morrow, thus tiding myself over the worst minutes, if only by a process of postponement.

But among my brothers at the club I heard so many tales of heroic resistance that I grew ashamed of my periods of weakness. What Pyn and Mouse and the Scotchman and the piano mover and Beady Lamont could do, I told myself, I also

(Continued on Page 93)



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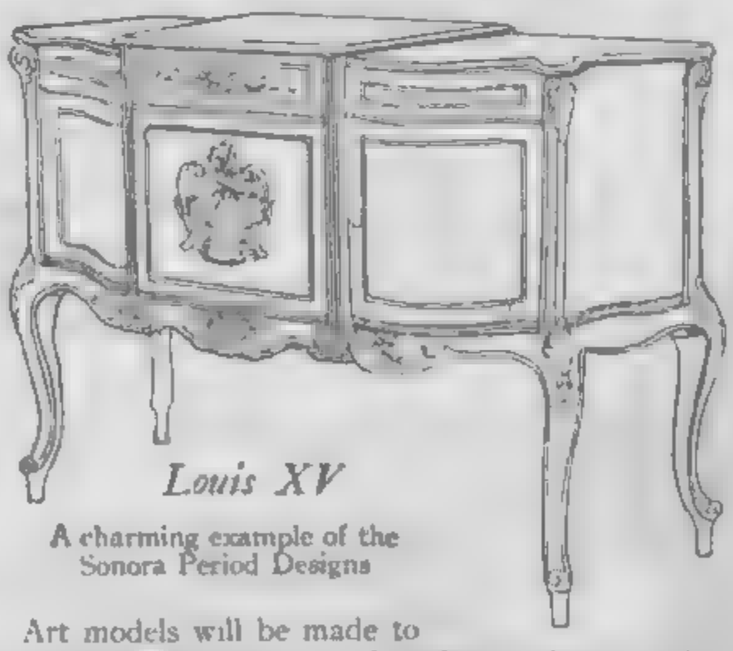
Styles now ready include Gothic, Chippendale, Chinese Chippendale, Louis XV, Louis XVI, William and Mary, Jacobean, Adam, Colonial and Duncan Phyfe.



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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Manufactures the "Exide" Starting & Lighting Battery for Automobiles

Sectional view showing famous unit-cell assembly, patented non-flooding filling plugs and sturdy plate and case construction.

—That has *real meaning* for every motorist in America. It signifies that when a man buys an "Exide" Battery for his car he is buying the best designing and manufacturing knowledge of the oldest and largest maker of storage batteries in the world. That he is reaping the benefit of thirty years' experience in the building of storage batteries for every purpose. That his judgment is backed up by an *earned* prestige that is nation-wide.

Is your battery worn out?

There is an "Exide" Battery for *every car*—a battery embodying the nine points of "Exide" excellence—each point a reason why *your* car should be "Exide" equipped.

Do you need an oversize battery?

"Exide" compact construction makes it possible to install in most cars, without alterations of the battery compartment, a battery having 15 to 20 per cent more plate surface than the battery of other make with which the car is regularly equipped. An *oversize* "Exide" battery gives the extra "pep" in engine cranking and the reserve lighting capacity so desired by many car owners.

Does your battery need repair?

The timely and well executed renewal of the parts most subject to wear will prolong the useful life of a well-made battery. It is like half-soling and heeling a well-made pair of shoes.

"Exide" batteries are so made as to be easy to repair and *worth repairing*.

Who is caring for your battery?

Your battery cranks your engine, operates your lights and horn and energizes your ignition system. Care will prolong and neglect will shorten its life. Most "battery trouble" is due to abuse. Who is caring for *your* battery?

"Exide" Service Stations

In principal cities and towns throughout the country you will find "Exide" Service Stations conducted under the direct supervision of the makers of "Exide" batteries. Whether your need is a new battery, the repair of an old one, or some detail of operating care *you may depend upon* "Exide" Service.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN—

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1918

New York Boston Chicago Washington Denver San Francisco St. Louis
Atlanta Pittsburgh Minneapolis Kansas City Detroit Rochester

"Exide" "Prest-O-Lite" "Ironclad-Exide" "Thin-Exide"
"Chloride Accumulator" "Tudor Accumulator"

(Continued from Page 90)

could do. Moreover, new men came in, and more than one of the educated type turned to me for help. To a journalist named Edmonds and to an actor named Prince I stood as next friend, and only declined to officiate in the same capacity for Headlights, the big-eyed tailor, and the wee bye Daisy, when they returned, penitent, on the ground that I couldn't watch over more than two men efficiently. With the actor I had no trouble, but twice I had to go down to Stinson's and pull Edmonds out of a drunken spell. To keep him out was putting me on all my mettle; and in order to maintain my mettle I had to stay out myself. My courage was no whit nobler than that of the man who would turn tail in the battle if it weren't for shame before his comrades; but there is something to be got out of even such valor as that.

And in the club I got it. Perhaps we were all putting up a bluff. Perhaps those whom I looked upon as heroes were inwardly no more glorious than I. But when the fellows whom I patted on the back patted me in their turn I was obliged to live up to their commendation. There came, indeed, a time when I couldn't help seeing that in the eyes of newcomers especially I was taken as a pillar of the club, and knew that I couldn't fall without bringing down some of the living walls along with me. To be strong enough to hold up my portion of the weight became once more with me then a question of *noblesse oblige*.

The Saturday evening after my talk with Annette was a special one. After the actor, the journalist, Headlights and Daisy had renewed their pledge for a week Lovey and I stood up with the Scotchman, the piano mover and three or four others, and repeated ours for a month. It probably seems a simple thing to you; but for us who knew what had been our perils during the preceding month and the months preceding that it was a solemn undertaking. The first vow of all had been relatively easy, since new resolutions have an attraction in themselves. The weekly vows that came afterward were not so fiercely hard, because they were but weekly. When it came to promising for a month—well, I can only say that to us a month had the length which it has to a child. It seemed to stretch on indefinitely ahead of one. The foe retreating as we pressed forward was always keeping up a rear-guard fight, and we never woke in the morning without being aware that we might strike an ambush before nightfall. We got so tired of the struggle that we often thought of the relief it would be to be captured; and many a time the resolution was made that when this month was up . . . .

And just at these minutes the chaps who seemed stronger would close in about us, or those who seemed weaker would make some appeal, and when the critical Saturday evening came round we would walk up again, impelled by forces beyond our control, and repledge ourselves.

On such occasions there was always some word spoken to us by men who had fought longer than we had and seen the enemy routed more effectively. That night the speaker to the blue-star men was that club benefactor and favorite, Beady Lamont. He was a huge mass of muscle turning the scale at three hundred and more. Strength was in every movement when he walked and every pose when he stood still. To my architect's eye he planted his legs as though they were ancient Egyptian monoliths. Comparatively small round the abdomen his chest was like a great drum. His arms—but why give a description? Hercules must have been like him, and Goliath of Gath, and Charlemagne, and the Giants that were in Those Days.

They said that in drink he used to be terrible; but now his big jolly face was all a quiver of good will.

His voice was one of those husky chuckles of which the very gurgles make you laugh. To make you laugh was his principal function in the club. On this evening he began his talk with a string of those amusing, disconnected anecdotes which used to be a feature of after-dinner speeches, somewhat as a boy will splash about in the water before he begins to swim. But when he swam it was with vigor.

"And now some of you blue-star guys is probably hittin' a question that sooner or later knocks at the beans of most of us chaps that's trying to make good all over again. That's families. Say, ain't families the deuce? You may run like a hare, or climb like a squirrel, or light away like a skeeter—and your family'll be at your heels. It's somethin' fierce. You can never get away from them; they'll never let you get away from them. Because"—his voice fell to a tone of solemnity—"because no matter how fast you sprint, or how high you climb, or how graceful you can dodge—you carries your family with you. You can no more turn your back on it than you can on your own stummick. You may refuse to pervide for it, you may treat it cruel, you may leave it to look out for itself; but you can never git away from knowin' in your heart that if you're a bum husband or father or son you're considerable more bum as a man. That's why the family is after us. Can't shake 'em off! Got 'em where they won't be shook off. God A'mighty hisself put 'em there, and, oh, boys, listen to me and I'll tell you why."

He made dabs at his wrists as though to turn up his sleeves, like a man warming to his work. Taking a step or two forward he braced his left hand on his barrel-shaped hip, while his gigantic forefinger was pointed dramatically toward his audience.

"Say, did any of you married guys ever wish to God you was single again? Sure you did! Was any of you chaps with two or three little kids to feed ever sorry for the day when he heard the first of his young ones cry? Surest thing you know! Did any of us with a father and a mother, with brothers and sisters, too, very likely, ever kick because we hadn't been born an orphan and an only child? You bet your sweet life we did! The drinkin' man don't want no hangers-on. He wants to be free. Life ain't worth a burnt match to him when he's got other people to think of, and a home to keep up, and can't spend every penny on hisself. Some of us here to-night has cursed our wives; some of us has beat our children; some of us has cut out father and mother as if they'd never done nothin' for us, and we could cast off from 'em with no more conscience than a tug'll cast off from a liner.

"But, boys, when God A'mighty put us into this world he put us into a family first of all. He give us kindness there, and care, and eddication, and the great big thing that fills the whole universe and that we ain't got no other name for only love. As soon as we'd got pretty well grown he give us another feeling—one that druv us by and by to go and start a family for ourselves. Most of us went and started one, and them that haven't done it yet'll do it before the next few years is out. But, boys, what's it all for? Everything's got to be for somethin' or else it's just lumberin' up the ground; and this here matter of families is either the worst or the best thing you'll find anywhere on earth. If it's not the best it's the worst, and it has to be one or t'other.

"Now I stand before you as one who used to think it was the worst. I won't say nothin' of my father and mother. Them things is too sacred to be trotted out. But I'll speak of my wife, because she's that grateful for what's been done for me—and everything done for me has been done twice as much, ten times as much, for her—that she'd like me to bring her into whatever I've got to say. I've known the time when I was as crazy to be quit of my family as a dog to be rid of the tin can tied to his tail. I had a wife, then, and three children; and O my God! but I thought they was a drag! I couldn't go nowhere without thinkin' I ought to be with 'em, and I couldn't take a drink without knowin' I had to steal it from my little boy and my two little girls. They was the p'ison of my life. There was nights when I was reelin' home and I used to hope that the house had been burnt down durin' the day and they buried in the ashes. That'd leave me free again. Not to have no home—not to have to ante up for no one but myself—was the only thing I ever prayed for. And by gum, but my prayer was answered! One night I come home and found the house empty. My wife had decamped, and left a note that run somethin' like this: 'Dear Beady,' says she, 'I can't stand this life no more,' says she. 'If it was only me I wouldn't mind; but I can't see my children kicked and beat and starved and hated, not by no one.' And then she signed her name.

"Well, say, boys, most of you has heard what happened to me after that. I sure had one grand time while it lasted—and it lasted just about six months. I saw a man onces we was movin' a party from Harlem to the Bronx—fall down a flight of stairs with a sofa on his back, and he sure

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Applied Patriotism

Woman has made herself indispensable to the Nation's war activities. This is being demonstrated daily in many splendid ways. The telephone operator takes her place in the front ranks of our "national army" of women.

Back of the scenes, invisible, her war work is to make telephone communication possible. Through her the Chief of Staff in Washington speaks to the Cantonment Commandant in a far-off state. The touch of her fingers forges a chain of conversation from Shipping Board to shipyard, Quartermaster General to supply depot, merchant to manufacturer, city to country, office to home.

Without her this increasing complexity of military, business and civil life could not be kept smoothly working. Hers is patriotism applied. She is performing her part with enthusiasm and fidelity.

The increasing pressure of war work continually calls for more and more telephone operators, and young women in every community are answering the summons—cheerfully and thoughtfully shouldering the responsibilities of the telephone service upon which the Nation depends. Each one who answers the call helps speed up the winning of the war.

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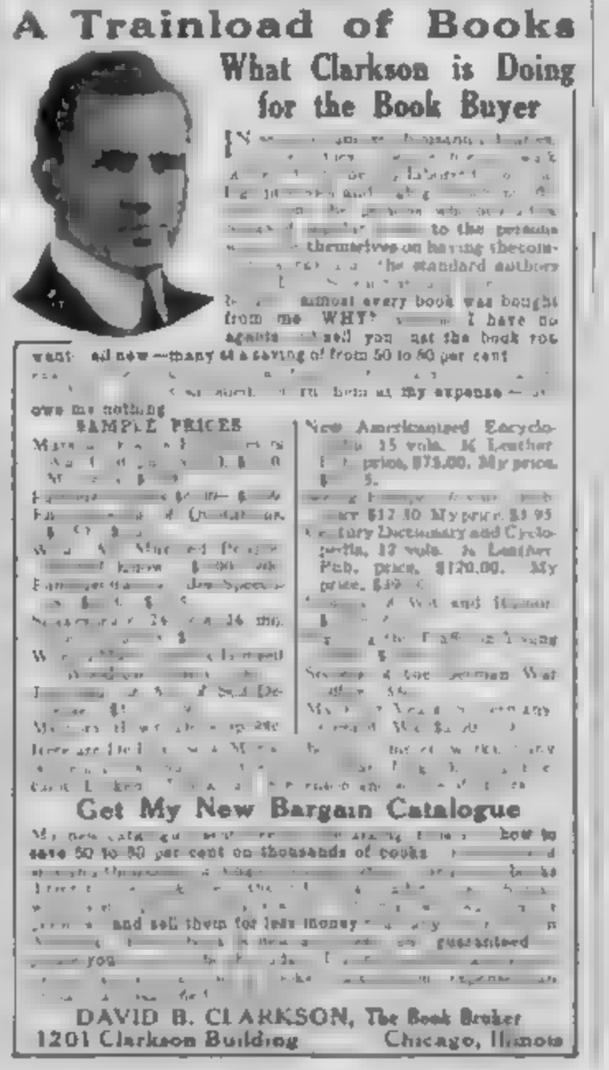

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did get some pace on. Well, my pace was just about as quick—and as dead easy as he struck the landin' at the bottom I struck the gutter. Now you know the rest of my story, because some of you guys has had a hand in it.

"But what I want to tell you is this: That when I begun to come to again, as you might say, the first thing I wondered about was the wife and the kids. I couldn't get 'em out of my mind nohow. What did I ever have 'em for? I asked myself. Why in hell did I ever get married? Nobody never druv me into it. I did it of my own accord. I went hangin' after the girl, who had a good place in the kitchen department of a big store, and I never let her have no peace till she said she'd marry me, and did it. Why had I been such a crazy fool? There was days and days, sittin' right in there in that back room, when I asked myself that; and at last I got the answer. I'm goin' to tell it to you now, because there's a lot of you shysters that's only been a few weeks in the club that's askin' yourselves that very same thing. You've got wives and kids, the Lord knows where—scattered to the four winds of heaven, for anything you know—and you wish you hadn't. But, say, don't you go on wishin' no such thing; for I'm goin' to tell you what God A'mighty said to me right there in that back settin' room."

He squared himself now, planting his Egyptian monoliths with a force which in itself was a kind of eloquence. His hands were thrust deep into his trousers pockets and his big chest expanded.

"'Beady,' God A'mighty says to me, and it was just as if I'd heard his voice, 'if a man don't have no one to think about but hisself he becomes the selfishest of all things under the sun. I'm God,' says he, 'with nothin' to do but enj'y myself; and yet if I didn't have you and the other things I make to care for and think about I wouldn't have nothin'. I've just got to have 'em, for if I didn't I'd go crazy. So I make beautiful worlds, and grand men, and noble women, and pretty kids, and strong animals, and sweet birds to sing, and nice flowers to bloom, and everything like that. I don't make nothin' ugly nor nothin' bad, nor no sickness nor sufferin' nor poverty. You guys does all that for yourselves, and I don't take no rest day nor night tryin' to show you how not to. Listen to me, Beady,' says he. 'Stop thinkin' about yourself and that awful hulk of a body, and what it wants to eat and especially to drink. Don't pay no more attention to it than you can help. Say, you're my son, and you're just like me. What you want is not the booze; it's somethin' outside yourself to think about. I've given you a wife and three fine youngsters. Now get out and get after them. Cut out livin' for yourself and live for them. You must lose your life to find it; and the quickest way to lose your life is not to think about your beastly cravings at all.'

"Well, by gum, boys, if I didn't take God A'mighty at his word! I says to myself, I'll prove this thing or bust—and if I was to bust there'd be some explosion. When you fellows had kept me here long enough to let me be pretty nigh sure of myself I went and looked up the wife—and well, there! I needn't say no more. Some of you dubs has been up to my little place and you know that Whatever spoke to me that day in that back room is in my little tenement in the Bronx if he ever was anywhere—and that brings me at last to my p'int.

"I'm speakin' to you blue-star men because you've showed pretty well by this time the stuff you're made of. As long as you was in danger of slippin' back I wouldn't say this to you at all. But, say, you've weathered the worst of it, so it's time for me to speak.

"Has any of you a wife? Then go back to her. Have you kids? Then go back to 'em. Have you a father or a mother? Then for God's sake let them know that you're doin' well. Go to 'em—write to 'em—call 'em up on the phone—send 'em a telegraph—but don't let 'em be without the peace o' mind that'll come from knowin' that you're on your two feet. One of the most mysterious things in this awful mysterious life is the way somebody is always lovin' somebody.

"Here in these two rooms is a hundred and sixty-three by actual count of the seediest and most gol-darned boobs that the country can turn out. As we look at each other we can't help askin' if anyone in their tarnation senses could care for the likes of us.

"And yet for every bloomin' one of us you can foot up to eight or ten that'll have us in their hearts as if we was gold-headed cherubs.

"Say, boys, I'll tell you somethin' confidential like, and don't think I'm braggin'. The furniture-movin' business is the grandest one there is. For a man that's mastered it there don't seem anything in the world left for him to learn. He's ready to command a army or to run a ocean liner. But there's one thing I'll be hanged if even a furniture mover knows anything about—and that's love. I've thought about it and thought about it—and it gets me every time. I don't know what it is, or where it comes from, or how they brew the durned thing in hearts like yours and mine. All I know is that it's there—and that this old world goes round in it. I'm buttin' into it all the time, and it kind o' turns me shy like.

"My own little home is so full of it that sometimes it makes me choke. If I try to get away from it and come down here—well, I'm blest if some bloke don't begin ladlin' it out to me when he don't hardly know what he's doin'. The furniture-movin' business is that shiny with it when you know how to see it—but I'll not say no more. You'd laff. You're laffin' at me now, and I don't blame you. All I've wanted to do is to put some of you boys wise. If there's a blue-star man who knows anyone in the world that's fond of him—then for Christ's sake get after 'em! And do it not later than to-night."

And so I did it. Before going to bed I wrote a long letter to my father, giving him such details of my history during the past three years as I thought he would like to know. I hinted that if he or my mother would care for a visit from me I could go home for a few days.

Then I waited.

In a week I got my reply. It read:

"*My dear Frank:* I am glad to receive your letter, but sorry that it should ever have been necessary for you to write it. That you should be doing well no one could be more thankful for than I. I have given your message to your mother, and she wishes me to send you her love. I consider it my duty to add, however, that no message can withdraw the sword you have thrust into her heart—and mine.

"Your affectionate father,
"EDWARD MELBURY."

XIII

AFTER that my work took me to Atlantic City, though not before I had had a number of meetings with Regina Barry, each of which, with one exception, took me by surprise.

The exception was the first. Cantyre urged me so strongly to come with him to call on Mrs. Barry and her daughter that in the end I yielded.

I found Mrs. Barry a charming invalid lady, keeping to the background and allowing her daughter to take all the initiative. From her as well as from Regina I got the reflex action of their liking for Jack. Mrs. Barry had seen him only once, but had preserved the memory of the pleasure which the meeting had given her. She repeated the statement which had already grown familiar that she thought Jack different from other men. Perhaps he was, though I could never see it. Perhaps she thought I was, myself, though she didn't say so in words.

In any case, the call was followed by an invitation to dinner, and not long after that Annette placed me next to Miss Barry at lunch. Mrs. Grace did the same, and so did Cantyre when he insisted on my joining a party he gave at a theater. Two or three other meetings were accidental, and if I say that in all of them Miss Barry herself made the advances it is only to emphasize my nervousness. I had no right to be meeting her; I had no business to be allowing her to talk to me and show that—well, that she didn't dislike me. The revolver was still in my desk and I began to ask myself if it wasn't my duty to make use of it. True, she had not accused me with her eyes, but she was in some ways doing worse. What was to be the end of it?

I welcomed the work at Atlantic City, then, for more reasons than one. It took me away from New York; it kept me out of danger. Cantyre having confided to me the fact that his hopes were not dead, it left the field free to him. Never for a moment did

(Continued on Page 97)

Hot Steero— The Cup of Home Cheer

In the canteens over here and over there, hot, fragrant Steero is refreshing thousands of our boys every day. Eager hands reach for the tin cup of this steaming cheer as the men drop into the canteen hut as they come off duty. Eyes brighten as the boys sip this invigorating home drink which sends a warm glow to tired nerves.

STEERO
Reg U S Pat. Off
CUBES

Steero is a beverage instantly ready for service in the home or in the camp. One cube dissolved in boiling water makes a cup of delightful bouillon. Served with a cracker or sandwich, it makes a "between meals" surprise for the tired shopper or unexpected guest. As the soup course of your dinner it stimulates the digestion of your other good things.

As a flavor for "left over" dishes you will find Steero helpful. The next time you are making pot roast or a casserole dish add a Steero cube or two to enrich the flavor.

Steero Cubes are sold not only in boxes of 12 cubes, but also in boxes containing 50 and 100 cubes. Grocers, druggists and delicatessen dealers carry them.

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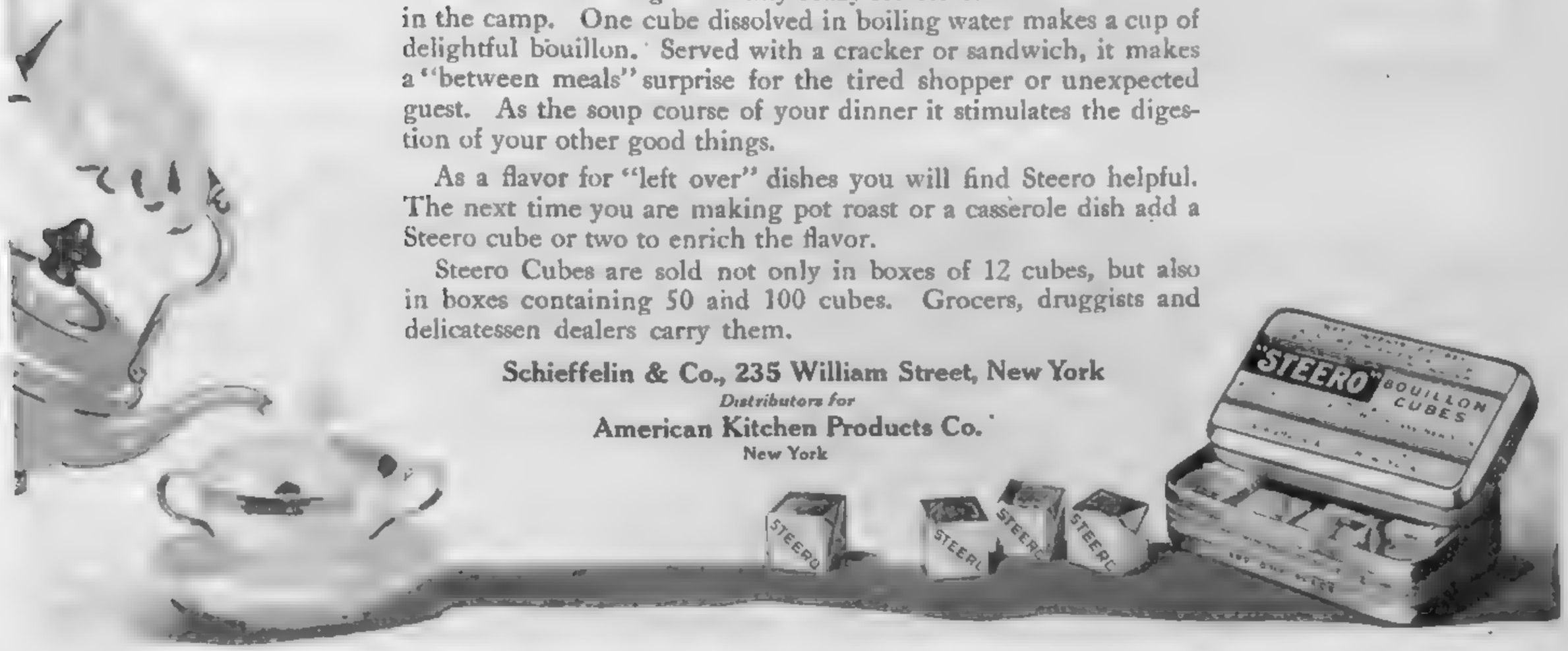
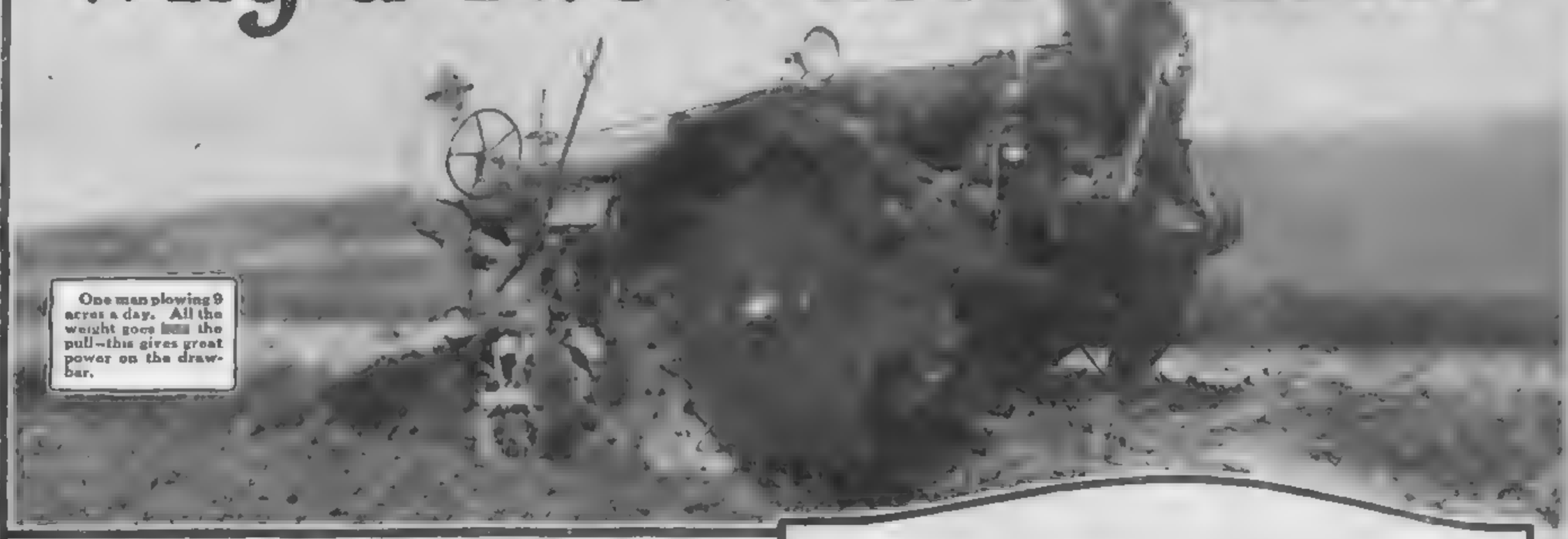
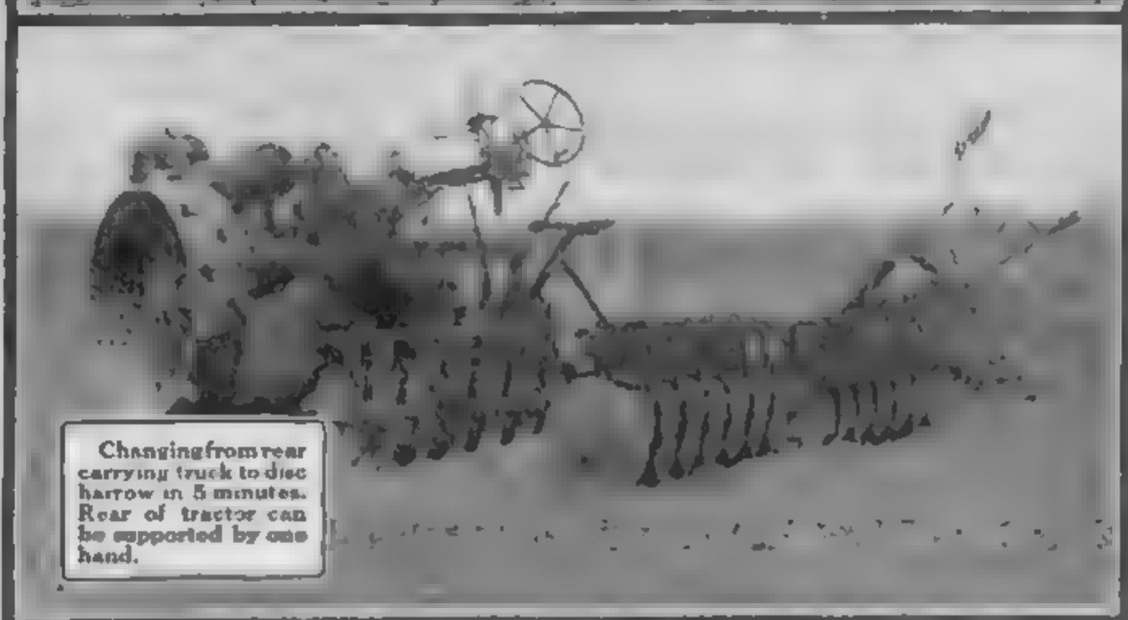


Why a Two-Wheel Tractor



One man plowing 9 acres a day. All the weight goes into the pull—this gives great power on the drawbar.



Changing from rear carrying truck to disc harrow in 5 minutes. Rear of tractor can be supported by one hand.

Cultivating corn last time. Tractor has ample clearance to straddle row. One man cultivating 14 to 20 acres a day.

WHEN designing the Moline-Universal Tractor we did not follow the automobile or motor truck, which are complete units in themselves and carry their loads. A farm tractor must *pull* its load and is useless unless operated in connection with some farm machine. Thus, we built a tractor which does the same work that farm horses do, which operates under the same conditions and in much the same manner—but faster, cheaper and better. A two-wheel type of tractor is best adapted to farm conditions, because—

Ninety-eight per cent of its weight is placed on the two big drive wheels and is available for traction. This eliminates dead weight and enables the Moline-Universal to pull as much as tractors weighing from 1500 to 2000 pounds more. The Moline-Universal has enough power for heavy requirements, yet operates economically on light jobs. This is essential, because farm power requirements vary from light work such as cultivating to heavy work such as plowing, and a tractor must be able to do all work economically and efficiently.

The two-wheel construction enables the Moline-Universal to be attached close up direct to the implement, so that one compact unit is formed. ONE MAN controls the entire outfit from the seat of the implement—the best position to manipulate the implement and make adjustments for varying field conditions. Tractor and implement go forward, backward and turn as one unit.

The two-wheel construction gives the Moline-Universal ample clearance for cultivating. On many farms more hours are spent in cultivating than in any other operation. Unless a tractor can cultivate row crops it will not replace horses on such farms.

Wonderful success on thousands of farms in replacing man and horse power, proves that the Moline-Universal is fundamentally correct in design—it doubles a farmer's efficiency. You will find the Moline-Universal Catalog mighty interesting—it's free on request. Address Dept. D.

Moline Plow Co., Moline, Ill.

Manufacturers of Quality Farm Implements Since 1865

MOLINE UNIVERSAL TRACTOR

Mowing a 10-ft. swath. One man operates tractor and implement from the seat of the implement. A real one-man outfit.

(Continued from Page 94)

he suspect that in my heart there was anything that could interfere with him; nor did he so much as dream that in hers . . .

It is curious that in proportion as the craving for drink diminished its place was taken by another craving for what I knew I couldn't have. There was every reason why I couldn't have it, why I could never have it. Atlantic City offered me, therefore, the readiest means of flight.

When that should be over I was planning a still further retirement. Sterling Barry was in California, directing the first stages of the erection of a block of university buildings in which he took great pride. Coningsby himself had suggested that when the Atlantic City job was finished there would be an opening for me there if I cared to make a bid for it. I did so care, and he promised to speak for me. Once I reached the Pacific I was resolved not to come back for years, and perhaps never to come back at all.

It is lucky for me that I am temperamentally inclined to look forward. The retrospective view in my case would very soon have led me back to Greeley's Slip, but I was rarely inclined to dwell on it. Once when I was crossing the Atlantic as a small boy our steamer had run on the rocks at Cape Clear. To enable us to get off her before she slipped back into the water and went down, long rope ladders were lowered to us from the top of the cliff, and up them we had to climb. This we did in a foggy Irish dawn, seeing just the rope rung ahead of us. Had we been able to look farther up the face of the cliff my mother and sisters would hardly have had the nerve for the ascent. As it was they could see that single rung and no more, and so could keep their gaze upward without fear.

In the same way I kept my own gaze forward. I tried not to look ahead of the day, and at Atlantic City the days, even in November, were bearable enough. The booming of the long miles of breakers acted on me as a sedative. They dulled memory; they dulled pain; at the same time they incited me to work, as the piercing wail of the bagpipes incites the Highlander to fight.

So November went by, and a great part of December. Christmas was approaching, and I was eager to have it over. Not that it mattered to me; but the sense that there was a gay companionship in the world from which I was excluded got slightly on my nerves. Cantyre, who came down to spend a week-end with me whenever he could, having to go for that season to his relatives in Ohio, I looked for nothing more festal than a merry meal with Lovey.

The late afternoon on the day before Christmas Eve was both windy and foggy, with a dash of drizzle in the air. The men had knocked off working, and as I left the half-finished building I stood for a minute to get the puffs of wet wind in my face. The lights along the Boardwalk were reflected on the wet planks as in a blurred mirror. Here and there a pedestrian beat his way against the wind, and an occasional rolling chair—the jinrikisha of Atlantic City—disappeared into the aureole of the sea front.

As I came down our rickety temporary steps I became aware that a woman's figure darted out of the shelter of a pavilion on the shore edge and walked rapidly across toward me. She wore an ulster and a tam-o'-shanter cap, and made a gallant little figure in the wind. More than that I did not take time to notice, as I had no suspicion that she could have anything to do with me.

I was in fact turning southward toward the house where I was staying when she managed to beat her way in front of me.

"Don't you know me?"

I stopped in astonishment.

"Why—why, what are you doing here?"

"I was waiting for you."

I could think of nothing better to say than: "On an evening like this?"

"Oh, I don't mind that. We only arrived this afternoon. You see, my father can't get back from California, and mother wouldn't spend Christmas in town. We're not going to have any Christmas, and so ——"

We struggled across the walk to the pavilion, which though open on all sides afforded at least an overhead protection.

"How did you know where to find me?" I asked stupidly.

"Ralph Coningsby told me—and the time you would be coming out. I—I've something—something rather special to—to say to you."

I stood looking down at her. In the wooden ceiling above our heads there was an electric light that shed its beams through the whirl of mist right into her upturned face. There was a piteous quiver in the scarlet lips, and to the eyes had returned that mingling of compassion and amazement with which she had watched me when I pulled out her trinkets and threw them on the desk. It was the first time I had seen it since that night.

As I look back we seem to have gazed at each other in this way for an immeasurably long while, but I suppose it was only for some seconds. I knew why she was there. The truth had dawned on her at last, and she had come to tell me it wouldn't make any difference.

But it would.

I had left the revolver in my desk in town; but I reminded myself that there was a train between eight and nine and that I should have plenty of time to catch it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lament for 1914

READER, say, do you remember that far-off delightful time
When we used to purchase bacon by the side;
When a smoke could be extracted from a lonely silver dime,
And the residue would buy a trolley ride;
When we dropped three lumps of sugar in our matutinal cup
[If the missus wasn't looking it was four];
When we scrupled not at all to hush a crying baby up
With a hunk of cake to crumble on the floor;
When we used to phone the coal bazaar to send us up a ton,
And make trouble if they didn't send it quick;
When the boob who held the view that two can live as cheap as one
Had at least a fighting chance to make it stick;
When the highly funded family that lives across the street
Used to trek it out for Europe every year,
And, returning, praise the culture of the Viennese élite,
And extol the charms of Munich art and beer;
When the hand that took the taxes was so delicate of touch
That we coughed as effortlessly as we sneezed;
When a millionaire was something, and a billionaire was much,
And they both disbursed their shekels as they pleased;
When the papers gave a column to a shindy in a bar,
Or a Newport débutante's imported gown;
When a man could start an argument in any smoking car
On revision of the tariff up or down;
When a certain ditch was digging through the Isthmian earth and rock,
And we followed its advancement inch by inch;
When we felt that any statesman in a topper and a frock
Could arise and save the country in a pinch;
When a man could loaf or labor, as his inclination bade,
Or according to his balance at the bank;
When, in fact, the hardest worker was the man who had a fad,
And the "leisure class" was rather prone to swank;
When we did some prideful pointing, and some viewing with alarm,
But, in peace, pursued our individual ways –
Reader, say, can you remember the then unacknowledged charm
Of those lazy, hazy Ante-bellum Days,
Of those olden, golden Ante-bellum Days?

—W. E. Nesom.

Two Big Dishes Quaker Oats Cost 1c

Your Choice
For a Penny

A Bite of Meat Costs 1c

Here is a lesson which no housewife should forget.

A penny's worth of Quaker Oats supplies two generous servings.

These two dishes will supply 200 calories of energy.

Think of that—two dishes at the cost of a bite of meat, or a spoon of peas, or a prune.

Those 200 calories, which cost one cent in Quaker Oats, cost in other foods at this writing as follows:

A Spoon of Peas Costs 1c

Cost of 200 Calories	
In Round Steak	8c
In Veal Cutlets	11c
In Halibut	11c
In Salt Cod	16c
In Canned Peas	11c

Or a Prune Costs 1c

Meats will average ten times Quaker Oats' cost for the same energy units. Fish will average twelve times the cost. And some common foods will run up to twenty times the cost.

Just figure out how Quaker Oats reduces breakfast cost.

But it does more. It supplies almost the ideal food. It is rich in body-building protein, rich in iron, lime, phosphorus, etc.

Make it your main dish at breakfast. Use it for muffins and pancakes. Mix it with your flour foods.

Quaker Oats

Oat Food at Its Best

Make your oat foods delightful by using Quaker Oats. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These luscious flakes cost you no extra price. Specify them when you order.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

Except in the Far West and South

(944)

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1 cup flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 teaspoons sugar.

Soak uncooked Quaker Oats in milk 30 minutes; add sugar, salt and butter; sift flour and baking powder and add; add well beaten egg. Bake in greased gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder (mix in the flour), 2 cups milk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Pour milk over Quaker Oats and let stand 20 minutes. Add flour mixed and sifted with salt, sugar and baking powder. Add eggs beaten lightly and melted butter. Bake on hot griddle.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over them 2 cups boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, and 5 cups flour.

Knead well, set in a warm place to rise until double in bulk (about 2 hours). Knead over again, cut in 2 loaves, put in greased bread pans and let rise until double in bulk. Bake about 1 hour. Rub top crust with butter while still hot.

Two cups will make two loaves.

Christmas Day in the Trenches!

THIS Christmas, Barrington Hall Coffee will bring good cheer not only to the folks at home but also to the American Fighters "over there."

Every day 800,000 cups of this choice coffee are brewed and sent to the battle front in instant form.

You can have Barrington Hall on your table this holiday season as usual. It costs no more per cup than ordinary coffee, because it makes more cups per pound.

If Barrington Hall is not sold by your grocer, send us his name and we will mail you a generous sample.

Baker Importing Company

116 Hudson Street, New York — 246 North Second Street, Minneapolis

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

WANTED IDEAS. Write for Free Patent Guide Book and List of Patents Wanted. $1,000.00 and upwards offered. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS AND TRADEMARKS. Send sketch or model for actual search and report. Write for list of patents wanted, inventions wanted, prizes offered, etc. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, Patent Lawyer, Z. P. I. Graduate, Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Mapleine Syrup To The Rescue

Hot cakes are a war time food, yet they need syrup.

Try 2 cups of corn syrup diluted with 1 cup of hot water and flavor with 1 teaspoonful of—

MAPLEINE

You will find this makes a delicious spread for the hot cakes which will conserve your sugar supply.

Send 2c stamp and carton top for MAPLEINE syrup and dessert recipes. Dept. S. P.

CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

(M.513)

send 30¢ today for package of five

Once you use these improved phonograph needles you'll never want to go back to the old steel needles!

Sonora SEMI PERMANENT SILVERED **Needles**

Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

The Sonora Standard
"Not how cheap but how good"

These new phonograph needles are so superior that you will use them permanently because of their

1. CONVENIENCE—[illegible] needle changing.
2. GREATER ECONOMY—They play 50 to 100 times before wearing out.
3. INCREASING LIFE [illegible] record engaging point does not [illegible] large as it wears, having the same diameter throughout.
4. IMPROVED TONE—They mellow the tone and eliminate harshness.

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SONORA PHONOGRAPH SALES COMPANY, INC.
[illegible]
279 Broadway, Dept. A, New York
Demonstration Room: Fifth Ave. at 33rd St.

FEEDING THE YANKEES IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

Spaniards and Greeks get bread, meat, macaroni, vegetables, coffee and a daily allowance of half a liter of red wine. This wine is as necessary a part of the daily food issue of the Latin soldier as bread or meat.

Though we are feeding more than a million and a half men in France at the time I write there is no cook problem. That ancient adage, "God sends the meat but the devil sends the cook," has no echo in the A. E. F. Thousands of trained food mechanics were caught in the various drafts. You can find hash-slingers from the popular-price restaurants working side by side with chefs from the swagger restaurants and hotels. At the army oven all men are equal. They are judged only by results.

Any shortage in cooks is readily filled, for, like the British, we have a school for cooks. The men get a course of instruction in plain cookery. Then they are given practical tests. They must try their food on each other first. You may be sure that this makes for efficiency. The Government also issues a manual for cooks, which is not only a complete and scientific cookbook with hundreds of recipes and menus but also shows with simple text and comprehensive pictures how to cut fore and hind quarters of beef and carcasses of pork and mutton with the least possible waste. There are illustrations which show cross sections of field ranges and camp ovens. In order to meet any emergency or breakdown in kitchen equipment there are specific directions how to make an impromptu fireless cooker by placing a milk can in an ordinary water container with hay or straw packed between. This book is as complete as any I have seen in the war. It is foolproof and wasteproof.

The average person is apt to assume that because the army kitchen is in the open, in temporary quarters or on the move, it is lax and unsanitary. As a matter of fact it is under rigid military discipline. For every one hundred men there is a mess sergeant, who is the czar of his little domain. The cooks, dining-room orderlies and the Kitchen Police—the K. P.'s—are under him. The K. P.'s, who do the scullery work, are recruited from the men disciplined for minor offenses. In scrubbing floors and gathering garbage they have ample time to reflect on their misdeeds.

Why Ricket Was Decorated

"Cleanliness"—to quote the army order invoking it—"which is still our most reliable protection against disease," is drastically enforced. The army cooks are required to keep their nails trimmed and clean. They must scrub their hands with hot water and soft soap before entering the kitchen.

There is a daily issue of white caps and aprons, which are worn all up the line as far as the area of fighting.

Those gallant British cooks and kitchen orderlies who dropped their frying pans and dishes and rushed to the firing line at the First Battle of Ypres have nothing on their American comrades. Nearly every day you hear of some courageous Yankee who kept the pot boiling amid shot and shell. Not long ago an army cook, Harry C. Ricket, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. His performance was so remarkable that I present the commander in chief's citation. When you read it you realize that there is not only honor but glory among cooks. Here it is:

"He maintained his kitchen at Château-de-la-Fôret, near Villers-sur-Fère, France, on July 28–29, 1918, during a bombardment so intense as to drive all other kitchens out of the village. When his stove had to be taken to the rear he improvised a fire in the ground and continued his work until ordered to leave. He carried water from a spring which was repeatedly shelled, when others would not approach it. Unaided, of his own volition, he conducted a first-aid station for wounded and exhausted men at his kitchen. Constantly in extreme personal danger from machine-gun fire, from low-flying airplanes and bombardment by high-explosive shells, Cook Ricket devoted himself entirely to the needs of others and made possible the care of several hundred wounded, exhausted and hungry men."

Not all the romance of the war is where danger calls or the spotlight shines. Even so prosaic a task as food procurement becomes a stirring if smokeless drama of achievement. The story of how the American Army went into the food-production business discloses a series of remarkable performances by a remarkable man who will have a unique place in the record of the A. E. F. To know what he did you must first know who he is, for he is the embodiment of the real democracy that constitutes our overseas force.

Back in 1897 an immigrant boy of sixteen, Otto H. Goldstein by name, arrived in Chicago from his home in Bohemia, where his father was a rabbi. When the war with Spain broke out he joined up as a private in the Second Cavalry, served in Cuba and the Philippines, and rose to be a top sergeant, which was as high as he could go. In 1905 he quit the Army, entered the grocery department of one of the great mail-order houses which have helped to make Chicago famous and developed such executive ability that he became a manager. A few years later he went into the wholesale grocery business on his own and had built up a considerable trade when we declared war on Germany. As a sidelight on his subsequent career let me add that he mixed considerably in politics and served a term in the Illinois Legislature. He at once offered his services to his country; was made a reserve officer with the rank of captain—he is now a major—and began a whole new army career that was to be as dramatic as it was useful.

Major Goldstein's Coffee Mill

Major Goldstein is the type of person who makes things happen. He was sent as student to a commissary school at a cantonment; in a week he was instructor. As soon as he arrived in France he was ordered to straighten out a tangle at a big supply depot in the intermediate section where there was difficulty in feeding fifteen thousand men. In a month he was supplying one hundred and fifty thousand.

His first great opportunity now developed. Coffee is among the fundamental daily-ration army requirements. The time is not far distant when we shall need 6,000,000 rations, or 280,000 pounds of the roasted and ground bean every day, which exceeds the output of any private plant in the world. General Rogers wisely decided that to save tonnage and likewise meet any market emergency we must have our own army coffee industry. This is how Uncle Sam began his career as manufacturer for the Army on a large scale abroad.

Fortunately a large stock of green coffee was available. There had been a remarkably good coffee crop in Brazil just before the European War began. German financiers started to get a corner on it. As a consequence dealers everywhere, in self-defense, bought up immense quantities. With the outbreak of war the attempted German coup failed, prices dropped, and the market was flooded. Happily an immense quantity of this coffee was in France, and it fell into the hands of the chief quartermaster of the A. E. F.

The problem was to find a man to run our coffee business. General Rogers had known of Major Goldstein in his old Regular Army day. The major had dealt in coffee as a wholesaler in Chicago, so the roasting and grinding job was put up to him. It was easier said than done. No coffee machinery was available in France, so Goldstein designed roasters that were sanitary and efficient. He then set about to establish a factory at a little town not far from Paris where he could have both water and railway transport. It was impossible to find a suitable structure, so this indomitable one-time sergeant said, "I'll build a factory." He leased an abandoned brickyard, hired several hundred disabled French soldiers, who made bricks stamped U. S. A., and with them constructed a model electrically driven roasting and grinding coffee plant. When I saw it one Sunday last September it was using 90,000 pounds a day. The whole process is mechanical from the moment the green bean is emptied from the original sack until it emerges brown,

(Continued on Page 101)

Every electrical engineering and manufacturing facility of this company is being applied "without stint or limit" to the vital business of winning the war

"The World must be Fed!" and Electric Power helps fill the market basket

Millions of men in our own and Allied lands are taken from the production of food; thousands of acres are laid waste in France, and to America falls the task of meeting the world's need for food.

Sowing more grain, planting more vegetables, raising more cattle, imposes heavy burdens upon packers, canners and the entire food industry. Meat must be dressed and preserved; vegetables and fruits must be promptly utilized, and grain harvested and stored.

Electric power helps shoulder this gigantic task. In the packing houses, electric motors and control apparatus operate conveyors and countless machines for meat packing, refrigeration and the manufacture of by-products, speeding up production, saving labor and cutting manufacturing costs.

In the canning industry, potatoes are pared, peas shelled, meat and vegetables sliced, and cans and jars filled and conveyed to storage and shipping platforms, by electric power.

In elevating and cleaning grain, milling it into flour, manufacturing grain-packaged foods, and in the mixing of dough in our large bakeries, the electric motor is not only saving time and labor but is also helping to maintain the high standard of cleanliness in our food factories.

Many of America's food institutions summoned G-E industrial specialists to their aid in solving production problems. And the great manufacturing facilities of the General Electric Company gave timely assistance in furnishing the necessary electrical equipment to increase each plant's capacity.

Just as the food industry has shattered all previous records in production, so other industries, no less vital in the great task confronting the nation, can also set new standards in output by the correct application of electric power to their needs. This may not necessarily mean the purchasing of new electrical equipment.

G-E engineering specialists have been known to effect important savings in power and increases in production by rearrangements of equipment already installed. Their services are at the disposal of all manufacturers engaged in essential war work.

Look for this—
the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Here's Peace and Good Will

THE very spirit of Christmas is in a pipe. Nothing brings more joy to a fellow's soul than the long, steady puffs and the tang of clean, dry smoke in his mouth. With friend pipe in his hand he can look on the world and its troubles with patience and good humor.

To have all the peace and comfort a pipe can give him, every man should have a

W D C Wellington

TRADE MARK

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is not only on every Wellington, but also on other pipes that we make of every style, size and grade. Grade for grade, price for price, there is no better pipe made than a W. D. C.

A Wellington is friendly through and through. Its well catches all moisture and tobacco crumbs, keeps them away from the mouth, and puts a stop to bubbling and wheezing. The big, easy puffs of pure, cool, dry smoke come *up* out of the *top* opening in the bit—*away* from the tongue.

The genuine French briar that goes into every Wellington Pipe is carefully selected and seasoned by our own special process so as to break-in sweet and mellow. It is guaranteed against cracking or burning through.

Make a list of the men you like a whole lot—the men "over there" and the men "over here." Give each one of them a Wellington Pipe. It will make them downright happy—for a good many more than 365 days. All good dealers sell Wellington Pipes in many shapes and sizes at 75 cents and up. Remember—Wellingtons—for Christmas.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., New York

World's Largest Pipe Manufacturers

(Continued from Page 98)

fragrant and powdery into the fifty-pound receptacle in which it goes to storage or kitchen. Near by was a warehouse that contained 11,000 tons of the green coffee.

The process of roasting, grinding and hauling, which at current rates would cost $112 a ton, is done at the army factory for exactly $18.80. This coffee is delivered to the army kitchen at a cost to the Government of fourteen cents a pound. When the present immense stock of green coffee is exhausted the new supply will come direct from Brazil to France, which will save rehandling in the United States and the second tonnage across the Atlantic. In order to minimize haulage and be ready for any of the contingencies that rise in war Major Goldstein has installed three other model roasting and grinding plants, all duplicates of the original establishment, where we shall be able to prepare the entire 6,000,000 daily rations by the first of the year. At the Paris plant he has trained a corps of men to operate them.

With the addition of the ounce of chocolate as a daily ration component Major Goldstein launched his second venture. Once more General Rogers wanted to save tonnage and at the same time produce his own article, and again the job was put up to the man who had revolutionized the coffee business.

In France the manufacture of chocolate is greatly curtailed during the war. This meant that acres of chocolate-making machinery—most of it controlled by a small group of manufacturers—were idle. It took tact and diplomacy, however, to rent this machinery, but Goldstein acquired it.

To-day in nearly a dozen factories we are producing more than 5,000,000 packages of chocolate a month. Of this, 4,000,000 pounds is the ration, made up in ounce bars, while the rest is bonbons, which are sold at the sales stores. With candy Major Goldstein has wrought another tonnage-saving revolution. Before we went into the business these chocolate candies were sold in pound circular tins that cost the men fifty-four cents each. They not only used up vast quantities of tin but could not be carried on the person. Major Goldstein packs the chocolates in flat cardboard half-pound packages that fit into the pocket. At the same time they save forty per cent in tin tonnage. What is equally important, these packages are sold to the men at twenty-four cents each. We also produce in our factories in France 2,000,000 packages, or 1,000,000 pounds, of stick candy and lemon drops a month. Formerly it was packed in circular tins and cost thirty-five cents; in the flat cardboard boxes it sells for twelve cents.

The Macaroni Man

By these strokes Goldstein came to be regarded as a sort of Lloyd George of army production. "Let Goldstein do it" became the maxim. General Rogers now wanted to produce hard bread. Our unexpected participation in the Paris drive last July made this field commodity necessary. Major Goldstein was given a third chance to register his resourcefulness, and he did not fail.

Our hard-bread output is now 18,000,000 packages, or 9,000,000 pounds, a month. This so-called iron bread, which is made of flour and water, is probably the simplest and purest-baked product that the American soldier eats. As a trifling side performance Major Goldstein has begun the manufacture of sweet crackers—the delicious *petit beurre*—the sweet butter crackers which are so popular in France and which we now turn out at the rate of 4,000,000 four-ounce packages a month. They are sold to the soldiers at the sales stores at six cents a package.

All army-manufactured packages bear the insignia of the Quartermaster Corps and also the words: "Made by Q. M. C., A. E. F., U. S. A." Likewise they show this inscription: "This is United States property and cannot be sold." These two precautions are taken to protect the business man from the sale of these articles by unscrupulous soldiers and to permit the American Government to live up to its agreement with the French, which is that all these articles are to be produced and used by the Army alone.

One further Goldstein achievement remains to be chronicled. When macaroni was adopted as a ration substitute and as a tonnage saver it was put up to this former Chicago wholesale grocer to deliver the goods, and he began to deliver them forty-eight hours after he got the order. By a mechanical process that rivals the coffee-roasting agency for simplicity and cleanliness he is turning out a million and a half pounds of macaroni a month. He is the macaroni man!

Sum up the Goldstein army achievement and you find that he operates exactly seventy factories, large and small, that did not exist six months ago. With hard bread, macaroni, coffee and candy he is saving the tonnage of eight large vessels a month. He has a brigadier's sphere and authority. It is typical of the man that he should install a standardized factory control and operation very much like the system of salesmanship and store arrangement in effect in a well-known chain of retail cigar stores in the United States, which enables a man to go from a New York branch to one in San Francisco and begin selling goods without delay. In the same way Major Goldstein is training factory managers and foremen so that they can change from one American establishment to another and take hold at once.

This manufactured output, imposing as it appears, is a mere trifle in the vast sum of supplies that we need for our Army in France. The great bulk of it must be brought from America. How do we keep the larder filled? The answer brings us to another and all-important link in the chain of army supply, and to the door of a vital branch of the American business of war.

To see how it is done we must go back to General Rogers' establishment at Tours. In that eight-foot blue-print chart of organization that hangs on his wall the division of supplies has the place of honor in the center. Technically known as Estimate, Care and Distribution, it keeps its finger on the state of food supply overseas and its renewal. In charge is Lieut. Col. Cyrus B. Crusan, whose job is to see that the quartermaster's shelves are always stocked.

Colonel Crusan's Job

The backbone of the whole system is the automatic supply, by which confusion, hardship and shortage of food and supplies are avoided. It means, as I explained in a previous article, the monthly upkeep of the ninety days of reserve stock—forty-five days at the base depots, thirty at the intermediate, and fifteen at the advance—which is kept in France for all troops shipped from the United States. This monthly replacement must of course be modified to meet expansion or emergency. The automatic supply also applies to forage, clothing, animal-drawn vehicles, and all other supplies that come under the supervision of the Quartermaster Corps. Hence Colonel Crusan's two principal labors are: First, to find out just how many mouths—men and beasts—we have to feed, and what we have on hand to feed them with; second, to allot the quartermaster's tonnage so that all needs and deficiencies will be supplied.

He is able to keep a daily check on supplies by a system of intelligence which is so complete and comprehensive that every morning there is laid on his desk and on the desk of the chief quartermaster a chart which shows the exact amount of ration components on hand in terms of days at the twenty huge main supply depots in France. This Daily Supply State, as it is technically called, is one of the many remarkable exhibits of centralized supply control that provides the unfailing antidote against hardship and hunger for the doughboy. The information is sent in by telegraph between eight o'clock and midnight every night by statistical officers stationed at the supply depots. It arrives during the early hours, is summarized, and set down on cards. There is a card for each component. The master chart is made up from these cards and is ready by the time General Rogers and his assistants are at their desks in the morning. At a glance they know precisely what the food situation is.

The daily chart of ration components and forage on hand—the Daily Supply State—is so concrete that a child can understand it. At one side is printed a list of thirty-one ration components, including fresh and tinned beef, bulk and tinned bacon, flour, dry and baked beans, rice, potatoes, prunes, coffee, sugar, milk, salt, lard and sirup. Also included are cigarettes, cigarette papers, smoking and chewing tobacco, and the three principal forage items, which are hay, oats and bran.

At the top of the chart is a scale showing total days' supplies up to one hundred and

"One Stewart truck supplants ten horses"

QUALITY TRUCKS Stewart QUANTITY PRICES

And in over 5 years no Stewart has ever worn out

Chas. Crews & Son, of Plainfield, Indiana, report that—

After having had a Stewart for 16 months, it is "now doing what 5 teams would not do—

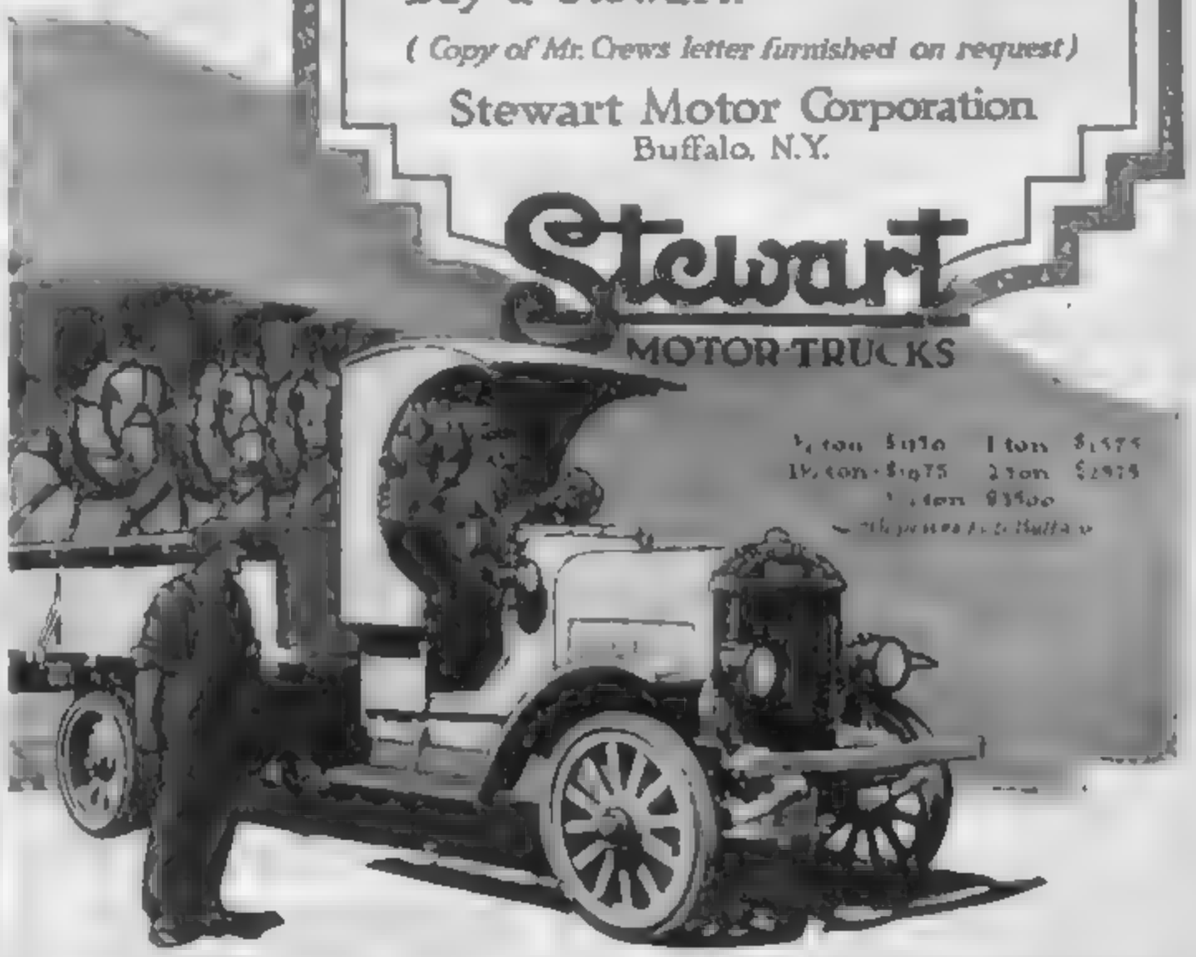
"Our expense on truck, outside of tires and gasoline, does not exceed $25—

"We make an average of 12 miles to the gallon—

"If we were going to buy another truck we would surely buy a Stewart."

(Copy of Mr. Crews letter furnished on request)

Stewart Motor Corporation
Buffalo, N.Y.



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Free from coloring matter
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Non-Shatterable
RESISTAL EYETECTS

Go to the Store where EYETECTS are sold, or send $12 and his address for the goggle he wants. We guarantee delivery and satisfaction. If they back if you want it. Order now for timely Christmas delivery.

For Army and Navy Flyers
Manufactured and sold by STRAUSS & BUEGELEISEN 438 Broadway New York City

The Goggles that Protect

Flexible Flyer
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The Christmas *gift* every *live* girl and boy wants. Saves shoes, prevents colds, and saves doctor's bills, because you don't drag your feet in steering. Has grooved steel runners, which prevent skidding on ice or snow, and make steering easy and safe.

Outlasts 3 ordinary sleds

Seven sizes, 3 to 5 ft. Sold by and Department Stores.

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Awarded Grand Prize at all International Expositions

is with our Army and Navy "Over There" and with our Industrial Army everywhere

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Annually pays dividends to the recipient of many times the cost to you.

Saves food, saves fuel, saves ice, saves doing the same thing twice.

Keeps contents hot from the morning meal throughout the day and night. Keeps liquids or solid foods cooked at breakfast time to serve hot or cold at lunch or dinner. Indispensable for the home, farm, nursery, or sick room. Ideal for the automobilist and hunter—**the food container of a hundred uses.**

Thermos Lunch Kits give the worker in office or factory, food or drink hot as it should be or cold as it can be.

Caution: The name "Thermos" is stamped on all genuine Thermos Products

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
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Makes Fords Start Easy

A new Gas Generator, which heats the manifold, vaporizes the gas and makes instant ignition possible has been invented by the Bear Mfg. Co., 136 Bear Bldg., Rock Island, Ill. This simple and inexpensive device does away with hot water makeshifts, etc., and gives you a "ready to start" motor in the coldest weather. It also saves several cents a gallon on gasoline because with it you can use the cheapest gasoline all winter. If you want to try this great trouble and money saver send them $1.50 and they will send you one of those remarkable devices postpaid under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Write them today. Salesmen wanted. adv

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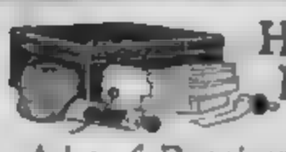

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A lot of Dennison "handies" under one roof—tags, glue, paste, labels, clips, etc. Proper gift for orderly man or woman.

10,000 Dennison dealers sell them

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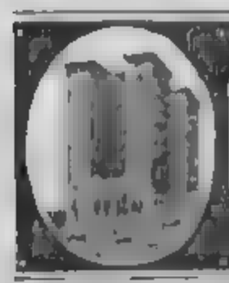

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

DISTANCE is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large safe bank which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for 50 years. No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00 MILLION DOLLARS.

Miss Patrick $10.00 a Week EXTRA

She Sells Her Spare Time—For Cash

You can make extra money just as does Miss Elfaire Patrick, by acting as our representative in your spare time. Even if you have only a few hours each week, you should easily average a *dollar an hour profit*. Besides, you will be outdoors and among pleasant people. No experience is necessary. Write *now* for details to

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602 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

fifty. The supply on hand is indicated by a colored horizontal bar under this scale. The base depots are represented by blue, the intermediate by green, the advance by red. If a red, blue and green bar extends from item Dry Beans and stops under the figure one hundred it means that we have one hundred days' supply of dry beans at all three types of supply depots. If the bar should be only blue and green—which never happens—it would mean that we have beans only at base and intermediate depots. Where we have supplies that extend in days beyond one hundred and fifty, such as for example two hundred, this number is put in the last column. Such is the chart for all depots. There is also a chart for each individual depot. If it is an advance depot the horizontal bar would be all red; the intermediate-depot card would be all green; while a base would be in blue. A depot chart is kept for each component.

The number of days' supply as indicated on these charts is calculated by dividing the total quantity of each article by the ration allowance of that article, thus determining the number of rations. The number of rations is then divided by the feeding strength in France, and the result is the days' supply for all these troops. This feeding strength is made up at regular intervals by the adjutant general. It is the sum total of every mouth that we must feed overseas. It does not matter whether it is the mouth of a general or a teamster. All mouths look alike when it comes to making up this great list of human maws which must be filled three times a day.

The daily chart enables the chief quartermaster to know whether he has a surplus or a shortage of a ration component. If he has a two hundred days' supply of dry beans and only sixty days' supply of salt he evens up these two items in his next tonnage allocation by ordering fewer beans.

Now we come to another important function. As I have already explained in this series the tonnage for France is allocated every month. There is only a certain amount of tonnage, which must be used to the best possible advantage. The chief quartermaster is allotted his share. It is up to him in turn to allocate his allotment. Here is where the daily chart comes in. From it he can see just what to requisition. If he has the hypothetical two hundred days' supply of dry beans on hand it means that he has a big surplus over requirements. He can cut down his requisition for beans and build up his requisition for salt. This is a modification of the automatic supply. Thus, wherever you touch it, tonnage allocation becomes a matter of balancing and evening up.

A Great and Glorified Sutler

Once he knows what quantities to requisition he prepares his priority cable to the acting quartermaster general at Washington. His items come in the order of their urgency. First urgency is always rations; second is forage; third is clothing; fourth, gasoline; fifth, equipage, which is tentage, cooking and table utensils and field kitchens; miscellaneous, which is tools, nails and kindred articles; and finally animal-drawn vehicles.

With the quartermaster as with every other service there are exceptional requisitions, which are separate from the automatic supply or even the modifications of the automatic supply. These are the unexpected demands that are constantly cropping up. They may be for special tools, a particular kind of food for convalescents, a special brand of flour. These are requisitioned in special cables and usually marked "Expedite."

Not every item needed by the quartermaster is specified in his monthly cable. If they were all recorded his cable would be as long as a serial story, because they number more than five thousand. At Washington the standard requirements for every unit of twenty-five thousand men are on file and are shipped automatically. The variations become the modifications or the exceptional requirements. It is interesting to add that there is a card in the Quartermaster's Department at Tours for every one of the five thousand items on his list, showing the exact quantity we have on hand in France, when new supplies were ordered, and when they are due.

The chief quartermaster really runs a department store, or rather a succession of monster mail and telegraphic order houses. He is the great and glorified sutler. One of his responsibilities is the maintenance at Tours of a sample room—the British have one at Woolwich—which includes "sealed and approved" samples of the myriad items that he handles. Side by side you can see tooth paste and service ribbons, army ranges and field filtration plants, riding crops and communion sets.

The chief quartermaster is the biggest shipper in the whole A. E. F. He monopolizes railway transport just as he uses up considerably more than half of all the available tonnage. This means that the chief of the supplies division must establish a very intimate liaison with the transportation department. Every day Colonel Crusan gets a detailed report by telegraph from every supply depot giving the number, weight and destination of every subsistence car loaded and shipped. Here is where we establish another contact with our old friend, the railway transport officer.

An adequate statistical system is as necessary to the successful conduct of the Quartermaster Corps as lubricating oil is to a machine. The whole structure of ceaseless operation depends upon systematized knowledge of what is going on. New supply depots are constantly being set up, and the Army grows daily. You are therefore not surprised to find at Tours a school for statistical officers, which is in charge of the chief statistician of the Quartermaster Corps, who happens to be Capt. R. H. Hess. In civil life he was a professor at the University of Wisconsin. Like so many thousands of his fellow Americans he became a reserve, or what the British call a temporary, officer. Without the splendid service of these men, many of them already of middle age, who left school, factory, office or rostrum to don a uniform, the overseas work could not carry on.

If Peace Had Not Come

Every now and then some emergency reveals a high-priced specialist stuck away in the rank of a subaltern. When Maj. Gen. Harbord became commanding general of the Services of Supply a special train was made up for his use on inspection trips. The chief quartermaster wanted a man with experience with men and subsistence to take charge and run it. When the cards of the personnel division were examined—there is a card for every man, stating his previous experience—the former manager of a fashionable Boston hotel, who had received ten thousand dollars a year for his services, who had enlisted as private, risen to be a second lieutenant and was then in charge of a bakery company, was discovered. He was called in from his obscure post and made manager of the C. G.'s special train, which is run as efficiently as a first-class hotel.

When you analyze the actual quantities that come under the control of the quartermaster you stir up staggering statistics. In a war that was believed to have exhausted titanic numerals before we got in, the American figures make a whole new record. Let us now gird up our strength and take a plunge into this sea of bounding billions.

By next spring, if the Armistice had not been signed, our Army overseas would be equal to the combined British and French forces in France. To maintain this army for a year would mean the annexation of a world of supplies without end or precedent.

We will begin with subsistence. It would require approximately 500,000,000 pounds of fresh beef; 184,428,000 pounds of tinned beef; 570,000,000 pounds of potatoes; 75,000,000 pounds of coffee; 31,269,000 pounds of jam; 218,000,000 pounds of sugar; 888,000,000 pounds of flour; 191,000,000 pounds of bacon; and 65,500,000 pounds of evaporated milk.

With clothing the figures are no less bewildering. Such an army would require 11,304,000 pairs of breeches; 7,524,000 wool coats; 8,181,818 caps; 18,000,000 shoes; 30,800,000 pairs of stockings; 3,280,000 pairs of rubber boots; 14,292,000 spiral putties, or exactly 52,875 miles of the yellow leg wrappers. I might add for further edification that the amount of cloth for breeches and wool coats would aggregate 31,777,110 yards.

If you want still another glimpse of super quantity I have only to add that in the matter of hay alone our beasts would require 4,091,852,000 pounds. In bales double compressed and placed end to end this hay would reach one and a half times round the earth at the equator. Stacked ten feet high these bales would cover 460 acres. It is enough hay to last one horse 862,350 years.

(Continued on Page 105)

Ninety-Five in One-Hundred Litmus Test Papers Turn Pink

DENTAL authorities believe that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief cause of tooth decay, and that 95 in 100 people have it. That is why 95 in 100 Litmus Test Papers turn pink.

And that is why it is important for you to send for our free Litmus Test Papers and make your own test for "Acid-Mouth." It's very simple. You place one of the papers on your tongue. If it remains blue, you are 1 in 20—your mouth is normal. But if it turns pink—as it is very likely to do 19 times in 20—you have proof positive that your mouth is in an unfavorably acid condition and needs immediate attention if you would save your teeth from gradual destruction.

Having ascertained that you have "Acid-Mouth," make a second test with Pebeco Tooth Paste and another Litmus paper. First brush your teeth and gums well with Pebeco, then place the second paper in your mouth. It will remain blue, thus proving that Pebeco has temporarily removed the acid condition, and making it seem probable that the regular use of Pebeco will keep "Acid-Mouth" in check.

Pledge to Buy W. S. S. Regularly

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND

See what happens in an "Acid-Mouth"

Bits of food lodge between your teeth and under the gums. They dissolve in the constant warmth and moisture, then your mouth becomes acid. The hard enamel of the teeth is gradually weakened by these mouth acids. Germs enter and swiftly destroy the soft interior pulp.

Mere cleansing of your teeth not enough

You must also counteract "Acid-Mouth." But Pebeco does both. It is the real, scientific answer to "Acid-Mouth," and its faithful use will give your teeth an exceptional whiteness and polish. Its keen, undisguised flavor is delightfully refreshing and invigorating to the mouth and gums. Combine its night and morning use with twice-yearly visits to your dentist.

How to know whether you have "Acid-Mouth"

We have already told you an easy and certain way to find out. Send for the Litmus Test Papers, which we will supply you free. If the papers indicate that you have "Acid-Mouth," enlist the services of Pebeco Tooth Paste to counteract the dangerous condition. If your mouth proves to be normal, use Pebeco to *prevent* "Acid-Mouth." And also use Pebeco because of its excellence as an all-'round dentifrice.

Pebeco Tooth Paste is for sale by druggists everywhere

Manufactured by LEHN & FINK, Inc., 122 William Street, New York

Send for these free test papers today

INSTEAD

Instead of brass for stencil—Zinc. Instead of tin for the tip of a shoe lace—Zinc. Instead of copper, or brass, or steel, or tin, or aluminum—Zinc, for drinking cups, camera cases, alarm clocks, meters, buttons, containers for toilet preparations, pencil tops, bottle caps and hundreds of other articles.

The New Jersey Zinc Company anticipating the necessity of conserving metals needed for war purposes has developed many new uses for metallic zinc in its own laboratories. These laboratories, completely equipped and operated under the direction of highly-skilled chemists, are at the service of all manufacturers of metal products who have been deprived of other metals by the demands of war.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *55 Wall Street*, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

(Continued from Page 102)

Well-nigh incredible as these subsistence needs of man and beast seem, the equally impressive fact about them is that not only would they be required but they would also be forthcoming. American control of raw material, an expanded and accelerated industrial machine, the mobilization of labor—all galvanized by a revitalized national energy—would produce the goods, and the bridge of ships now in the making would speed them across the seas, had not the sudden collapse of the Teutonic Powers altered the whole situation. Had the war continued, we should have been prepared to meet its every need.

So far we have dealt with supplies on paper. We can now go into the mechanics of operation and follow the actual food from port to trench. We will begin at the docks, where the trains, loaded direct from the ships, are rushed to the base supply depots—the first stage of our journey—which are usually located five to ten miles from the ports. Under ideal conditions these establishments must maintain forty-five days' rations for the whole overseas forces. They are all similar in scope and system. For the sake of illustration I will take one of the largest, which incarnates American hustle at its height.

A year ago the site was a serene stretch of farm and vineyard; to-day it is a city of warehouses that throbs with incessant movement. Here as elsewhere the warehouses are arranged in the form of a huge ladder. Three warehouses, end on end, are the rungs, while the main lines of railways are the sides. Connecting these main lines are endless spurs, which enable the cars to be switched right up to the door for unloading and reloading. There are usually three grand groups of structures, each divided into sections which contain six warehouses. Some of these groups comprise fifty or sixty buildings. We use a standard warehouse fifty feet wide and four hundred feet long. Some are of fabricated steel and can be erected in ten hours; others have wooden supports with corrugated-iron sides and roofs. We must build and use at the same time. Often a warehouse is filled with food before it is under roof. These immense depots literally grow overnight.

Some Coördinating

The specific depot that we are visiting will have, when completed, nearly 3,000,000 feet of closed storage and 6,000,000 feet of open storage. Two-thirds had been installed when I saw it late last August. Ninety per cent of the space is used for quartermaster stores. You can wander through acres and acres of food. A single unfloored warehouse contains 12,000,000 pounds of flour. In a comparatively small group of buildings I saw 40,000,000 rations of milk, 75,000,000 rations of tobacco, 40,000,000 rations of canned pork and beans, 35,000,000 rations of sugar, 35,000,000 rations of flour and 20,000,000 rations of coffee. This mass of merchandise, which merely represented the foothills of our overseas range of subsistence, was all brought from the United States.

The vastness of these depots is such that an inspection on foot or even in an automobile is out of the question. They are so crisscrossed with rails that you must use a scooter, which is a motor-driven handcar fitted for standard-gauge tracks. It took me nearly half an hour to travel over this plant at passenger-train speed. Every important official has his own scooter and you can see them scooting over the place.

Though millions of rations pour in and pass out every day there is such a perfect system of control that every case and sack is accounted for. The broken packages are carefully assembled and repacked. They are eternally under a sleepless scrutiny that lets no commodity escape. The greatest possible care must be taken of all articles because they not only represent their value in money but weeks, sometimes months, of solicitude and travel.

In charge of the whole establishment is the depot quartermaster, Lieut. Col. Charles E. Wheatley, who knows every evening just how much food, clothing and equipment has arrived during the day, the exact quantity of supplies by items under his acres of roofs, and the precise number of loaded cars that have gone up the rail to the intermediate and the advance depots. At a base supply depot the cars are loaded in bulk and not by individual ration components. Whole trainloads of groceries or forage pull out in rapid succession. A congestion here would be felt instantly along the whole line of food communication.

This continuous check on stocks is possible because everything is recorded on paper. The warehouse system will illustrate. Every warehouse has a storekeeper—a sergeant—usually assisted by a clerk—a private—who keeps a stock book of every article that is handled. Opposite each item are the number and mark of the car in which it arrived or departed. This stock book is balanced every night and the result put on a warehouse receipt which is sent up to the depot quartermaster's office, where it becomes part of the general records. In addition every warehouse keeps a stock card for every item it carries. It may be for tinned bacon, sugar, coffee, flour, coats, trousers or shoes. In the office of the depot quartermaster is a master card for every item of supplies in the plant, which is the sum of these warehouse cards. From it the statistical officer takes the totals, which he telegraphs to the chief quartermaster at Tours every night and which go to make up the daily chart of ration components.

At a base supply depot as many as four hundred cars come and go every twenty-four hours. How are they handled? In a tiny office in the midst of those acres—"our little hut on the hump," it is called, for the gravity hump of the railway classification yard is near by—sits the coördinating officer who runs the whole traffic show. His job is to coördinate orders, cars and shipments; and, to quote one of them: "It is some coördinating."

It would take a book to give a complete record of what these C. O.'s do. Briefly the system is this: When a train arrives from a port an assistant coördinating officer chalks on each car the number of the warehouse to which it must go. This is called spotting a car. If it is flour it goes to a flour warehouse, canned goods to a grocery warehouse, and so on. He has in hand a list of available structures. Every effort is bent to spot cars at night and at noon while the laborers are sleeping or eating so as to avoid pulling cars in or out while others are being loaded or unloaded. After the train is marked it is broken up and switched to the warehouses for unloading. This completes the work on incoming trains.

For outgoing trains the shipping order first goes to the coördinating officer, who computes the number of cars required. These cars are then spotted for the warehouses from which the supplies are to be secured. An order to load automatically goes to the storekeepers, who not only load but attach to each car the United States Army label, which gives, in English and French, the car number, mark, destination, date of shipment, weight, contents, consignor, consignee, and the signature of the person who loads and seals the car. It is now up to the railway transport officer to assemble these cars and send them on their way. A so-called convoy—that is an enlisted man—is sent with each trainload of supplies as guard. He is required to report its arrival at destination by wire.

The Spirit of the S. O. S.

The railway yards that are part of this establishment include a cold-storage plant that will have a capacity of four thousand tons of beef a day, a waterworks system, coal yard, ash dump and completely equipped locomotive shops. Practically every scrap of material employed came across three thousand miles of submarine-infested seas. I cite these facts merely to show the immense amount of construction that attaches to the installation of these depots alone.

Prodigies of labor are performed every day at this and other depots, and they are merely part of the routine. Upon one occasion an order came in for a hurry-up shipment of flour for the French Army. It was at the close of a boiling day in August and the negro laborers—those smiling darkies from the cotton plantations of the South—were all in. The flour had to be loaded and shipped at once. The director of labor assembled his men—it was just after supper—told them of the emergency, and called for volunteers. Every man responded. In exactly fifty-five minutes those negroes had loaded 700,000 pounds of flour in sacks, and ten minutes later the special train was on its way. Such is the spirit of the S. O. S.

At another base supply depot, bigger in area and action than the one I have just described, the project calls for two hundred standard warehouses, or 5,000,000 square feet of covered storage and 10,000,000

Gentlemen, can't we do something about this?

CAN'T we all get together and devise some means of "slipping the word" to our wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts that *what we really want* for Christmas is a box of good cigars?

And when the ladies do give us cigars isn't there some way they can be tipped off to give us the kind we can smoke instead of the kind we have to give away? We think it can be done, and here's the way to do it—

Just show this to your wife, daughter, sister or sweetheart

When she sees it she will know that without a box of good cigars Christmas isn't Christmas for you. And when she reads down to here she will have no excuse for forgetting the name of the kind of cigars you want, because here it is written out for her—

Girards for Christmas

Then when we follow up by telling her a little about Girards, she will understand why you want them.

The Girard is the most famous cigar in America to-day—famous as a Havana smoke rich and delicious to the palate—and famous as the cigar that never gets on the nerves, never affects the heart, never leaves a harmful after-effect of any kind.

It's a cigar that doctors recommend—and smoke themselves; a cigar that men from coast to coast love well

A box of Girards means an amiable and merry man in the house on Christmas and as long thereafter as the cigars last.

Any cigar dealer in America can sell you Girards. If he hasn't them in stock he can get them for you from us.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf Established 1871 Philadelphia

13¢
2 for 25¢
smaller sizes
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The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

Make An Ideal Christmas Present—Useful and Inexpensive

Steer Warms are a device for warming your hands while motoring in the winter time. There is no trouble or cost. No matter how cold it is Steer Warms will keep the hands warm. They give comfort—ward off colds—keep the fingers limber and prevent accidents. Steer Warms save money on gloves because you can use light gloves instead of the heavy, thick ones that cost a great deal. Because Steer Warms give so much pleasure and comfort they make an ideal Christmas present. This Christmas you should give something useful as well as inexpensive.

Steer Warms

An Electric Hand Warmer That Is Guaranteed

Steer Warms give absolute satisfaction. Thousands of people who have had them on their cars will never do without them. Not only are they guaranteed against burn-out for five years but they will give no trouble of any kind. They can be laced on in ten minutes, and there is no expense whatsoever. Ask your dealer to show you a pair of Steer Warms. If he hasn't them send us his name and we will see that you get a pair or remit direct and we will ship, prepaid. Prices:—

For all gasoline cars, any make $7.50
Special Type for Ford Cars 5.00
(Descriptive Folder on request.)

DESCRIPTION

Steer Warms consist of two neat leather-covered grips, one for each hand, which lace onto the steering wheel at any place convenient for driving. Steer Warms are heated by electricity from the storage battery (or magneto on Fords). They operate on the same principle as an electric heating pad. The resistance unit is protected by heavy brass plates, thus insuring long life. No possibility of shocks. After a certain heat Steer Warms will get no hotter but retain an even temperature. A very small current is sufficient to keep the grips warm. A switch turns current on or off but if left on [illegible] car. Steer Warms are a simple, neat and efficient.

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Permanent Positions that Pay

You can have a steady income during the "reconstruction" period to follow the war. Our offer assures you a permanent, growing business of your own.

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in every locality to collect the renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We pay up to $100.00 a week for this work. We will pay you very liberally even for your spare moments. ¶ If you want MONEY, we want YOU—*now*. ¶ Nearly a million Curtis subscriptions are expiring in the next few months, and will be renewed. You can share in the profits! For details—

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square feet of closed. More than half were up and filled when I was there, while new buildings were going up at the rate of one a day. Two hundred miles of railway already linked up this city of supply, the mayor of which was Col. Alexander E. Williams, depot quartermaster, a famous football star in his day at West Point and who bucks the line of supplies with the same force and success that he had on the gridiron.

While making a tour of inspection with him I saw German prisoners, American-captured, for the first time in this war. I asked one of them what he thought of America's war participation as shown by the vast community of supplies of which he was an unwilling member, and he replied, as most of them replied wherever I found them within our lines: "We had no idea that America was doing so much. Our officers told us that there were only a few of your soldiers in France." Here is a significant revelation of German methods. The offensive launched last September wakened the German private to the serious menace of the Yankee effort for the first time.

Imposing as are these base institutions they seem small beside the mammoth intermediate depot that we now reach on our pilgrimage toward the Belgian border. Instead of a city it is a whole self-contained state of supply, with a governor in the shape of the commanding officer, Col. C. J. Symonds. His commonwealth is six miles square; he is head of a population of twenty thousand; the three hundred buildings that dot his domain house nearly $100,000,000 worth of supplies. A year ago this swarming beehive of activity was a stretch of scrubby, sparsely cultivated, unimproved land.

An Army Ice Plant

Here you scale the peak of supply. Though the quartermaster as usual monopolizes the bulk of space there are stupendous warehouses for ordnance, medical, engineering, and gas and oil services. You see bakeries going at full tilt, coffee roasting and grinding mills that consume 70,000 pounds of the green bean a day, a complete ice and cold-storage plant, tank farms and army-operated gardens that help to provide the daily fresh-vegetable ration. Now you see why I call this particular intermediate depot self-contained, and why, when it was suddenly and temporarily converted into an advance depot, it was able to feed and equip the whole army that General Pershing swung into action overnight in the Paris drive last July, and to take care of regular business at the same time.

Once more you have the bustling spectacle of immense rehandling, storing, reloading and shipment of bulk stores—all under that same admirable control that records everything and loses nothing. The depot quartermaster, Lieut. Col. O. G. Collins, is the center of what seems to be an interminable effort. Yet it is at his fingers' ends all the time. The plan of depot standardization put into effect by General Rogers last September has stabilized the whole storage process.

There is space left for me to enlarge upon only two of the many features which make this depot unique in the whole story of army supply. The first is the system of ice making and cold storage that we have set up in the midst of those one-time fields. When I tell you that this factory has a daily ice-making capacity of 500 tons—it is perhaps the largest ice plant under one roof in the world—and that its five cold-storage rooms hold 6500 tons of beef, you get some idea of what one branch of the Quartermaster Corps here represents.

Figuring on a basis of a pound of meat per person, one storage room alone would supply the city of Chicago for a whole day, while the total capacity of the five storage rooms would provide meat for the combined populations of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit, Boston and Cleveland for the same period. The cooling coils for the expansion of ammonia laid end to end would reach from New York to Philadelphia. This establishment, built by the Army for the Army, and constructed in less than five months, employs six hundred men day and night. Every twenty-four hours one hundred and twenty cars are handled at its platforms. From tiled floor to smokestack all the material used was transported from America.

The second outstanding feature is the remarkable system of car control. At this depot more freight cars are handled than at any other. Seventeen engines are required for switching work alone. In August thirteen thousand cars came and went, and the number increases each month. In the early days it was comparatively easy for the depot quartermaster to keep track of traffic. He could walk over the yards and see everything with his own eyes. When those tens of cars expanded into hundreds and the project annexed square miles this was a physical impossibility. It is vitally necessary for him to know the car and labor situation every hour. He faced a serious problem.

Colonel Collins met this emergency by devising what is known as the location and distribution board. At first glance you think that it is one of those huge boards covered with colored pegs that the military strategists use to block out and play war games. As a matter of fact it is a large board which is an exact plan in wood of the quartermaster's depot, showing warehouses, open storage space, ice plant and the railroad spurs. The subsistence warehouses are in red, clothing in blue, miscellaneous in green, forage in yellow, and animal-drawn transportation in brown. In front of every miniature warehouse is a succession of holes for the insertion of pegs. These pegs represent cars and are stuck in or removed as the cars are loaded, unloaded or sent away. A black peg represents a car to be unloaded; a white peg is an empty car; a red peg a car to be switched; a combination green and black peg is a car in process of loading; a green peg is a car ready for shipment. The labor units, whose capacity is three cars every four hours, are indicated by steel nails that fit the holes. Here are the pawns and the board for the all-important game of car location and labor distribution. How is it played?

Across from the board sits the traffic officer, who gets constant telephone reports of the spotting and location of cars and the progress of work. He communicates these facts to three men whose sole task is to keep pegs and nails properly placed. The board is reset every hour. Colonel Collins' office adjoins the building in which it is located and he can step in every few minutes and see at a glance just what the situation is. If traffic is booming he stands by the board all day. If the board shows a string of black pegs with only one nail alongside it means that there is insufficient labor there. He at once looks for a predominance of labor elsewhere and orders a readjustment. Hence the board enables work to progress with uniformity. Likewise it indicates the improper location of cars and thus prevents congestion. The whole objective in any supply depot is to keep cars moving. Every minute that a car stands idle its tonnage is lost to the Army. Once congestion begins it is likely to become cumulative. The board provides insurance against this contingency.

Quick Filling of Big Orders

Knowing these facts you are not surprised when I say that a notable supply achievement of the war was registered in this depot. At eight-fifteen one morning last August a telegram was received ordering exactly 4596 tons of supplies, including 1,250,000 cans of tomatoes, 1,000,000 pounds of sugar, 600,000 cans of corn beef, 750,000 pounds of tinned hash and 150,000 pounds of dry beans. At six-fifteen o'clock in the evening—just ten hours later—this colossal requisition, which required 457 cars for transport, was loaded and on its way to the advance depot.

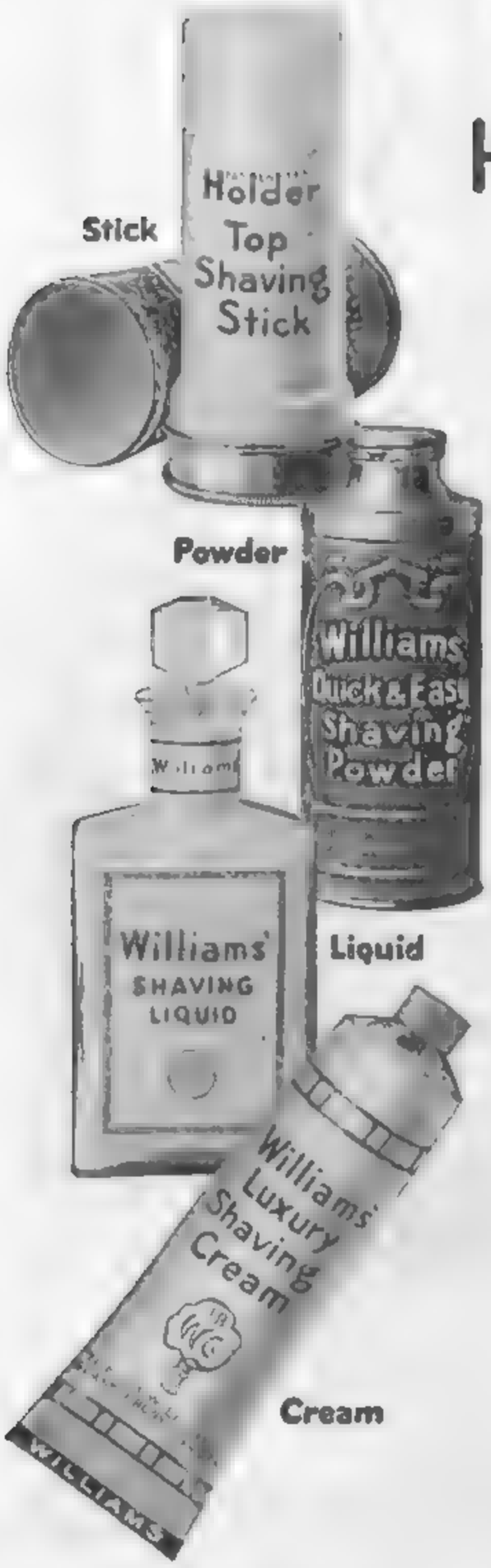
Such is the scope and capacity of this American intermediate supply depot. A twin depot is in course of erection at the time I write and will run it a close second, once it is under full swing. Uncle Sam does not do things by halves in France. More than this, every supply establishment is capable of almost indefinite expansion.

At the advance supply depot you are one step nearer the Army. It carries only a fifteen days' supply and is therefore smaller than the other depots we have visited. The bulk-loading system now ends. The depot becomes a huge department store that carries everything in stock from toothpicks to overcoats. All outbound trains are packed for divisions or other units in balanced rations for actual consumption in training area, rest camp or depot. The full human feeding strength of a division is 28,000 mouths. The divisional pack train therefore hauls every ration component from

(Concluded on Page 109)

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



The Holder Top is a convenience at the start— a necessity at the finish

THE last bit of Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick is just as efficient and just as easy to apply as the first. Solid comfort all the way—comfort in the creamy, softening lather; comfort in the wide, firm finger grip into which the Stick is so firmly fastened that it never loosens or falls out.

Ask for Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick—use the full name—then you are sure of getting full satisfaction.

W.S.S.

The soldier leaves many comforts behind, but Williams' Shaving Soap carries its comfort with it to the camp or to the front.

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave or the bath, you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, Jasmin, Lilac or Rose.

All This Good Tobacco in a Humidor That Will Keep it Fresh

THERE is something about an *ample* supply of a favorite tobacco that makes a smoker's eyes glow like a freshly-lighted pipe whenever they fall upon it.

The sight of this roomy, graceful humidor, plenteously stocked with amberhued Edgeworth pipe-food inspires and encourages a pipe smoker with the same serene confidence the artilleryman feels when he surveys a growing pile of ammunition near his guns.

For tobacco such as Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is the ammunition that lays an impassable barrage between the smoker and discontent, pessimism, confusion and worry.

This jar of Edgeworth is shown in its actual size—a size that saves tin and money. Let it bring its gift of joy and fragrance to you or someone you know who smokes.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold everywhere in packages from pocket size up. If your dealer is sold out of this large size glass humidor jar send $1:40 to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, and they will send it to any address, charges prepaid.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

(Concluded from Page 106)

pepper to fresh beef for 28,000 men. These trains go up every day.

The advance depot warehouse must necessarily be a glorified grocery shop. It carries an average of 1,125,000 balanced rations, which flow from the loading platforms on gravity rollers into the waiting cars and are checked up by French girls who relieve able-bodied men for other tasks. Every unit, whether machine-gun battalion or division, has its goods marked in its name. The car however is consigned to the railhead, where the railhead officer, who has a list of all the organizations he serves, does the distributing. Despite the ceaseless ebb and flow of supplies the depot quartermaster at an advance depot keeps a daily check on stock on hand; cars received, unloaded and sent on; food, fuel, forage and clothes shipped; and the state of labor.

But units are constantly moving; disease, accidents or casualties thin ranks; replacements of men are continually coming up. How can the depot quartermaster adapt his daily shipments to these constant changes? Once more you touch an interlocking system of daily intelligence that chronicles change and swiftly adapts supplies to needs. It brings us for the first time to one of the most useful and important individuals in the whole S. O. S.—the regulating officer. In the British Army he merely regulates the divisional trains at the regulating station. With us he not only does this but is the traffic and supply boss in his part of the advance section, and holds down a job of many-sided responsibilities.

Let us tarry for a while with the senior regulating officer of the A. E. F., Col. M. R. Hilgard, a master manipulator of transportation and sure enough a live wire. "Be brief and be quick" is his motto; there are no chairs in his office, which occupies part of a little frame building near a railway station somewhere in Northern France. A year ago this particular spot drowsed along with routine traffic; to-day it is a maze of rails that bustle with animation. Three thousand cars have found trackage there at one time. This regulating station is the neck of the whole American supply bottle.

Feeding Isabel

To Colonel Hilgard—as to any other regulating officer—come the daily requisitions for food for the troops. Every division has a code name. Let us say that it is Isabel. If Isabel is at full feeding strength the daily requisition for her would simply read: "Isabel 28,000." The depot quartermaster has the list of divisional requirements on file and fills them automatically. If Isabel has been in action and has had casualties the daily wire would read "Isabel 23,000," which means that this unit has lost five thousand men. If Isabel has gone back to a rest camp at full strength the message would say: "Isabel has moved to Blank, no change." I have used the simplest and most elemental illustrations. Sometimes the units are indicated by numbers.

At this point you will ask: "Who makes up these feeding strengths?" This is an easy matter. Every division has a divisional quartermaster to whom each unit in that division—and they are sometimes scattered—reports its daily strength. These divisional quartermasters report to the corps to which they are attached, and the corps in turn through its G1, or procurement section, reports to the G4 of the Army in the field of which it is a part. The G4, which is the great provider, renders the consolidated feeding strength to the regulating officer.

Hence Colonel Hilgard knows every day how many mouths must be fed. He orders the depot quartermaster of the advance depot nearest to him—in this case they happen to be located side by side—to ship. The loaded cars are turned over to the regulating officer, who hands the railway transport officer the list of units for whom they are intended. The trains are made up and sent off like clockwork to the railheads. The record is twenty-three trains in ten hours. Once started the regulating officer advises the railhead officer of their departure and gets a telegram announcing arrival

On the wall alongside Colonel Hilgard's desk hangs a huge map of the advance section. Each division is shown by a red flag—red is the divisional color—bearing its number. Corps headquarters are indicated by white and blue flags; army headquarters by red and white flags; and General Headquarters by a red, white and blue flag. The regulating officer must move hospital trains as well as food trains. On the map the location of every hospital train is represented by a white flag with a red cross. The presence of hospitals is revealed by red crosses. Each day the colonel gets a report of all available empty hospital beds in the field and in the rear—also the total of walking cases. The moment an offensive is started he knows just where to rush the trains of mercy and succor. The walking cases can be shifted to other sections.

In addition Colonel Hilgard must know the complete state of American supply throughout France. Every twenty-four hours he receives a report of rations, fuel and forage on hand at all our depots. If there is no sugar, for example, at the advance depots he knows that there is lots of it at the base or intermediate establishments. He can have a special train made up and prevent a sweetless day at the Front. No wonder he lives with his job.

When you reach the railhead you are in the zone of the Armies.

From railhead the supplies are shipped by motor trucks or light railways to the refilling point, which is the last food frontier.

A Store With No Frills

There are no frills in this army retail store. Its customers are hungry soldiers whose minds are mainly on food. They brook no delay. Every morning noncommissioned officers arrive with ration returns made out by the subsistence officers of their units, which are the orders for the next day's supplies. These supplies are loaded on light railways or on three-ton motor trucks.

Even within sight of No Man's Land, under war conditions, there is the inevitable precaution against hunger and hardship which marks the whole American supply service. It is embodied in the reserve ration of canned meat, hard bread, essence of coffee, sugar and chocolate, packed in gasproof tin containers. They are consumed in a grave emergency, such as a breakdown in food supply in the rear, and only by order of the commanding officer. These containers hold twenty-five rations each and are so hermetically sealed that I have seen them floating round in water.

At the refilling point you encounter a striking illustration of American supply resource. Wherever a considerable body of our troops is stationed you find a sales and commissary store, where the man can buy little luxuries such as candy, toothbrushes and paste, shaving sticks, cigars and razor blades at cost. When men were in the trenches or in the lines immediately behind they could not go to these stores. In order to supply their wants the store went to them in the shape of a traveling commissary, which is nothing more nor less than an old-time peddler's outfit inhabiting a five-ton motor truck. At dawn this shop on wheels stocked up its shelves and chugged down the road, often under shell fire, and did business not only within sound of the guns but frequently within gunshot. It represented the final word in army convenience.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American Army supply organization in France. The next will tell of the motor transport service.

Diamond·F
A Mark of Quality
A Sign of Service

Selecting a trunk for greatest durability

The value of a trunk to its owner depends largely upon the durability, strength, and sturdiness of the materials used in its construction. A trunk receives and must endure the hardest kind of usage. For this reason, the better grades of trunks as well as suitcases, are made of Diamond Fibre. It has extraordinary strength and toughness—features which have been developed to a very high degree. It is dense, hard, yet has the necessary flexibility to withstand shocks. It has peculiar wear-resisting qualities that no other trunk material possesses.

TRUNKS made of

Diamond·Fibre

give the utmost in wear and general satisfaction. They have a richness and beauty obtainable with no other material. The purchaser, in order to assure himself of this unusual wearability, should be certain that the trunk is made of Diamond Fibre.

The maker who uses Diamond Fibre uses equally high grade fittings and accessories—the things that give the greatest service, convenience and appearance.

We manufacture CELERON and CONDENSITE-CELERON two remarkable new water-resisting materials.

We also make the well known line of Diamond F Protective Papers for food products, etc.

Diamond State Fibre Company

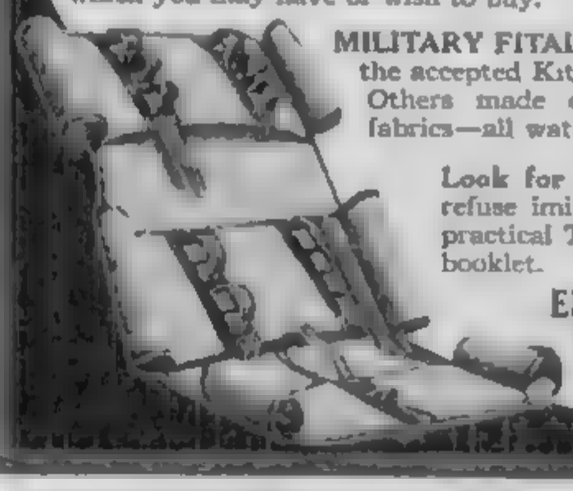
BRIDGEPORT, PA. (Near Philadelphia) *Offices in principal cities*

Fitall Adjustable Toilet Kit

The Useful Gift

It's the practical, appropriate and welcome gift for every name on your Xmas list—the handy, convenient, compact FITALL—made with **Adjustable Straps and Patented Nometa-locks,** and three large underneath pockets for extra articles.

FITALLS may be had fully equipped, or empty to hold just the toilet articles which you may have or wish to buy.



MILITARY FITALLS of Khaki and Navy fabrics are the accepted Kits for men and women in the service. Others made of flexible leathers and attractive fabrics—all water-proofed, in various sizes. $1.75 up.

Look for the FITALL Label in every Kit and refuse imitations. Your store should carry these practical Toilet Kits. If not, send for illustrated booklet.

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Mfrs. of EKCO Make Leather Goods
Pat. U. S. and Foreign Countries
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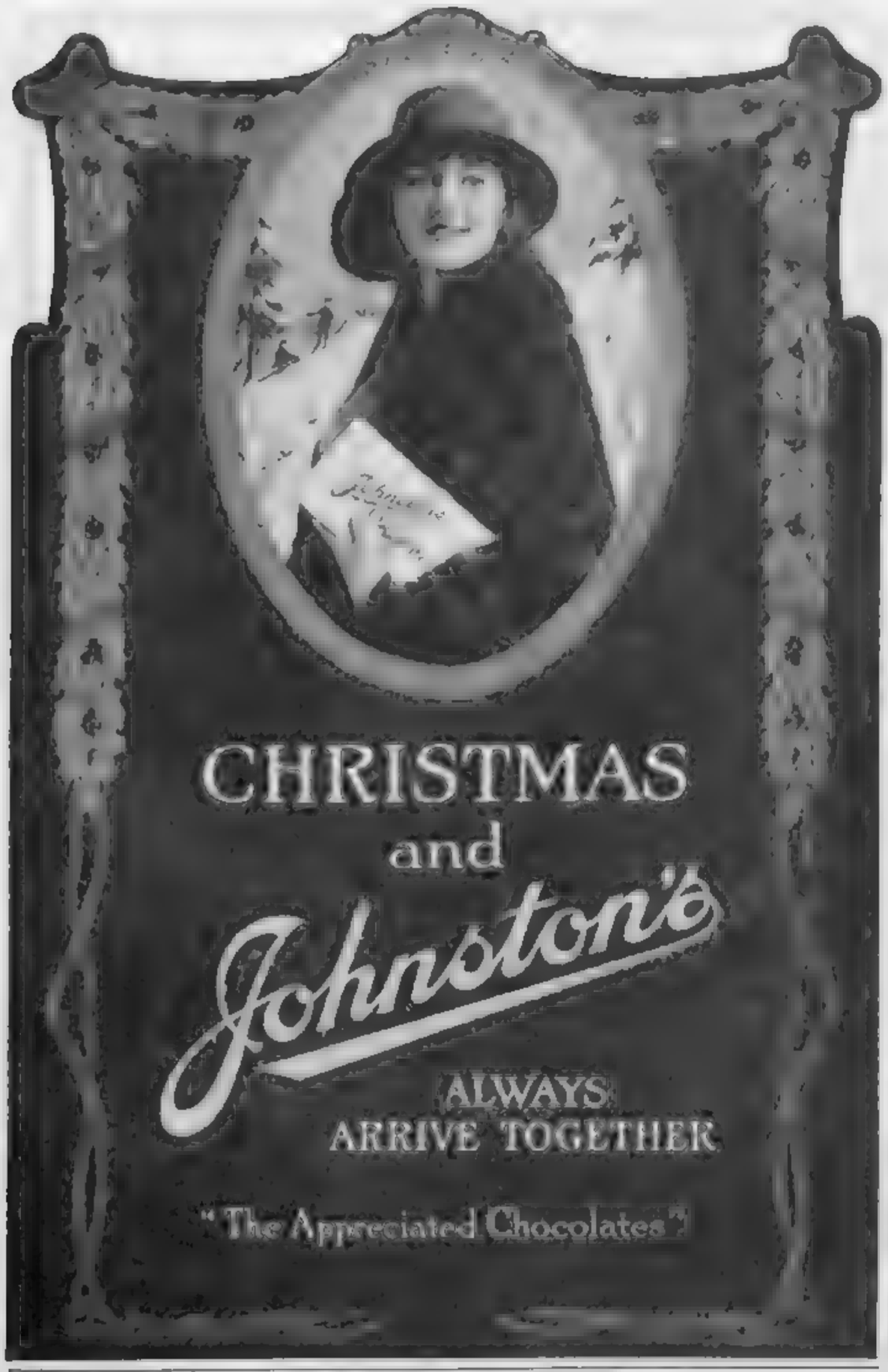

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Animal Tactics and Modern War

By ERNEST INGERSOLL

IF WE may suppose—as savages yet do—that animals comment among themselves on the doings of human beings, they must be taking an amused interest in tracing a parallel between their fighting and ours. The ordinary struggling between individuals is alike, of course, in all classes of animate creatures, each after its own kind; but there are more particular resemblances.

Even shooting is not altogether peculiar to human beings, for apes throw missiles at an enemy; the little archer fish knocks down a fly by projecting a drop of water at it; the African cobra hurls jets of venom; and the llama spits effectively at anything that annoys it. A bayonet charge is a common means of attack or defense by such animals as have sharp horns.

The rush forward of a wild ox or a deer or an oryx antelope, with lowered impaling horns, is precisely in this method. When a herd so plunges ahead, all together, that is a mass formation for attack; and when cattle or musk oxen or sheep stand in a compact group, heads out, horns level with the ground, like lances at rest, females and young in the center, how does that differ in tactics from the hollow square in which a company of infantry defies assault and defends its baggage?

As for patrols, rajding, foraging and guerrilla tricks generally, they are illustrated daily in the wilderness, which is never wholly at peace. Beasts of prey lie hidden, waiting patiently for their quarry—just like snipers in No Man's Land.

Trench work is common in the animal world, and no end of quadrupeds spend their whole lives in dugouts. These get their supplies, mostly in furtive fashion by night, through real communication trenches, and pack stores in winter quarters with which to stand a siege. If in a desert region, they may dig wells inside their subterranean defenses to insure a supply of water. And they may rush out, hastily gather a lot of food into their cheek pouches, which are real knapsacks—see the etymologists—and hurry back to cover to eat it at leisure or add it to their granary, before the enemy can discover and prevent them.

Animal Camouflage

What could be more armylike than the campaigns of certain ants, especially those of the tropical forests? Columns containing hundreds and thousands of soldiers and workers in regular formation, and apparently under leadership and discipline, march across the country, killing every living thing, old or young, that cannot escape, devouring all the food stores they encounter—an implacable, ravaging, desolating foray on the inoffensive, like a Prussian raid on peaceful Belgium, destroying all that cannot be stolen.

Other kinds of ants not only go on similar razzias, but take prisoners of war, and bring back the undeveloped young of the conquered communities to be reared as slaves. These insects long ago learned and practiced the art of camouflage—not Nature's protective mimicry in form or color, but by the construction of covered ways made of clay or some other material, so that they might travel to and fro along their roads without being seen by birds or other ant-catching creatures. Some birds deliberately conceal their eggs from observation by roofing their nests with twigs or grass.

We have no flame throwers among animals, but the bombardier beetle, the skunk, and his relatives, the zoril, polecat, and similar unpleasant creatures, use a disabling gas in their battles. And poisonous, acrid and nauseous secretions or emanations have saved many weaklings from the jaws of stronger enemies; for the carnivorous animals have not yet invented gas masks.

There are the tanks—surely they are new! Hardly! Those moving forts were compared more than once, when they were a novelty, to some huge, scaly leviathan of geologic history; and the comparison is apt when we recall such Pleistocene figures as the glyptodons of Argentina—creeping beasts almost as big as an ox, completely incased in an armor that must have been as impervious to any tooth or claw of the time as the tank is to a rifle bullet.

Smaller examples for comparison exist even now, for an armadillo or a pangolin, tearing its way into an insect nest, is equally irresistible. For that matter, an elephant or a rhinoceros crashing through the jungle is very tanklike.

Swordfish Submarines

Airplane work must seem to the birds like an old story—something they know very well, only more of it. Every crow is a scout; every hawk represents a fighting plane; every owl works like a night-going bomber.

An aviator wrote to a friend in New York that the big birds he saw in his flights were imitating his stunts. If their actions had any reference to him at all, which is doubtful, they must have been in mockery, burlesquing the poor man's performances. An aviator would give all his decorations, and those of his hated rivals in addition, to be able to dodge and twist and turn backsomersaults in the air like a flycatcher or a sparrow hawk, or any of scores of other birds.

Did you ever watch a yellow-breasted chat turning heels over head in the air and making side slips and flip-flaps just for fun, while he sang and shouted in mad glee? Or have you observed the tail spinning of a skylark or an ovenbird as it fluttered slowly and safely down from the blue, warbling deliciously as it came; or a pair of orioles fighting as they tumbled from the top of an elm? The birds know all about that sort of tactics; and flying squirrels were volplaning long before the Wrights were born.

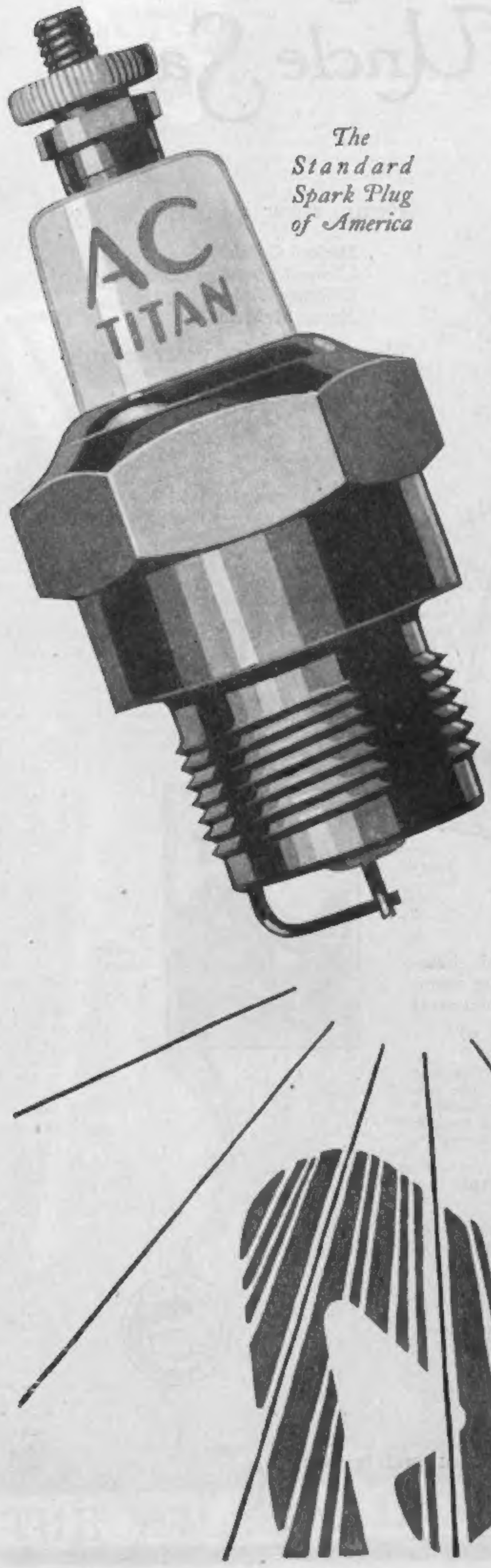
When an osprey sights a fish beneath the water, drops like a shot and gets a herring, isn't it the same action as that of the hydroplanist who espies the shadowy silhouette of a submarine under the waves and kills it by dropping a bomb?

The method of the submarine itself has been followed ever since there were fish in the sea. A whale goes plowing along the surface like a battleship, and suddenly a killer dolphin takes a huge and perhaps fatal bite out of its side; or a swordfish thrusts its long beak deep into the whale's vitals.

This is a true submarine attack, and many another form of it in oceanic animal warfare might be cited.

Even our method of defense against the underwater prowler by means of a smoke screen is not a human novelty; for when a cuttlefish gets a hint of the presence of an enemy it throws out an inky cloud—pure sepia—and behind its friendly shelter speeds away to safety or withdraws to some hiding place. The parallel here is peculiarly exact.

One might multiply similitudes, but they would only hurt our pride the more if we are desirous of blinking our undeniable kinship with the animal world.



The Standard Spark Plug of America

You Are the Judge

We have never resorted to extravagant claims in advertising AC Spark Plugs.

The need for such tactics has never seemed apparent to us.

We believe that AC Spark Plugs are the best spark plugs made and our advertising is simply a recital of the facts upon which we base that belief.

Perhaps that is good advertising and perhaps it isn't. But it is the sort that we believe in.

Were we to draw upon our imagination to invent new and extravagant arguments, perhaps we could sell more spark plugs—who can say?

But we are content to rest our case with you on the foundation of true merit.

We simply call your attention to the list of AC users below. Here you will recognize the names of the builders of the world's finest motor cars.

This list represents an overwhelming preference for AC's among the makers of passenger cars, trucks and tractors.

Upon this fact we rest our claim to your preference.

Look for the letters AC. They are glazed in the porcelain of the genuine.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.

All these well known manufacturers use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks	Deere Tractors	Hupmobile	Oakland	Scripps-Booth
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Anderson	Dodge Brothers	Jumbo Trucks	Oneida Trucks	Singer
Apperson	Dorris	Kissel Kar	Packard	Smith Motor Wheel
Brockway Trucks	Dort	La Crosse Tractors	Paige	Stearns-Knight
Buffalo Motors	Duesenberg Motors	Liberty	Paterson	Stephens
Buick	Federal Trucks	Locomobile	Peerless	Sterling Motors
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J. I. Case	F-W-D Trucks	Mayrag	Pilot	Stewart Trucks
Chalmers	Gabriel Trucks	McLaughlin (Canada)	Premier	Stutz
Chandler	Geneo Light	Menominee Trucks	Reo	Titan Trucks
Chevrolet	G. M. C. Trucks	Midland Trucks	Riker Trucks	United States Motor Trucks
Cole	Gramm-Bernstein Trucks	Moline-Knight	Robinson Fire Trucks	Wallis Tractors
Continental Motors	Hall Trucks	Moreland Trucks	Rock Falls	Waukesha Motors
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Dealers: What does this mean to you in your endeavor to give your customers the best?

"Fighter of the Field" by Haskell Coffin

Daughters of Uncle Sam

Four new paintings by

Haskell Coffin
Howard Chandler Christy
Clarence Underwood
Neysa McMein

Have them in your home

"An Angel of Mercy" by Clarence Underwood

"Keeping the Home Fires Burning" by Howard Chandler Christy

"The Guiding Spirit" by Neysa McMein

Send for the 1919 Swift's Premium Calendar

When the nation was called to arms, the women answered, too. Into the shops, the fields, the Red Cross workrooms—wherever their willing hands could help, they went.

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1919 shows how four of our country's greatest artists have been inspired by the wonderful way Uncle Sam's Daughters are "doing their bit."

Haskell Coffin's "Fighter of the Field" is helping to produce the "food that will win the war." And Neysa McMein, whose attractive pictures are winning such a remarkable reputation, painted this driver in the Motor Transport Service—who looks ready for any call! Clarence Underwood, of Saturday Evening Post fame, outdid himself when he painted this charming Red Cross worker, whose devoted hands never tire of turning roll after roll of snowy gauze into much-needed surgical dressings. And the Christy girl, making munitions or airplane parts, is lovelier than ever!

Paintings beautifully reproduced in colors

Each picture is ten and one-half inches high, and there is no advertising on the front. The rich colorings of the original paintings are reproduced so artistically that you will enjoy keeping them in your home long after the calendar has served its original purpose. Send for it today.

How to get this calendar for 10c in coin or stamps

This attractive calendar for 1919 will be sent postpaid to any address in the U. S. for 10c in coin or stamps;

or—Trade mark end of 5 Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons;
or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons;
or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons;
or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap wrappers;
or—10 Wool Soap wrappers

(If you live in Canada, send 10c extra to pay duty.)
Address Swift & Co., 4117 Packers Avenue, Chicago.

Be sure to ask and look for Swift's Premium Brand when you buy ham and bacon

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

WILSON'S MAJESTIC BACON

Wilson's Majestic Bacon may be had sliced, trimmed and daintily packed in one-pound glass jars. This maintains the fine flavor.

Wilson's Majestic Bacon is also put up in one-pound cartons, evenly sliced and trimmed. No waste, and the quality is always the same.

The whole piece of Wilson's Majestic Bacon is favored by housewives who prefer to slice it as they use it.

Start the day right with Wilson's Majestic Bacon

THE man or woman of today, who has to be 100% fit, requires energy foods which provide fuel for the body with the least task on the digestion.

Of all meat foods, bacon is one of the greatest sources of energy. It is nutritious, wholesome and appetizing to the highest degree.

Wilson's Majestic Bacon offers this superior energy-food in the best possible form. It is made from selected sides of the choicest hogs. Each piece is carefully chosen, and is cured and smoked by our own unhurried process which gives Majestic Bacon its delicious appetizing flavor.

Majestic Bacon, like all Wilson food products, is selected, handled and prepared with the *respect* due that which is to be served on your table.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

To be used in the proportions designated by the U. S. Government for wheat flour